

More Ports ~~~~~
More Happy Places

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CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

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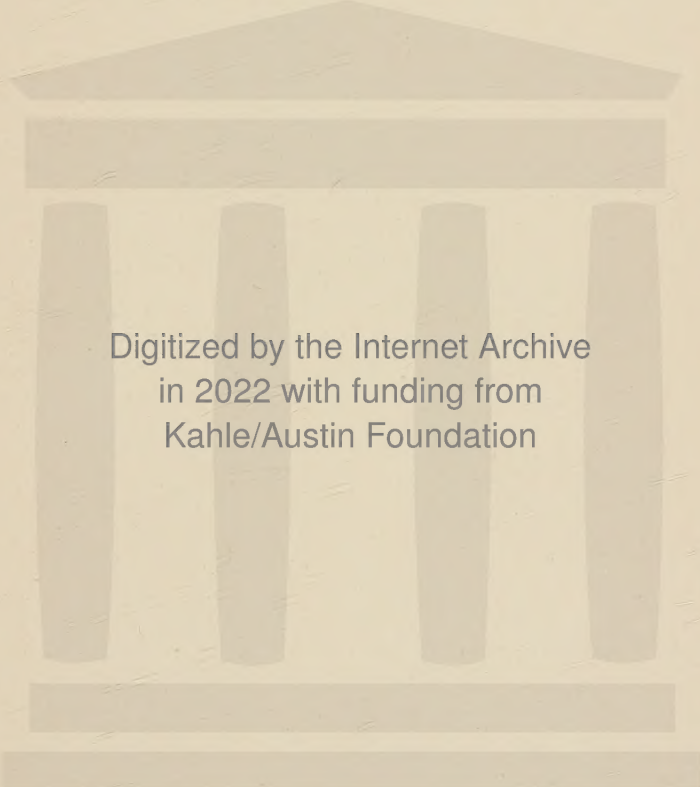






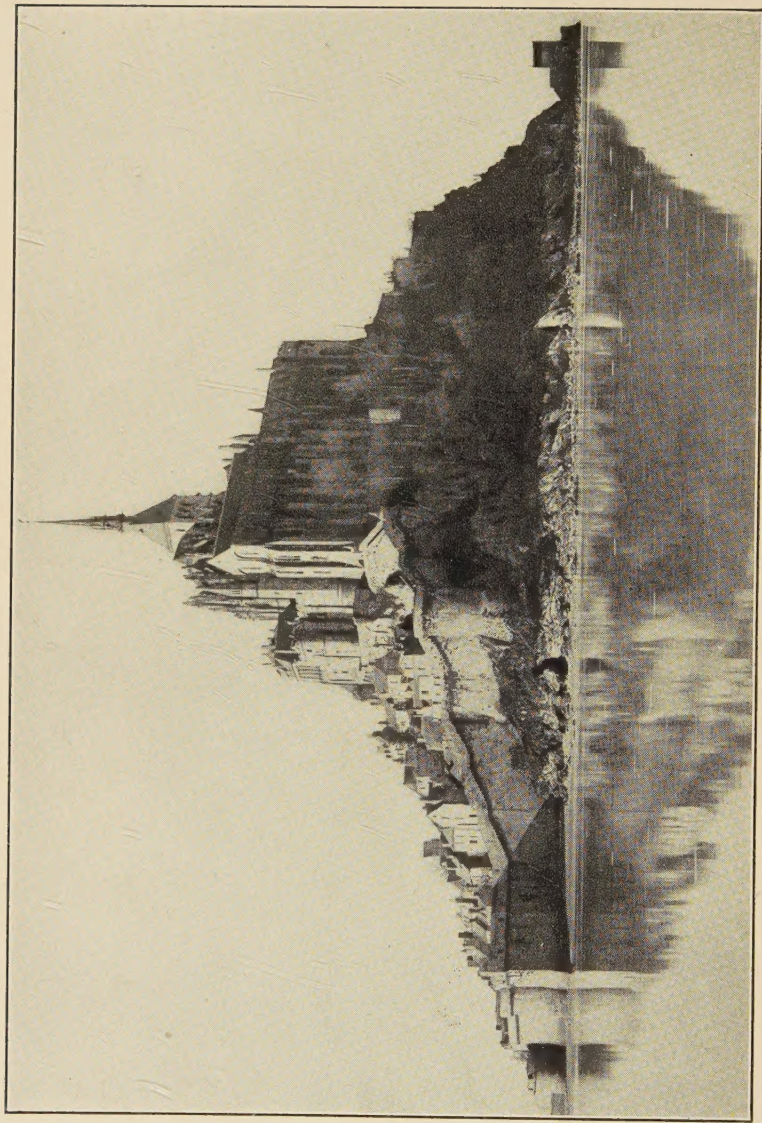
MORE PORTS,  
MORE HAPPY  
PLACES





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*Mont-Saint-Michel*

# MORE PORTS, MORE HAPPY PLACES

FURTHER ADVENTURES  
OF AN AMERICAN MOTHER AND  
HER CHILDREN IN EUROPE

By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

AUTHOR OF "PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES,"  
"AN AMERICAN IDYLL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



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MORE PORTS,  
MORE HAPPY  
PLACES





# MORE PORTS, MORE HAPPY PLACES

## I

### WE CLIMB SWISS MOUNTAINS AND SWISS PASSES

WHAT a glorious provision of the Lord are vacations! Let them be smitten who give them not, let them be smitten twice who observe them not. Though I'll admit I've met those in my day who let vacations play the rôle of Paradise to the orthodox. Why attach importance to the suffering and misery of this world if Heaven lay ahead? Never mind how boresome the days might come and go—go to the theater now and then? concerts? buy a book? have some friends in to dinner? go out on a spree meal ourselves? Nothing like any of that. We're saving all our money for the next vacation! In 1600 it was "we're saving all our pleasures till the next life." At that, I'd rather be a vacationist than a next-lifeist. Vacations, for the lucky, do come round with some degree of certainty.

One of the numerous advantages of Europe as an all-the-year stomping ground is that, even if you have to save for your vacation sprees, in between theaters and concerts and dinners cost so comparatively little you can indulge and not drain the bank. On the other hand such marvelous vacations in Europe can cost so little that you don't have to save hard during the year to afford them. So all in all 365 days of the year can be very fair to middling to much above average.

Some people are able to arrange their Europe so that they can be vacationists for 365 days in the year. That may be very fine. But to do this means they are grown-ups and not in our class. I'm not so sure I envy them. Not only because I don't envy unmixed grown-ups in Europe, but also because some of the zest would be missing. Granted a holiday feel could be kept up for a whole year, it might get to be something of a bore—but then it simply couldn't be a holiday feel. No, by vacation I mean a *sprees*, and I don't see how any one could feel spreelike a year at a stretch. Might as well hire out as a clown in the circus and make a regular business of it.

We Parkers manage a holiday four times a year, though when the boys were in a French school we missed out on one fall vacation. That is a very nice way to live—four vacations a year. It is my opinion that Moses' tablets contained more to the ten commandments than got honestly handed down. The original read, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but in spring, summer, autumn and winter for a certain number of days thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy wife (in our version of the original they here included the wife) nor thy son. . . ."

It is a good thing travel books don't have to follow the rules of scenario writing or opening Christmas presents—keep the best for the last. However start, if one had to decide which and what and when and where was "best"? Chartres or the Matterhorn? Beethoven or ski-jumping? Vienna or bicycling through Normandy?

The calendar saves us the agony of weighings and decisions—everything in its proper chronological order. Which looks as if we would start high and work down. The spring of 1923, already described, we spent in Spain and Tangiers. The summer of 1923 for the most part we climbed Swiss mountains.

There's an order for you! Hard going as the climbing was in places, I'm thinking the telling of it is going to be harder. There was a time after I got down off the Mat-

terhorn and back to civilization when I imagined a prospective hostess looking over a list of possible luncheon guests and saying, "I think I'll ask that Mrs. Parker. Some one might get her started talking mountain climbing and then all the other ladies will begin turning green and shaking and won't be able to touch the last two courses—and so I won't have to provide the last two courses." For a month after that summer of 1923, some polite soul was always purring, "My dear, is it true you climbed the Matterhorn? Do tell us *all* about it!" And before I was a third of the way up some one was sure to clap her hands over her ears and call, "For heaven's sake stop! I refuse to listen to another word!" And at least three of the audience would remark, "What *I* can't understand is whatever in the world made you *do* it!"

You can be ultra-realistic in describing the ascent and descent of the Matterhorn to an audience, male, female or mixed, who have never climbed mountains, and leave them in a state of utter collapse and they forever after look upon you as insane or Amazonic. No person of average strength in half their senses would ever attempt such a thing. But it has to be an audience who has never climbed mountains. Even so, be prepared at the moment of narration's triumph to have some fat, wheezy old man with weak ankles and one lung remark, "Yes, yes, I climbed the Matterhorn three times in the summer of 19—." The world comes to be divided into gaping, aghast people who can't see how any human being ever could possibly get to the top of the Matterhorn and back alive; and a countless host of maimed, halt and blind, aged and young, male and female, all of whom claim they, too, have climbed the Matterhorn. For all that, I, for one, am not going up twice.

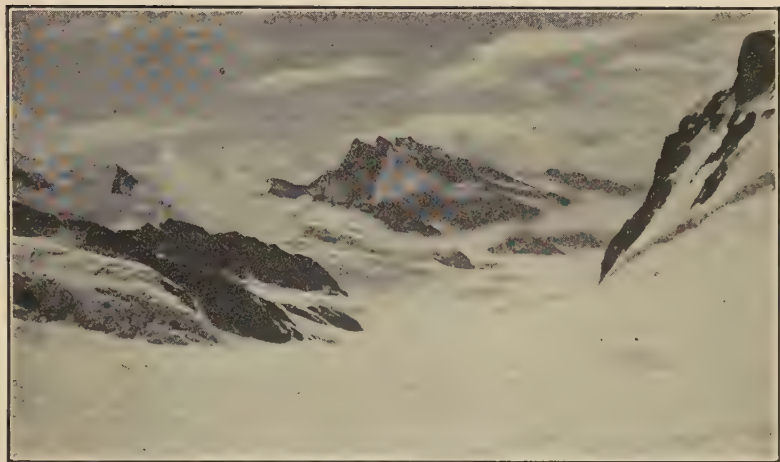
I hope some day some one will compile a book on vacations in which weather plays no rôle, and I shall read it for the good of my soul, even if it is too late for me to profit practically by its wisdom. Swiss mountains won't

be among its pages. I'm sick of being tyrannized over by something over which I've not the least control. This thing of having weather—just one thing like weather, all but make or mar plans of a lifetime! You can do cathedrals in the rain, but you cannot do mountains.

Which is merely a rhetorical outburst and has little or nothing to do with the summer of 1923, it being the one shining (literally shining) exception to most European summers we know anything about. For weeks before it had been such miserable weather that we all but gave up the whole mountain trip. Anyway we would do Paris first and by the end of Paris the heavens might clear.

Then of a sudden the heavens cleared and the sun shone and we tucked our French money away in the bottom of the second wash-table drawer, whirled our arms into a tan shirt, yanked on a pair of newly made breeches, encased our feet and three pairs of woolen socks in hobnailed mountain shoes weighing the equivalent of a packed steamer trunk, swung a stuffed rucksack over our shoulders, grabbed the new ice pick, jammed a khaki hat over our head, and clanked down to the station and away to meet the sons in Berne. Son Carleton's diary: "It was awful hot. I sweated like fits." We had shivered and frozen for eight months, and there was the blessed train getting a hot box just outside of Berne and smelling and smoking, and everybody sweating like fits. We'd have to get above the snow line for self-preservation.

The next morning in Lauterbrunnen how do the little diaries begin? "Rain." Perhaps after all we should have done Paris first. At that we made all arrangements to get off the next day; spent hours off and on talking with knit brows and a world of importance in our voices with the guide, highly recommended by our little Pension Silberhorn we'd stumbled into in the dark of the night before. Right here may be noted a certain custom more or less indigenous to guides. The "best" guide is recommended. He appears—a stalwart soul of massive chest and



*Where mother sat in one snow and ice spot six and a half hours at the head of the Aletsch Glacier*



*Lauterbrunnen, the starting place for the mountain summer*





leg muscles, inspiring confidence in every word and gesture. You retire that night realizing that for the terrors of the morn you are in the hands of a superman and you rest in peace. The next morning a frail looking, anæmic specimen appears, all but hidden under an enormous rucksack. He is cheer himself. All is in readiness. And the guide, the heroic one with whom you talked hours the day before? The last minute it invariably happens that that one can't come and instead has sent his son-in-law. Always it is his son-in-law. I never saw anything on the whole so puny-looking as the sons-in-law of Swiss guides. You always see yourself forced to carry the spacious rucksack of the son-in-law before the day is done to save him from extinction; you have visions of his calling plaintively for help in the middle of a steep ravine. Tremblingly you ask the hotel proprietor if he doesn't think the trip had better be postponed until the bulky father-in-law can do the guiding. "Oh, no," assures the hotel proprietor. Always they give the shrimp of a son-in-law wholesouled recommendations. "He's not too small?" you press the matter quaveringly.

"Small? Himmel, no!"

So confident is the hotel proprietor you gaze about hopefully. Maybe the son-in-law has grown. At first you can't locate him— Then you make out two thin bowlegs supporting a weighty rucksack. To add to your dismay the son-in-law is draining the dregs of what looked and smelt like a strong alcoholic drink. Not only is he pitifully weak and undernourished, but from the start he will be staggering. You close your eyes and have a clearly outlined picture of your body lying mangled at the foot of a thousand-foot precipice, vultures gnawing at your vitals.

Of course, dear reader, you're not to worry for a minute. This is a narrative written in the first person, so you know the vultures never got a bite. Not off of me. Right here I take pleasure in being able unqualifiedly to recommend to all friends and relatives any and every son-in-law of any and every Swiss guide. Evidently if there is one place in

all the world where appearances are deceitful it is in the matter of sons-in-law. Just generally I don't believe such a thing exists as any kind of a Swiss guide, no matter what his family status, whom you wouldn't die for you love him so before the day is done. And strong? Any one of them could yank Babe Ruth up a yawning precipice with one hand. I guess a Swiss father-in-law knows what he is about when he marries off his daughter. But he is also smart enough not to send the son-in-law for the first interview. A timid soul would thereupon forswear mountain climbing forever.

So, then, in the rain of one July 15th, hopefully we made all plans with a giant of a guide for the next day: mountain railway to the Jungfrauoch, walk to the summit of the Jungfrau, down the Aletsch glacier, the biggest in all Europe, to the Concordia Hut. Sleep there, and on the next day to Eggishorn and Feisch. Whereupon the sons tore up to Mürren and back, American fashion, to show what their shoes could do. "On a sign it said it was two and a half hours one way. I got a cramp going up but we made it in 1.20 hours. We stayed in Mürren five minutes to see the wonder view of the Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch and lots of other mountains. Then we came down."

What word do the diaries of July 16th begin with? "Rain." So another day to put in in Lauterbrunnen.

I have given orders that if the house burns down the first thing to rescue is the June Bug. Next our European Memory books. It is now May, 1925, and the fifth memory book is just begun. Number 3 is July, 1923, to May, 1924. Turn back the cover and there begins the Swiss mountain trip. On the two pages before your eyes are first, two panoramic post cards, one showing the route from Interlaken over Lauterbrunnen to the Jungfrauoch, with the summits of the Shreckhorn, Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau and Breithorn. The other shows the other side of the range, Jungfrauoch over the Aletsch Glacier on down to Feisch in the valley. There are two cards of the Jungfrau, photo-

graphs of Lauterbrunnen, the Aletsch Glacier, Concordia Hut, Märjelen See; a typical interior of a mountain hut above the snow line; the sons and the son-in-law guide after the climb to the summit of the Jungfrau, snow goggles on all three, icepicks, ropes, rucksacks. There is the list I made out for what the rucksacks should contain and articles to be worn.

Item No. 1. No comments—Football.

2. Fishing rod (for this I blush, painfully), mountain boots, sandals, woolen stockings, heavy sweaters, lightweight sweaters, two shirts, loose khaki knee pants, corduroys, snow blinders, handkerchiefs, caps, rain capes, night shirt, mittens, toilet articles.

(I'm still hunting with an ax for the English sportsman who assured me we ought to have splendid trout fishing in the valleys. Such a supply of leaders and flies as I laid in—and all any and every valley had was a rushing torrent of melted snow and ice. The very idea of packing a fishing rod about Swiss high mountains causes me the misery which only an ex-tenderfoot can feel.)

There is on those same first two pages the list of supplies and cost of same the son-in-law purchased for the two days: butter, sugar, Maggi soup cubes, canned sardines and salmon, tea, candle, cold roast meat, bread, hard-boiled eggs.

There is the receipted bill for our first night in a mountain hut, the Concordia, above the Aletsch Glacier—1 guide, 1 franc, 3 non-members of the Swiss Alpine Club, 9 francs.

All of which lets you know that the rain did stop, after waiting for it to do that two days, and July 17th we were off.

Concordia Hütte, Tuesday, July 17, 1923.

“One of the family red-letter days. Called at 5 to a clear sky, and off with guide in the Jungfrau railway at 6.10. Trip up marvelously beautiful, first valley below, later gazing out through tunneled windows upon glaciers

and peaks. At Jungfrauoch (11,140 feet) we got roped together, snow goggles on, etc., and were off across upper Jungfraufrn to scale the Jungfrau. I felt too queer—too hard to breathe, odd in stomach—and had never had slightest ambition to climb Jungfrau anyhow, so I reneged. Went back and sat on rucksacks under orders from guides not to move as I'd know nothing about possible glacier cracks, while sons and same guide, one Fritz Wyssgraf, went on, in trail of a Jap and guide. Lord, Lord—six and a half hours of sitting on those rucksacks in the midst of a snowfield did I have to wait—glory. Sometimes I boiled and baked and fried, sometimes I froze. Continual snow avalanches all about, to worry me about my sons. Two climbers passed—looked like lepers for awful snow sunburn. Ate a bit now and then—from boredom, not hunger. Couldn't write for changes of atmosphere and avalanches. Guide said five hours. Last hour and a half I grew desperate because 'snow conditions bad,' all said, and Nand had felt none too spruce. Oh, the joy of beholding those three black specks! Happy family to be reunited! Then we started off down and across Jungfraufrn to Aletschgletscher to Concordia Hütte. Began to hail before sons got back, and rained off and on all the long, tiring walk to Concordia—bad because ice so wet and soft. Feet soaking, ditto other parts of us. Didn't that hut look good! After hot tea felt great. Later had delicious soup, etc., and crawled into bunks, boys downstairs, I up in the women's quarters. And they did get window tight closed at that. About fourteen men, three women in hut, plus two keepers. Darn rain."

Nand's Diary. "The guide tied us all together on a rope, then we went toward the Rottalsattel. At the height of about 3,400 meters it was too hard for Mom on account of the thin air, so we left her behind with some rucksacks. Jim and I got feeling kind of queer in the stomach after a while, but that didn't matter. At the Rottalsattel (3,857 m.) I had some cold tea and cherry (alkolal). That made



me feel fine. 'A little while before I had to throw up, but that didn't matter. At the Sattel we had to climb up a steep embankment, it was swell fun. Our guide was fine. A little above the Sattel the wind began to blow like heck. In all there were four parties up there, nine people. The first guide had to make steps, because the snow was frozen. It took a long time getting up there. At last when we reached the top of the Jungfrau (4,166 m.) my hands were frozen, but that didn't matter, I was happy. We waited not long because an awful blizzard was blowing. We got down very quickly. We saw Mom from quite a distance. The last part we slid down. Mom had waited six and a half hours. Oh, I was glad to see her. We met two men who were so snowburnt, they were almost black. We then went to the Concordiahütte, over the Aletschgletscher. We all were sopping wet. In about three and a half hours we got there. It is 2,847 m. high, 342 m. higher than the Säntis. When we got there we drank some hot tea, and afterwards some soup with bread and butter and meat. We hung up our wet clothes near the oven. . . . After a while I got under some blankets. When I tried to get to sleep I found out I was quite snowburned and had a lot of blisters. I hardly slept at all."

My thoughts, sitting alone for six and a half hours in the middle of an expanse of snow and ice, reduced to a grease spot of blistering heat when the sun shone, frozen to the bone when it went behind a cloud, at the end rained on, then hailed on, were for the main bitter ones. It was the first time that I had not been able to keep up with the boys, no matter what we had ever started out to do, and there I was at last—a baked, or a frozen, old woman. From now on, a wheel chair, senility, a croaking voice which asked at the end of a palsied day, "Well, dears, did you have a good time?" and me never again part of it. Done for at thirty-seven. And I'd always rather counted on its being seventy-seven. And the utter, utter weariness of me later, plodding to the Concordia Hut through the wet snow,

step after step after step, soaked to the skin, water dripping off the crown of my khaki hat. Done for at thirty-seven.

Blessed is the dawn of a new day!

But first you must know something of what spending the night in a hut above the snow line means. Do have a try at it sometime yourselves—there's nothing else quite like it and it's "great business." The joy of prowling about Switzerland—and its drawback—is that you can go so light. The same sort of a trip in America would necessitate pack animals and provisions for a month at a time. You can climb a month in Switzerland from valleys to peaks and back to valleys, scenery of unending grandeur, intimate glimpses of beauty, woods, rocks, snow and ice, wildflowers to the heart's content, and all you need ever burden yourself with will be one medium-sized rucksack. No matter at what altitude you find yourself day or night, you are within walking distance of some sort of a hostelry—inns in the valleys, mountain hotels, mountain huts, depending on the altitude, in the heights above. Blessed be the mountain huts above the snow line.

Goodness knows how they ever haul the lumber to them and get them built, but there they are. Some boast but one fair-sized room, others are that stylish they have an upstairs. Some have a helper or two living in the hut during the season, whose job it is to cook food, keep the fire going, clean up a bit. In others each person is his own cook and the last out in the morning tidies up—or doesn't. The guide brushes the snow off outside, you just can manage for weariness to step up the two or three steps and open the door. At a table by the stove men playing cards, faces black from snowburn, feet in all kinds and sizes of slippers provided by the hut. For the first thing on entering, off come the heavy soaking mountain boots and wet socks and all wet articles of clothing, and lucky you are to come early enough to find a spot near the stove for your belongings so that they will border on being dry by morning. In all corners are climbers getting out of wet things,

hauling dry garments out of rucksacks and getting into them. The mountain hut is a perfect example of a place where you have the proverbial privacy of a gold fish. The rare treat is to be on hand for a tenderfoot's first arrival in a mountain hut and watch him try to be modest and retiring.

Which constrains me here to tell of a night in the Britannia Hut above Saas Fee. Four Englishmen appeared rather late, with two guides, their first experience in a mountain hut. Their supper was a voluminous one, partaken of in the grand manner. We had to be off at 2 A. M., so retired early. Retiring in a hay hut means laying a blanket over a free spot in a long trough effect filled with hay. A strange mountaineer sleeps on either side, distance between persons depending on popularity of the hut on that particular night. The amount of undressing any one does is to take off his shoes and use them for a pillow or put them at the foot of the trough. You thereupon lie down on your blanket and cover yourself with another and go to sleep, either during the smoke and conversation of those not needing to be off so early in the morning and therefore not retiring so early at night, or after. But no one ever, ever takes off anything but a pair of shoes.

The Britannia Hut is one of the most luxurious, two rooms downstairs and an upstairs. As I remember, every one but guides slept upstairs. And anon with a candle appeared the four Englishmen. The only vacant spot on the hay was along by us. I cocked one eye in their direction and was so astounded at the sight that eye beheld that I opened both and stared. Those four Englishmen were unpacking four pairs of pajamas! At that moment one of the Englishmen caught sight of me.

"Oh, I say, if there isn't a woman up here! What a mess! Now we'll have to undress in the dark!" And he blew out the candle.

If it was their first experience in a mountain hut, it was also surely their first experience at undressing in the dark.

"I say, don't pull on that, it's the sleeve of my shirt!"

"Well, where's the other sleeve of my pajamas?"

"You bally ass—those are my lowers." (I don't really know if an Englishman calls them lowers. He probably has an unexplainable expression for the legs of pajamas.)

"I can tell by the feel they're mine!"

"But I've got one leg in and I'm freezing. Let go!"

"I'm freezing worse. I've not got one leg in anything!"

"The devil. Some one put a shirt right where I laid my pajamas and I've got that shirt on and my pajamas are gone."

"Nobody's got on two pair of pajamas."

"Well, I certainly *had* a pair of pajamas. It must be twenty degrees below freezing up here."

"Um Gottes Willen, warum so viel Larm?" calls a disturbed Swiss mountaineer.

"Wouldn't you think they'd put the women off in one corner some place so one could undress with a light! Where *are* the uppers to my pajamas? Ouch, you stepped right on my fingers. One of you fellows has the uppers to my pajamas."

"I don't care about your uppers. I want my lowers!"

"Stille!!" from three disturbed Swiss mountaineers.

And Jim and I snickering so hard under the blankets we were like to choke.

By the time those four Englishmen got settled for the night they had exactly three hours to sleep before their conscientious guides got them up, fortunately after we'd left the hay, so they could dress in peace. Though, considering it was well below freezing up there, I pitied them their performance. They came down to breakfast as we were leaving, blue with the cold and moaning they'd not slept a wink all night for the bally chills. Pajamas in a mountain hut!

Back to our first night in a mountain hut, the Concordia. The rain came down in torrents, the wind howled about the hut. And all of us wondering silently whatever ailed our



*A close-up of the Matterhorn, showing how restful a spot for relaxation is the summit*





faces that we couldn't sleep. Lillian Gish, after a good case of snowburn, would look as if she'd been picked up out of the ash can and ought to be dropped right back in. Therefore, gentle reader, conceive of the face an ordinary looking female gazes at in the mirror the morning after. One little mirror in the mountain hut, but oh, how much more could that one little mirror tell than a body ever wanted to know! You end a mountain climbing summer with an elegant even chocolate-colored complexion. All the seashores in the world put together don't give such a coat of tan. Nor do all the seashores rolled into one give a tenth of the preliminary agonies. Our three faces, for all that we'd taken every precaution recommended by male and female, were one mass of small water blisters. The worst ones were in places seashore sun never gets at: under the nose, under the chin, where the glare from snow beats most directly. Later in places groups of small blisters merged into larger effects and the face felt and looked twice its natural size. And lips! The price one pays for a snow vacation when it comes to swollen, caked, cracked, raw lips! Days go by, and you feel all lips. Off and on we passed fairly hardened looking mountaineers who looked and no doubt, therefore, felt even worse than we ever did. The Swiss Alpine Club has been working for years on some salve which might prove an adequate protection for snowburn. At last they think they have concocted the real article. We heard about it after we were over all our miseries and possessed of even brown skins we liked the looks of. I remember once deciding that must be the real touchstone of old age. I would know I had arrived when I no longer desired to return from a summer vacation copper-colored. As a child I was always being railed at by my dear grandmother because by September my hands and face looked the way they did. "That's what comes of growing old," I was wont to ruminate bitterly.

To continue a moment this pretty treatise on snowburn,

the most appalling development to the public, though subjectively the worst is by, is when the blister scabs start coming off. Then you are in a stage where part of your face is brown, part is scabs not yet departed, and part is snow-white blotches. By the time the last scabs are off you're dark brown, light brown, white. And then the Lord looks down from heaven and says, "Enough of this!" and evens you off and that is the end of the pretty treatise on snow blisters. Except to say I'd not advise Lillian Gish to try it. They might want her suddenly for Cleopatra in the brown-scabs-white-blotches stage.

What am I going to do? I can't write a whole Volume II on the subject of that one mountain climbing summer when there is so much else to tell, and yet that is just what I would like a publisher to urge me to do. I read our diaries, I look at the Memory Book, and I say, I can't leave out that trip next morning early, rain over, down the Aletsch Glacier, a nice lonesome Swiss student tied on behind. I can't leave out a description of the dark green Märjelen-See at the side of the Glacier with its miniature icebergs. I've got to tell how Nandy all but fell through a crevasse in the glacier on our way there, and when we hauled him up he said, "Well, anyhow, now my stomachache's all gone." And who in this world could fail to allow herself a bit of space for that walk, unroped now, since we left the glacier and snow and ice behind us, skirting the slopes above the Fiesch Valley? That walk, when a drift of mountain fog lifted to the left and the Fiesch Glacier lay 'way below with its ice waves, ice ripples, ice cracks and gorges of blues and greens, and my heart all but stood still. "It ranked with Seville Cathedral as one of the great sights of Europe." And every place up above us, down as far as we could see, wild flowers in such masses as to keep the heart one unending song.

Amazing Switzerland, with its hotels perched every place. More amazing still, the daily visit of the postman to the very door of the most inaccessible hostelry or chalet. No

little boxes 'way down at the foot of the hill, to do your own scrambling to and back—and an automobile advertisement for your pains. There around a corner was the Hotel Jungfrau clinging to the side of the Eggishorn at an altitude of 7,195 feet—and as we slid and lurched and fell down to Fiesch almost 4,000 steep feet below, we passed the postman trudging beside his pack donkey, his daily chore.

Fiesch to Visp in the train, every muscle aching, every inch of three faces blistered. "Ran into most Americans since Oberammergau. But they can be good looking! I just feast my eyes on them. Nobody feasting their eyes on blistered, worn us!"

From Visp to Stalden on the Zermatt train. At Stalden two valleys branch out, one followed by the railroad to Zermatt at the foot of the Matterhorn, the other, the deep and narrow Saastal, torn by the foaming Saaser Visp, boasting naught but a mule trail and leading to Saas Fee. The trick was to get into training at Saas Fee, then cross from Saas Fee and the valley of the Saas Visp, over the 11,713-foot Allalin Pass into the valley of the Matter Visp and Zermatt. No chance to sit on a pile of rucksacks in the middle of a glacier if your wind and your stomach turned against you.

I have been accused of dwelling unduly on the matter of food when I describe our European jaunts. It is because we are such simple folk that we never do get used to an impressive meal—but what is an impressive meal to *us* would not be that to any one else. I'm sorry, but we do love good things to eat! In our own beloved land we'd be able to afford but the most primitive sort of menus, were we jogging about in the U. S. A. the way we do in Europe. So while we're at it we're enjoying the fleshpots of Europe along with the museums and mountains and cathedrals—though we can live happily days on end eating a hunk of this and a slice of that and a bowl of something else, and not a care as to how, when or where served. Why should

we pose as ethereal souls bent only on an understanding and appreciation of the Higher Life? We love food!

Saying that, I shall refrain ninety-nine per cent of the time from mentioning the matter further. Included, however, in the one per cent must be the supper we ate in the Hotel de la Gare, in Stalden. We are never together a week, sons and I, but some one of us dreams back to that meal as one of the High Spots of epicurean satisfaction: a big pitcher of milk, one of the same size of cream—*cream*—and all the fresh rolls, sweet Swiss butter and three kinds of marmalade that we could eat. Oh, Boy, will you ever forget it?

Our worn souls needed what comfort they could find in this world of aches and blisters. There were still days ahead for me when I was wont to wake up in the morning as full of aches, and far stiffer, than when I went to bed. Why on earth then spend such a foolish summer? Ah, but I speak of the aches so as to let you know the reward ahead. For there is no more complete feeling of satisfaction, after days of almost continual awareness of every muscle, day and night, than to reach a point where you can climb, slide, plod, ten to fifteen hours a day, go to bed dead tired—not aching, mind you, but weary to the bone, and wake up after eight hours' sleep feeling as if you'd done nothing the whole day before but read a novel on the front porch. Tough as leather and fresh as a daisy, and you look up at a ten thousand-foot pass without so much as the tremor of an eyelid. Pah— You have a vision of God himself looking down on you from heaven and saying, "After all, you old ex-wreck, I didn't create you in vain."

The walk from Stalden to Saas Fee we took leisurely, because—well, I creaked at the joints. Started right after lunch and got there at 7.45, stopping often to take in views up the canyon, down toward the Bernese Oberland, across to clusters of chalets here and there, hanging by their rears over space. Hardly a wild flower to be seen, but in



one spot we had a feast of wild strawberries—and twelve cups of cocoa at a wayside inn.

At Saas Fee the Hotel du Glacier was full, so they deposited us in the schoolhouse, in a rough ex-schoolroom, twenty-five feet by twenty-five feet. Four beds, one tucked away in each corner, were lost in that expanse. We hollered down the line to each other and life looked good. What we didn't find ourselves sleeping in, one way or another, that summer!

Saas Fee is a place for you if you want a good feel of a typical Swiss summer, not the tourist variety. The walk or mule ride there from Stalden would alone be reason enough for the trip. No one visits Saas Fee except to climb mountains, and Saas Fee is the one spot 'round about not mountains—5,900 feet elevation, at that. If you like the music of Swiss snow-clad mountain names—to some of us they have a thrill all their own—Saas Fee is circled round about with the Mittaghorn, Egginer, Allalinhorn, Alphubel, Täschhorn, Dom (salute—it's the highest all-Swiss peak—14,942 feet), Süd-Lenzspitze, Ulrichshorn, Portjengrat, Weissmies, Laquinhorn, Fletshorn. Really, one town of some few hundred inhabitants could hardly be expected to have more mountains. If you were to put these mountains one on top of the other and lay them sideways, they'd reach from Kansas City to some place. Saas Fee would be a good spot to tell the old joke of the American who would allow no other country any advantages over his own U. S. A. "But our mountains—" ventured the patriot Swiss hesitatingly. "Yes, mountains," sneered the American; "take away your mountains and whata ya got left?"

As long as the mountains aren't taken away Saas Fee will have her summer season, with telescopes turned on some peak by some anxious Swiss or English wife every minute of every bordering-on-clear day. I said no one came to Saas Fee except to climb mountains, that is no male. There are, however, the rows and rows—I see our packed Hotel du Glacier dining room with its four long

tables the length of the room—of Swiss wives. Our four days in Saas Fee I bothered my brain every meal trying to figure out how a Swiss manages to marry the woman he does. I never saw so many unlovely women in every physical attribute as congregated in that dining room meal times. They hurt the eyes, really they did, and not a blister at that. Perhaps a remark of a Zürich friend of mine explains it.

He was a very dapper gentleman himself, was the Zürich friend. One night he took me to a Viennese light opera then playing in Zürich, the leading rôles imported, chorus home talent. And such a chorus. It was as if a charity organization had gone out into the highways and byways and trumpeted, "All forlorn souls over forty, with no figures and one whole best dress report to-night and sing in the chorus of ——" name forgotten. And there they were, fat, thin, tall, short, each in an impossible "party dress" that had nothing to do with any other dress there, a hodgepodge of ugliness—faces, forms, costumes! And I fresh from two years of New York choruses. Page Mr. Ziegfeld. In despair I turned to my dapper Swiss friend.

"They—they are so terribly *ugly*," I groaned.

"Why should they be beautiful?" he asked.

I saw myself storming, when I could hold in no longer, about the dining room of the Hotel du Glacier, crying, "How, how can you marry such atrociously unattractive women?" and the wide-eyed question in return, "Why should they be beautiful?"

Switzerland is an awfully nice place to be if you don't think you're particularly good-looking anywhere else.

So there is Saas Fee, tucked in the green bottom of a jagged snow bowl, and the Fee Glacier at that all but coming in your bedroom window, and off go the stalking, thick-legged Swiss males and their son-in-law guides, ropes, ice-picks, goggles, rucksacks. No stage effect—each and every one of them means business. Sometimes a sackslinger of a wife makes the trip with her husband. Others, less mus-

cular, go part way and feel domestic and adventuresome all in one. Others make no pretenses at playing any rôle except to darn the socks when husband gets home, and they sit most of the day knitting new pairs against the summer's wear and tear. And peering every so often with contained regard through a telescope.

No more of Saas Fée, except to let you look a minute at pages three and four of the Memory Book: a picture of us three, swollen and blistered, as we start up the Saas Visp valley, taken by the hotel porter in Stalden. If all other pictures of me become destroyed, posterity will be told, "Willie, if you don't stop pinching Annie, I'll make you look at grandma's picture!" A picture of our noble Buman, Mathias, Bergführer and his card, it being Mathias who got us into training by hauling us up this Mittaghorn, pictured here, and down. And if you like a rock climb in Switzerland, where you feel chamois horns sprouting, that's a good one. We four were perched on the summit of the Mittaghorn (10,330 feet) eating lunch when suddenly a face appeared and then the rest of a man. There was just room for one more person at the top. His German seemed peculiar, of a peculiarity one grows used to, so one asks, "American?" He was a Princeton professor.

My idea of hell—worse far than burning—would be to cling forever to a two-inch shelf of rock, fingers clutching minute projections, a sheer drop of 1,000 feet straight below, waiting for the voice of a guide some place in the realms above to call, "Now you can come"—and to your eyes not a sign of a ledge on which to get a higher foothold. Scale a rock like a smooth wall or drop 1,000 feet—this on the way to the Egginer from the Mittaghorn. [Baedeker, at times, can exasperate me beyond words. All he has to say about it: "Good climbers may follow the arête from the Mittaghorn to the Egginer (somewhat dizzy; guide 40 fr.)."] My diary: "Kill me dead before I live through the like again. Not for the likes of me! I love climbing rocks and hanging onto ledges and skirting cor-

ners, but *not* where there's a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below. Two times I was just miserably shakingly scared. Most terrible sensation. Could stand it all but waiting on a one-inch ledge for the guide to crawl up the length of the rope above so he could begin to pull me. Once that rope was taut the worst sensation was over. We'd look back over places it seemed impossible to think humans (or anything) could descend, and look ahead to places surely impossible of ascent. Yet we had to ascend them. Nand was simply perfect and he had the rucksack and two sticks, too. He went either first or last and couldn't have done better. I was amazed at his nerve and ability. Jim was wonderful, too, except at end he got tired and scared a couple of times. I got so weary in the nerves—that never-ending sensation of realizing one little slip meant the end. And so weary of the new job of pulling myself up by my fingers. Glory, but I was glad when we struck the place where we left rocks and could go down snow. But joy was short lived, as snow was a mess, soft, wet—sunk in to very hips every step, and half the time I couldn't budge a foot out of where it stuck—guide would have to hack me out. Finally we tried 'rutching' (sitting down and sliding). Great that, though it soaked us to the skin. Frozen numb. . . ."

Diary of a fifteen-year-old boy: "Mom loved this climbing so much" (that was true up to the place where the precipices started) "that we went further along a ridge. We had lots of fun. Every time it went down hill I went first and then Jim. He would always hold the rope when I went down a steep place. We had loads of fun."

If the guide kept a diary his probably read: "Sunday, July 22. Up Mittaghorn and back part way along Egginer arête. 45 fr."

Having all but finished reading out loud Van Loon's entire "Story of Mankind" in Saas Fee and being able to arise in the morning without groans, we felt fit in body and soul to make that memorable trip from Saas Fee to



*The road we took up the valley to Zinal*



*Looking toward the Weisshorn en route to the Meiden Pass*





Zermatt. For that adventure both a guide and porter were deemed necessary, being as how they were cousins, if you get what I mean. Great and sudden cracks were pictured occurring in a glacier we'd have to cross the next day and two strong men would be needed to pull us out. The cousin was a diminutive son-in-law type. But he was very nice and seemed to like being taken along. Bumans, they. In Saas Fee you're apt to get a Buman or a Supersaxo. They are the two great rival families. There were then two more voting Bumans than Supersaxos, but the scales of influence varied from year to year.

Wee Saas Fee with its few hundreds tucked away among snow peaks and glaciers. . . . I asked our strapping young Hermann Buman, main guide, cousin of Mathias Buman (in Saas Fee, you see, they're cousins, not sons-in-law) if he had no desire to get out and see the world. Once, in military service, he had been sent a few weeks to Berne. He could hardly wait to get back to Saas Fee, nor did he ever want to leave again. But the long winters? Why, think what he did last winter! An Englishman hired him by the month and they did some five of the great peaks of Switzerland, including Monte Rosa, on skis! A winter "long" when you could coast down a 15,000-foot mountain on a pair of skis! And summers—always a peak to climb summers. No, no, he wanted to live and die in Saas Fee.

Did any one in Saas Fee ever get sick?

Oh, yes—and died. They were very proud now they had a doctor in the town. Before word had to be sent to Visp and often it was a whole day and too late before the doctor could reach Saas Fee. Now the town pays a man 7,500 francs yearly to stay there all the time.

Here, on page four of the Memory Book is a picture of the Britannia Hut, the pajama hut. There the guide woke us at 1.30 A. M., and we were off in the pitch dark with lanterns. "One great and never-to-be-forgotten day. A marvelous experience that, getting out in the dark, making our way over rocks, through snow fields, across glaciers.

Later, 'way behind us, we could see five or six lanterns in a row—four other parties from the hut. Lovely. Snow in bad condition. I was always sinking in 'way above my knees; maddening and tiring, that. . . . Dawn. No need for lanterns. Snow softer. . . . Sunrise marvelous, soft pink crawling up the peaks and snow slopes. Until then day might have turned out stormy. Suddenly clouds all gone and clear, so clear. Never shall I forget as we crossed over Allalin Pass and suddenly the great jagged peak of the Matterhorn poked its clear gray-white stone nose above the snow of the pass. Gaspd for the wonder of it. Blue, blue sky and there before us the Matterhorn, Rothorn, Dent Blanche, Weisshorn, etc., etc. Couldn't have been more perfect. I felt and said, 'Now I can die content. The years I've longed to see the Matterhorn! And to see it thus!'

" . . . So cold we nearly died. Somehow or other I found myself climbing Allalinhorn. Hadn't planned to, didn't feel equal to it—but there we were! After that Egginergrad Sunday I had said I never wanted to step foot on rocks (perpendicular ones) again, and lo, first thing I knew we were scaling darn old perpendicular rocks. At least we got warm! But I feel queer in my stomach over rocks with eternity straight down below. . . . Then came snow at last, but ticklish steep snow. Had to stop every little while to breathe. At last, at last the summit—13,235 feet. My, I was happy! View amazingly grand in all directions. Top not made for comfort—narrow, steep, gales of wind."

And who appeared in all but a collapsed condition at the summit but the pajama Englishmen and their two guides. The oldest of the party literally flopped on the summit. "Magnificent-view-give-me-a-drink," he gasped. He was off mountains for life.

"Are you doing peaks this summer?" he asked me when he could get his breath.

I admitted I'd considered it, but that the Allalinhorn

would be my last. He knew it would be his. He demanded to know whose idea this Allalinhorn excursion had been anyhow.

“ . . . Going down over rocks is, if anything, worse than going up. Tactful guide showed place where two guides and two tourists fell over cliff—walked too near edge—snow gave way, three killed. Rope cut by stone. Guide saved. . . . Once we had to send a huge stone down. It was too loose for safety and guide said it must go. Lord, how I hated it, balancing on a precipice and watching a rock go careering down with a crash. It made a furious noise. . . .

“ . . . Easy walking down the Mellschen Glacier. Finally off snow and ice and unroped and onto moraine. Ate by a little lake—lovely. On down steep, rocky hillside into valley below. Long, hard, hot. Picked our first edelweiss—such excitement! Thought we’d be happy if we saw one and we saw hundreds. At last, after very steep, hot, long hill, we reached valley below—bare, rocky, desolate, except for a few cows. Weisshorn pyramided at one end, Rimpfischhorn at other. Sat beside rushing glacier stream and bathed our hot and a bit blistered feet. Grand. . . . On down valley. At last reached timber line and most beautiful path through pines and larches. At Täschalp our path branched off and up to Zermatt, and we parted regretfully from the cousins Buman, headed for Stalden. . . .

“My, that hot, long, dusty walk to Zermatt. . . . We were all three so tired we could scarce drag one foot after the other. And the thirst. Steady going from 2 A. M. to 5 P. M.—fifteen hours of hard leg work. One feels such fatigue only a few times in a lifetime.” That night we spent at Riffelalp.

If any one had told me then that two days later I’d be starting up the Matterhorn—!

But when you wake up of a morning feeling fresh and fit and the jagged Matterhorn looming up across the valley

it comes over you that you *have* to do something about it. Yes, you'll just have to climb the Matterhorn.

We came to that conclusion the next day noon, having crossed the Findelin Glacier to the Stillesee, where we were eating a picnic lunch with two Swiss friends. What a walk, that to the Stillesee—first the path under old, crooked, wind-blown trees, then the fascinating blues of the glacier cracks, and then the little lake, the Matterhorn shooting up from one end. Those two Swiss friends had made the Matterhorn two summers ago—we could. Tomorrow we would start up the Matterhorn, but only two of us, Nand and I. Anguished tears from the Jim, but thirteen was too young. Indeed the guide that night claimed twenty was as young as any one should be who tried the Matterhorn, but the just-fifteen-year-old Nand he let by, as I assured him he was a wonder of a climber.

Friday, July 27.

Could hardly sleep a wink last night for my utter misery and fright and general concern over idea of climbing Matterhorn. I was in despair—perspiring and seeing precipices and queer feelings in my stomach all night long. Could hardly eat any breakfast—felt shaky and nauseated. Was almost hoping Nand would feel sick so we couldn't go! Simply perfect cloudless day—so couldn't use weather as excuse! So rattled getting off—forgot things and all and all and barely made train down to Zermatt. And always that queer feeling in my stomach. Lordy. . . .

"Long, hot, uphill walk from Zermatt to Schwarzsee Hotel—at first flopped under shade every few minutes and reflected each halt, this time to-morrow anyhow it will all be over, the up and the down. At two reached hotel (8,495 feet)."

Somehow—I've asked world-famous psychologists for an explanation and have never yet been satisfied with their divers replies—between Zermatt and the Schwarzsee



Hotel, as suddenly as the lifting of a mountain fog, every scrap of fear and anxiety left me. If I'd been praying I would have had a simple answer—the Lord.

From after lunch to 3.45 we lay on the grass looking up at the towering Matterhorn between us and the cloudless blue sky, then with our stalwart Moritz Dirren as guide (he came over from Riffelalp and met us at Schwarzsee) we started for the little Hotel Belvedere (10,820 feet) beside the Matterhorn Hut—the hut was too full.

To eat upstairs with the élite seemed too costly a procedure for us, so we chose to have supper downstairs with the guides. And whom did we have for company but four Oxford students, one of them an American Rhodes scholar, on their second summer of climbing Swiss mountains, guideless. How fine they were! When the Idaho Rhodes scholar later looked at our names in the register he came out to where we were gazing over peaks and glaciers to tell me that he had read the “American Idyll” and Carl’s “Casual Laborer!”

I sit here and the moments pass and the moments pass, and I write no word. Some one could describe a sunset seen from the terrace in front of the Matterhorn Hut at an elevation of over 10,000 feet, but I feel too unequal. I write merely—there was a sunset. Remember there were five glaciers thousands of feet directly below us, and rising above the glaciers at least eight mountain peaks from twelve to fifteen thousand feet in elevation. And to the left other glaciers and snow peaks beyond counting, the valley of the Matter Visp and 'way beyond clear to the naked eyes the Bernese Oberland snow mountains. God wrenched and tore at the world and heaved great masses right and left and then sent down his everlasting snow—and wee mortals gaze across to the splendor and magnificence of his handiwork and are faint with awe and reverence and gratitude. Peak by peak catches the rose glow of the setting sun, then turn again to their everlasting white, while the sky still holds a pink, a yellow, a violet.

A great sigh. It has been almost more than a human heart could hold. In the very middle of the sigh there is a catch to the breath and a feeling of such wonder as to be almost fear. A great, rounded, lemon-colored slice rears itself between the white of Monte Rosa and the pink and yellow and violet of the sky. Faster, huger—every one holds his breath. Full moon, but full moon as never seen by any mortal on that terrace before. The magnificent lemon-colored miracle of it. No man, woman or child on that terrace can ever forget that sight. . . .

Moritz came to announce that we ought to be off to bed fairly early, as he would be calling us at twenty minutes after twelve. Twenty minutes after *twelve!*

Which he did. And there was that great moon flooding all the mountain world with light—and we'd never given the possibility of a moon a thought. What a present from the gods! Instead of having to start out carrying lanterns between one's teeth!

"I had been so worried about the climb that fortunately its terrors fell short of my awful dreams. I was far more miserable on the Egginergrad. Even more miserable on the Allalinhorn. Except for about four places where I was afraid and hated it, all went well. Then anyhow there's something about walking like that in the dark and moonlight which seems to make it easier than by day. And I heeded Maria's advice not to look up or look down but each moment to concern myself with where I was to put my hands and feet that particular forward move. By ten minutes to four we had reached the Salvay Hütte (12,526 feet) (how they built a hut that high and steep goodness knows). There we drank a bit of tea, ate a few prunes, etc. The hardest part came after the hut, especially one or two of the rope places were awful. Especially one place where I seemed to swing out over eternity and thought I was gone for good. Nandy was splendid every minute.

"At 5.50 we reached the top—and *it* was just like my

awful dreams. Like perching on a razor edge just under the moon. A precipice in front, another in back, and a cold wind blowing. Simply could not enjoy the view—was too uneasy. But I'd made the top! We ate some good cookies and started back.

"All along, especially as we went up, I couldn't help but feel the worst would be going down. You can keep from looking down going up, but you have to look down going down! The first part was bad—steep, and guide said we must be so careful of loose, falling stones and other parties coming. So we crawled on down, almost on our hands and knees. Guide disgusted at our methods, but I couldn't for the life of me stand up and do it like him! We passed five other parties in all. One man was the same scared Frenchman from Allalinhorn, who plastered himself against each rock and hung on till guide yanked him off. Here guide was leading him by the hand!!

"Well, going down went a thousand times better than I expected. Indeed, all things considered, it went well. Never once did I feel real sickly fear, and looking down didn't bother me in the least. But I did wear the seat of my pants entirely away! My knees ached so I took every chance I could of sliding to save them. We reached Salvay Hütte at ten minutes before eight, ate and wrote in book. Got back to Belvédère and my beloved Jim at ten exactly." (Jim's diary, "They came down very quickly. Mom was ripped in pants.") "Always the view marvelous. Continual thunderstorm and lightning over Italy as we climbed up—great. Nebelmeer—sea of fog—while in Salvay on our return. Cloudless sky later.

"Had syrup, settled bills, wrote June Bug a card and then started down after affectionate farewells from nice Moritz and hotel people. Every one so dear and nice. Loved all the world. And we'd climbed the Matterhorn!

"Poor old aching knees would scarce take me down to Zermatt. Was afraid I might be maimed for life. Jim, feeling fresh as a lark, tore on ahead with rucksack. Nand

and I brought up rear sedately. Took new way down, to Staffelalp. Glorious views of other side of Matterhorn. Found Jim having grand time damming up creek by lovely waterfall. Took our shoes and stockings off, washed and sunned feet—heaven. Then on down and ever down—thought we never *would* reach little hotel, so tired and hungry. Nand tried to jump a creek once and fell backwards, wetting sweaters, kodak, etc. At last hotel and food. . . .”

“Jim and I played music on wooden instruments. Mom always had to wear her sweater as an apron in back because she had worn her pants to more holes than goods.”

From Zermatt, which we reached in the late afternoon, we took the train to St. Nicolaus between Zermatt and Stalden. “Blessed, beloved beds.” There we began reading “Moby Dick” out loud (“a swell whaler story”) and laid low three days.

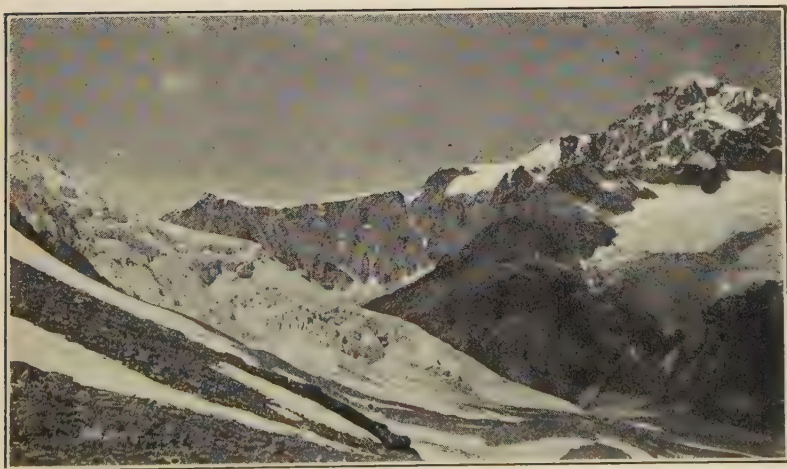
August first came the climb from St. Nicolaus over the Augstbord Pass (9,490 feet), down to Gruben-Meiden, the next valley west from the Matter Visp. Baedeker says, “guide advisable,” but we felt too hardened mountaineers to need any more guides.

“Gruben-Meiden, Wednesday, August 1.

“One of the loveliest days of the whole trip. Poured rain early. Girl woke me at 4.45 per orders, but I told her weather too rotten—we’d start later. Slept again till 7.30—still rain. Anyhow we got up and ate and it was 8.30 to 9 before we started out, rain and fog up the steep, steep mountain side to Jungen and on. Thought we never would reach Jungen. Up and up and up—steep as could be, and never a chalet. At last—there. Two men in fields, one an out-and-out idiot, the other feeble-minded. Asked way to Augstbord Pass. They waved their arms and said ‘on up.’ We crawled inside little church and rearranged packs, etc. Names all over—that’s not an American habit only. Poured, so retreated into church again.



*Looking back to the Augstbord Pass as we climbed toward the  
Meiden Pass*



*The other side of the Matterhorn*





Not one human any place to ask our way, so started 'on up.' Lost the way 'steen times. Finally walked up perpendicular surface of mountain and around the side. Rain stopped—sun. Such a view!! Marvelous (according to Baedeker).<sup>\*</sup> Ate lunch up high in the sun—such fun, especially over some hard-boiled eggs which were soft. From there we spied path high above. Clambered up rocks to it and we were for first time since Jungen on something looking propitious. Fine path, grand views. Then it turned into nothing but small rocks—hard to tell path from rest of the world. Loved it. Crossed snow patches. At one glacier stream we made lemonade. Where we crossed a big snow patch boys spent a long time having no end of fun doing 'winter sports'—'ski fête'—I as audience. Great lark. On and on. Never seemed to reach pass. Up and up—stones, slate, streams. Big wind. Very glad when climb over and we reached pass. Marvelous view from other side. Passed one lone youth the whole day from Jungen on. Down other side, stones and slate. All starved, so ate in shelter of huge rock. Boys darlings. Jim forever throwing his long stick like a javelin. Down, down, down; passed one Alp and many cattle above timber line, one Alp below. Lovely woods. Wanted to sleep in a hay hut. No hay hut. At last reached Gruben (5,961 feet) and made for Hotel Schwarzhorn. Tired. Read 'Moby Dick' to sons. We had 'milch complet' alone on porch, others big feast inside. August 1 is Swiss 4th of July. Read long to sons and then big bonfire, speech by priest ('Weiss und Rot' in shaking tones instead of our trembling 'red, white and blue') and fireworks. Sons tickled pink. Such dears they were. Bed much later than planned, so we get a late start to-morrow."

<sup>\*</sup> "We then skirt the Steintalgrat to the right where soon (ca. 8,060 feet) opens a magnificent panorama; to the left the Bietochhorn, Aletsch Glacier, Ticina Alps, and Monte Leone; straight on the Mischabel, then the Lyskamm, Zwillinge, Breithorn, Little Matterhorn, Brunnegghorn, and Weisshorn; far below lies the Nicolai valley."

From Gruben-Meiden the next day over the 9,095-foot Meiden Pass into the Val d'Anniviers and up to Zinal where the glaciers themselves flow into the head of the valley. It was the one day the fishing rod came handy: there was one place I had to cross just before the pass, a mass it was of loose rocks and steep snow. The boys carried the icepick and had chosen another route to reach the pass. The rod saved the day. I used it to help get a purchase in the loose rocks and as an icepick in the snow, to prod out footholds. Lunch in a sheltered nook over the pass, on down to timber line, through woods and wild flowers by any trail that came to foot, until miles beyond we worked our way down through the fascinating wee Swiss chalet hamlet of Ayer onto the main road to Zinal. On and on and on, through the most beautiful valley of all, until at last, weary and worn, we reached Zinal. Zinal, another gem of a spot, the Durand Glacier ahead, the double peaks of the Besso, the Pointe de Zinal, and the Dent Blanche, standing guard round about. And suddenly everybody talking French instead of German.

The next day we were to have crossed over our third and last pass, the Col de Torrent, into the Val d'Hérens, where we would find the village of Evolène and our June Bug, summering there with her little Geneva school. But the next day we had no enthusiasm for moving in any direction, also it poured rain most of the day, so we lay low and I read "Moby Dick" till I could read no more.

And the next day after lunch we were off down the left side of the valley to Grimentz. There are woods and woods, but the woods between Zinal and Grimentz are like none other in the world—rocks, trees, ground covered with soft green moss, clear irrigation ditch flowing along beside the path; patches of sunlight, stillness. Boys were as thrilled as I. We sat long on a moss bank, backs against moss rocks, and I read more "Moby Dick."

Grimentz surely dates back to biblical times, so aged does the wee cluster of Swiss chalets appear. There is one

hotel, on the night of August 4th absolutely and entirely occupied.

The plump Swiss proprietess was very regretful, but *full* was *full*.

And so?

She shrugged her helpless shoulders.

"What about a hay hut?" (We tried to say it casually, lest if she sensed our eagerness she'd charge \$20 a night for the same.)

Yes, she had a hay hut. We could each have a pair of blankets. There were pigs and a cow underneath, but plenty of room up in the hay.

The joy of Parkers!

Also to our joy she asked if we minded eating supper out on the terrace, as the dining room was so very full. Supper on a terrace overlooking the Val d'Anniviers and across that a great rock peak which caught the setting sun and turned to burnt copper. After supper we moved across the road where the view was even better, squatted in the grass and finished "Moby Dick." A terrible ending in a bit of a Swiss hamlet, clinging to the side of a valley, so peaceful, so still, so very, very far from whales. "Gosh," was all sons could say. Two bent old women, who looked every day of ninety, packed a good-sized wagon full of hay just below us. We expected to see a horse appear from some place. The old women dragged the wagon on down the road. While it was still a bit light we crawled into our hay quarters and the end of "Moby Dick" would ring in our ears, and a great deal of smell of pigs in our noses, and mice and the swishing of the cow's tail, and we could hear her chew and chew and chew.

Up and off at 4.45 for a long treeless climb ahead and a desire to get the worst over before noon. And a still stronger desire to reach the small female child of the family as soon as possible. Sons seemed unusually full of energy, and tore ahead to explore. Even early in the morning the pull up toward the Col de Torrent was hot beyond

words. Boys covered a rock with their wet clothes, wet from perspiration, and then suddenly splashed into an ice-cold glacier stream hurling itself down into the valley. They ought to have gotten cramps or something. I put one finger in and squawked for the cold. The only practical use I could ever see to a glacier stream was to make lemonade with some of it. Always we carried several lemons and sugar as part of our supplies and every day stopped more than once to have a lemonade feast. The fun any kind of a feast is on the march! You smack your lips over each old crust. On that mountain summer we even learned to eat with relish cold hard-boiled eggs which were soft. That's appetite.

We did make the Col de Torrent (9,593 feet) before noon, and what a view, what a view!—now peaks with French names; Pointe de Vouasson, Aiguilles Rouges, Mont Pleureur, Mont Blanc, de Seilon, Pigne d'Arolla, Mont Miné, Tête Blanches, etc., etc. And not another film left in the kodak. Therefore a day of suffering.

Down, down, down in Evolène there was no seven-year-old June Bug to be found—after we all but broke our three necks to get there by 2.30. She and the school were off on an all-day picnic at Lac Bleu. We walked in all directions trying to meet them, to no avail. And then she came, and was kissed to within an inch of her life and the family was united. It is a nice family I have.

And the climbing days were over, the Col de Torrent, our third and last pass. "Me at my old years am good and done with climbing for a spell, and specially with going downhill, which since the Matterhorn nearly wrecks my ancient knees. But I've loved the passes most especially—up, up, up to a sudden view of new lands; down, down, down into an unexplored, for Parkers, valley. . . . Col de Torrent, most glorious view of all—almost. (Fear to leave out that almost—too many marvelous views to say which was *the* view.)"

Two full days of joy in lovely Evolène. "Perfect day"



was August 6th. "Off after late breakfast with boys and June Bug to glorious spot we discovered by river—beach, stones, trees. June Bug naked, boys almost so. The three built bridges and sand houses and shot put and spear threw and high jumped and one joy after another. . . . I hate so having my June Bug always just among girls—breaks my heart. . . ."

August 8th. We were off for Geneva at five o'clock in the morning, boys and I, tramping the long road from Evolène to Sion and the railway in the early fair morning. After about three hours of walking, and when life had become a good bit of a mixture of heat and dust, a big empty truck came lumbering down the road and did we say yes when the driver asked if we'd like a lift? *Did* we? And thereby landed in Sion two hours ahead of schedule.

We sat at a little table under a tree eating our own lunch, drinking syrup, I casually looking over a *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*—hadn't seen a paper in almost three weeks—when my eye was held by a half-inch notice that Americans, in Berne, were to observe Harding's death. Harding's *death!* There must be some mistake.

Back in hot Geneva "bought Nandy his first pair of 'best' shoes ever (brown Oxfords at that). The love was so happy over them. Jim, such an admiring dear about them, he not getting any." (I might remark here, June, 1925, that Jim has just put the final finish on those same ex-best shoes of Nandy's, he having fallen heir to them last Christmas.) Next day a swim in the lake, so packed at Eaux Vives with panting heat sufferers that with a large stretch of the imagination one could think it Coney Island on a Sabbath. And then we were off to Paris.

## II

### AND DO OTHER THINGS IN PARIS—ALSO BATTLEFIELDS—ALSO SOUTH GERMANY

THAT is my idea of an intelligent vacation combination—Swiss mountains in sport breeches and generally the roughest of clothes, rucksacks the only baggage, three times in a railroad train, and Paris.

It will sound like rank heresy to most people—it would have to me before the Swiss mountain trip—to admit that one can become satiated with grandeur in nature, that one can reach a point where the idea of one more magnificent panorama is almost uncomfortable. My system had all it could hold of tremendous landscapes, one after another, day after day. Such country as parts of Westchester County in New York, as the Berkeley Hills and the Bay, as much of Swiss lake scenery, can be gazed upon year in, year out, without tire. Perhaps great natures could gaze indefinitely on expanses of glaciers, snow-clad peaks, rocky ridges, but a person like me gets enough, and that's all there is to it. There comes not only the feeling that one has reached the limit of physical enjoyment, that climbing has no more charms for the time being, but also that the soul has reached the limit of its power to thrill to grandeur. Perhaps physical and mental work on the same principle: with time and judicious exercise one can attempt ever more and more, absorb ever more and more. I could remain long on the slopes of a quiet valley. The soul of me would soon tire on a high pass. Panoramas right and left, great sweeps of majestic scenery—I could not stretch to that indefinitely.

And so it was good to find oneself in Paris, and the very first morning buying a new hat.

Anyhow, we are apostles of contrasts. Nothing keeps the system pliable, keeps the mind limber, like being swung more or less abruptly from one situation to something radically different. We are all apt to live our days on a much too even tenor—and then consider eating dinner in a cobwebby cellar in Greenwich Village enough contrast to make continual cleanliness and order and respectability bearable. Perhaps it is just such a poor makeshift which keeps Greenwich Village prosperous.

Tanned and tough, three Parkers in Paris. It was the sons' first visit and Something Important in our Europe.

Most of the things we do and the way we do them I would not change if we had \$1,000,000. But in one respect don't I know how I'd manage if I had the cash! No more trying to sleep sitting up all night in the corner of a crowded second class compartment. (We usually travel in the style of second class when we're on a train all night.) I don't ask for enough wealth to afford a berth in a "wagon lits" with a room to myself. I should like, dear God, enough wealth to afford for the many times I travel between Geneva and Paris a *courette*—a first class seat turned into a berth where you can stretch out full length all night. No blankets, no undressing, but full length. Only that much, dear God. Day times I'll travel third or fourth class if Thou sayest the word, but nights—stretched full length. . . . God never listens.

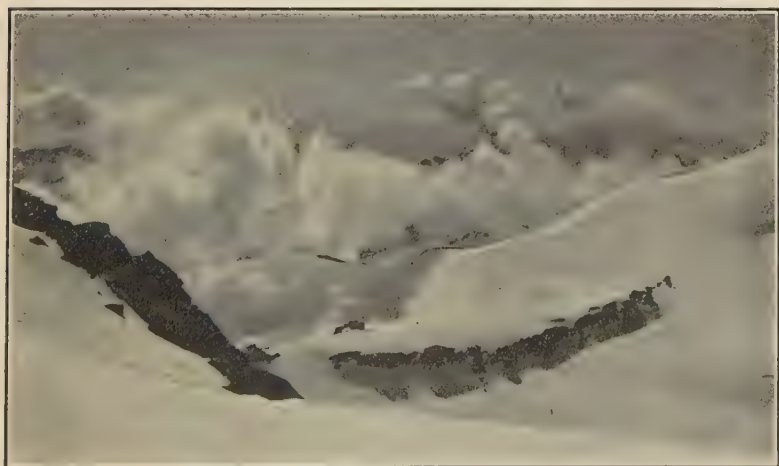
Until He does, I shall continue to wander about my first day in Paris half asleep. But no matter in what state I land—having spent the night full length and money still jingling in my pockets, or doubled up in a corner, eight in the compartment and no air, I shall always hope to have my room with the little balcony on the Seine overlooking the Louvre and the Tuileries, in the Hotel du Quai Voltaire, and when sunset time comes, I shall walk to the Pont des Arts and look now at the Ile de la Cité, now

down the Seine toward the sunset. That is my most loved spot in Paris. Writes one son: "We saw a wonderful sunset from one of the bridges. Then we ate supper and went to bed. I loved Paris."

The second morning in Paris, after a night in beds, we were at the Louvre before the doors were opened. Here, again, do I want to burst into heresy. The hundreds upon hundreds of inexcusable boring pictures hung in that Louvre! And wives drag their agonized, suffering husbands, mothers their weary offspring, maiden ladies other maiden ladies, from room to room and what in the world is it all about? We are brought up to think we ought to stand whispering and awed before the "Old Masters" and only the tired business man ever approaches having the courage necessary to admit that nine-tenths of it all bores him to death. It has taken me three years in Europe not to feel cowed in a picture gallery. Being overawed in a picture gallery belonged to the category of necessities to refinement, like cleaning your teeth. After my first visit to Paris I brought back to June Bug, so that she could be familiarizing herself with the art treasures of the ages, a box containing a postcard copy of hundreds of Louvre pictures. When she was ever sick in bed I used to turn her loose among them and congratulated myself that by so doing she was absorbing culture. I looked over that box myself the other day. The idea of subjecting a child to such "art"! The idea of dragging old and young about to gasp approvingly before insipid, sentimental—I'd like to say tommy-rot. Angels and shepherds and Madonnas and rabbits, and it's "Herbert, isn't that *beautiful*?" because it hangs in the Louvre and therefore must be "beautiful." It's an Old Master. Two years ago I was in just that frame of mind. "Now, my sons, you are to have one of the great treats of your life—the Louvre!" and when Nandy's diary read, "The weather was awful hot, it made a person lazy, I didn't get so very much out of the pictures," my heart was heavy. Europe was being a failure.



*The Britannia Mountain hut where four Englishmen slept in pajamas,  
and the Klein Allalin, the elder son, ran up while waiting for supper*



*Climbing the Allalinhorn in the early morning*





But what under the rising canopy of heaven should or could a boy get out of ninety-nine per cent of the pictures in the Louvre? Or a man or a woman? You may like to turn over the pages of a colored picture book. Any one might when the spirit so moves. But we'd never feel we had to shiver and shake and grow pale with emotion and our husbands and cousins and nieces and sons should do the same because it is ART.

When I finally felt my emancipation from the Louvre I was in Budapest. The little picture gallery there was an almost unending delight. My insides were in a continual state of churn, of throbbing admiration. Suddenly I asked myself, why couldn't I feel like that in the Louvre? And I realized that the pictures which filled my soul with gratitude were on the whole the so-called "Primitives," and Budapest had so many of the old, old, honest pictures in comparison with the works of the widely heralded newer Old Masters. The whole Louvre possesses only one small room and part of another of Primitives.

And me writing about art. The more I read on the subject, which, alas, is precious little, the more I realize I belong to the great and unfortunate majority who are not tempered to react to art with extremely æsthetic emotion and therefore belong to those who have what Clive Bell calls "impure appreciation." "They have moments of pure ecstasy, but the moments are short and unsure. Soon they fall back into the world of human interests and feel emotions, good no doubt, but inferior. I do not dream of saying that what they get from art is bad or nugatory; I say that they do not get the best that art can give." In other words, contemplation of even the pictures I love best does not produce in me that "state of extraordinary exaltation and complete detachment from the concerns of life." But I am, on the other hand, not among those who, without that exaltation, would find life "a rather gray and trivial affair." Perhaps some of us spread our exaltation too broad, too many things make

life worth living, instead of art alone, and we go really deep, in that sense of utter detachment from the world, in none. I do not know what one does about it. Does one say, I won't allow myself to exult over this rose and that symphony and this child and that poem and this old copper and that sunset and this meal and that play and this bicycle ride and that dress and this friend and that dance and this book and that cathedral, but will keep my exaltation stored until I have a great big gob to let loose before a picture of—well, the high exalters seem to feel it before, say, Georgia O'Keeffe. Anyhow, I'm very fond of this world, albeit evidently shallow and superficial in the depth to which my love of the world sinks. The things I love in music I love very much, yet often I've envied those who could listen to Bach, say, and be carried entirely off this earth; or in art, those who can stand before a Giotto and be utterly filled with æsthetic emotion. The rest of us poor mortals love this and love that, and have degrees of exaltation, but we never reach the heights.

Nor, evidently, is creeping about a gallery, whispering, catalogue in hand, ever going to help raise us there. "Traditional reverence is what lies heaviest on spectators and creators, and museums are too apt to become conventicles of tradition." (Clive Bell again.) And to quote the same person but twice more (his book on "Art" fell into my hands only within the last few weeks and received that glad reception one gives to some one who upholds our own doubts and tribulations. I thrill to scarcely a picture which Clive Bell considers true Art—Poussin, Claude, Ingres, for example. That doesn't worry either of us). But what sounds music to my ears is when he writes, "The only possible effect of personally conducted visits (to galleries) must be to confirm the victims in their suspicion that art is something infinitely remote, infinitely venerable, and infinitely dreary." And lastly, "Do not imagine that adults must be the best judges of what is good and what matters. . . . Therefore, do not educate children to be any-

thing or to feel anything; put them in the way of finding out what they want and what they are. So much in general. In particular I would say, do not take children to galleries and museums; still less, of course, send them to art schools to be taught high-toned commercialism."

After all of which I quote from Jim's diary. "We got up and had breakfast and went to the Louvre Gallery where you see the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo. It was a lovely gallery, simply wonderful. It had the Winged Victory also and a lot of awful wonderful paintings. I saw so many wonderful things in the Louvre . . . and we saw such lovely statuary and all sorts of things."

Therefore, I'm not for keeping a child out of a gallery altogether, but I'm not for expecting him to stand spell-bound in front of what he sees. If he does—it's his affair and glory be unto him but it will be no doings of mine.

A year later one dreary, storming, tired afternoon in Paris, I didn't exactly know what to do with myself and ended with going to the Louvre and sitting on the very comfortable seat in front of Mona Lisa for two hours, just to listen to what everybody had to say. It was too good to be true. Years ago I held firmly to the notion that no one of average æsthetic appreciation could possibly honestly enjoy Mona Lisa or Wagner. People raved and went to Wagner and hung Mona Lisa round about their rooms because they thereupon took on a certain amount of culture in their own and other people's eyes. Of perhaps less than average æsthetic appreciation, certainly not more, I have come honestly to enjoy Wagner and Beethoven beyond all other music, but I still look with much suspicion upon Mona Lisa. I wanted to hear what the run of Louvre visitors had to say about her. Nor did a single soul pass her by during those two hours without saying something, though that something most often was a jerk of the head or thumb and an awed "That's the picture that was stolen!"

Numerous groups of thirsting-for-culture Americans

went by under the care of a guide. Every guide had a different way of handling Mona, also guides did a different job according to the nationality. With Americans they one and all soft-pedaled the possible relationship of the lady to the painter. With Americans she was a "friend" or a "lady friend." With French or Germans she was his mistress and no question about it. And always some American wife, if it was a group of Americans, was jerking the tail of her husband's coat and whispering, "Charlie, you're not looking at the picture!" When a guide finished rehearsing his Mona Lisa piece there was invariably the old maid who inquired, "Is this the original?"

One little couple on their honeymoon, bound to do Europe up brown, were having a bewildering time of it in the Louvre. They had guide books and catalogues and a toothless old guide all to themselves, who mumbled broken English. I could not understand the guide, but I heard the bride with puckered brows say to her husband, "Alfred, he says we ought to get on the other side and see her smile from there."

A bald-headed man, a panting wife on his arm, breezed by. He pointed with his derby—no halt— "That's the picture that was stolen."

A small boy came along with an uncle. He would not look at Mona Lisa at all, but gazed around at everything all at once. He rubbed one shoe up and down the leg of his long sailor trousers.

"Why do they paint so many funny old things when they could have painted pretty things?"

"How do you mean, 'funny old things'?"

"Oh, angels and things like that."

Bless the small boy.

Suddenly he spied a small picture near Mona Lisa of St. George and the dragon.

"Look it!" he jerked his uncle's arm. "That's a good dragon!"

Louvre in the morning, Zoo in the afternoon, opera in



the evening—that's a day. If Nandy "didn't get so very much out of the pictures," with the Zoo, "Gee, it was swell." As for the opera, we were so excited to be going to our first, for the sons, that we arrived at the opera house before the doors were unlocked. "When it opened we were the first ones in. First we went up the wonderful marble staircase to the third floor. The staircase was simply marvelous. Our seats were on the right side. It started at 8 o'clock. The music was wonderful. The two pieces that I liked the best were the March and Waltz from *Faust* by Gounod. The opera we saw was *Faust*. The main characters were Faust, Marguerette and the devil. Toward the end they had some fine Bally dancing. The costumes and scenery was splendid. I just loved the whole opera. It was over very late that night." And Jim: "We got there early but a lot of people came also to see the play of *Faust* by Goethe. There was wonderful music and singing. They had a promenade to take between acts that was great. It was the first grand opera that I have seen it was great." To make the night 100 per cent complete we sat on the sidewalk of the crowded Café de la Paix and watched the rest of Paris go by before we, too, joined the strolling thousands that warm midnight and crossed over to the left bank and our little hotel.

That noon we had bought a copy of *Faust* in the Rue de Rivoli in the sort of book store which arranged its windows with the letters of Thomas Nelson Page, the latest of Ibanez, Zane Grey and Ethel Dell, and costly volumes open to imposing illustrations of Byzantine Sculpture. The proprietor of the book shop was waiting on us. It was the noon hour and we the only customers. A middle-aged, quietly dressed American woman entered—she looked as if she might be a teacher of English literature or the Vice-President of the local Women's League for Peace and Freedom. She approached the proprietor.

"Have you a Baedeker?"

"Which Baedeker do you wish, Madame? Paris? Northern France? Southern France?

No sign from the woman.

"Perhaps Italy or Switzerland?"

"Why—er— Why—a Baedeker."

The proprietor turned for a despairing moment to me.

"But, Madame, there are so many Baedekers!"

"Well, I want—the one—everybody buys"—and she turned in confusion and went out.

Goodness knows there are times, especially in Europe, when I feel so ignorant and generally uncultured I wonder why I clutter up the earth, but I really did not think any one of middle age could actually arrive in Europe and not know about Baedeker.

Paris that August was very hot. When we did get started sightseeing I planned too much for the calm digestibility of our souls. Opera Saturday night, and Sunday right after breakfast we started for the Ile de la Cité, having first read more or less to the sons about what we should find there and "how come." First we visited Ste. Chapelle. I am becoming used to having my idols torn at by a world which knows more about everything than I seem to. How pleasant, however, that one can disagree with brilliance and still not be jailed. I go to *Parsifal* and my soul is all but torn out of my body for the glory and wonder and beauty of the grail scenes. I leave the theater more moved than by anything else that I ever saw produced. I do not want to speak or be spoken to for hours. And then some one writes a book—a highbrow book at that—and says that if it were not for musically ignorant critics drumming up trade no one in their senses would ever attend such an inexcusable opera as *Parsifal*.

I had something of my *Parsifal* feeling when I first saw the Ste. Chapelle of St. Louis. I could have cried for the beauty of it. A friend said something to me and I wanted to remove her from the earth with a glance. I *hate* to be spoken to, to have to speak back, when my

insides feel the way they do on looking at beauty. Ste. Chapelle, its stained glass held together by the merest of materials, its rose window, is a shrine I visit over and over again, every time I go to Paris. And then I read in a book written by a man who knows more about art and architecture in his little finger than I ever shall in all of me in a lifetime that Ste. Chapelle is nothing to admire at all at all.

But, says Clive Bell again, "We have no other means of recognizing a work of art than our feeling for it. The objects that provoke æsthetic emotion vary with each individual." So I have as good a right to my feelings for the Ste. Chapelle as the great art critic. If I knew as much as he I might feel the way he does, but since that will never be I shall probably never cool to Ste. Chapelle.

I have a horror of overinfluencing my young. At best, even where we consciously try to reduce our importance to the minimum, there are enough precepts and attitudes of adults to hamper youth in its own search for the Way, the Truth, and the Light, most of which they will never find for sure and certain, and still less if adults are forever putting up guide posts. After all, my father did me a kindness when he chose my "motto." Every night he used to ask me what my "motto" was, and for years on end I used to have to answer, "Cornelia, be good." Which is a pleasant elastic motto, if a motto one must have. There were no definitions attached. I hope that for the most part I still try to be good, but it is my idea, my personal idea, of goodness.

(In my loved "Messer Marco Polo," Golden Bells says there are just two sins, meanness and cruelty.)

And in this whole matter of artistic appreciation, I am continually aware of how too often my attitude is taken over by my children, and that is the last thing in the world I want. I told them next to nothing about the Ste. Chapelle, for instance, because I wanted to see how they'd judge it for themselves. And considering my feel-

ings it was probably impossible for them not to sense my awed love for the chapel and have it tell in their reactions. I don't want them going about Europe liking what I like. (Anyhow, they showed little enthusiasm for my adored Norman churches, that's one consolation.) Nandy writes of Ste. Chapelle: "The lower chapel wasn't very important but the upper one and larger one was lovely. It has wonderful big stained glass windows. . . ." Jim: "First we visited the Sainte Chapelle, it was a beautiful gothic chapel and all so wonderful." And then his enthusiasm goes on. "Then we went to the Notre Dame de Paris, it was simply wonderful. Then we went up a tower of Notre Dame. We had a simply marvelous view from the top." Says Nandy about Notre Dame: "The inside was quite normal and very lovely but the Notre Dame is noted for the flying buttresses and her unfinished spires." That's that.

That afternoon the Luxembourg Gallery. "SOME of the pictures were very lovely," and from the Luxembourg to the Rodin Museum. Rodin en gros is a bit difficult for the young, and for the old who attend the young and are supposed to answer questions. "What does that statue mean?" What indeed, that one can adequately explain on a hot afternoon after Ste. Chapelle, Notre Dame and the Luxembourg. We sank exhausted into—or I sank exhausted into and the sons sat on—three chairs in the Tuileries and listened to a Sunday concert, much of the program from *Faust*, but every one made so much noise and waved fans and programs so vehemently and moved collapsible chairs so frequently to get out of spots of sunlight, that we caught only every twenty-fourth note.

Monday came the drive about Paris—and if there is anything in Paris more agreeable than rolling around the town in a poky old carriage with a hundred-year-old driver I don't know it. It is a joy to my twentieth-century soul. If a carriage can't be found any place else in Paris, there is always one leaning against the Gare d'Orleans. From



*Saas Fee and one-tenth of the mountains surrounding it*





there we drove to the Place de la Bastille, to the Pont St. Denis, to the Place des Victoires, to the Champs-Élysées, to the Arc de Triomphe and the grave of the unknown soldier, through the Bois de Boulogne, to the Avenue de la Grande Armée, back to the Champs-Élysées, to the Pont Alexander III, where we alighted and walked for the soft colors in the sky and on the Seine, and ate supper in some sidewalk restaurant. It is inexcusable to eat indoors in Paris except in the dead of winter. And the streets of Paris are one's cabaret—pathos, comedy, moments of suspense—what you will.

One evening we were sitting so peacefully outside a wee restaurant when a middle-aged man strolled along with an armful of newspapers to sell. Suddenly, within a few feet of our table, he stopped, hurled the great batch of papers in all directions, grabbed those which fell nearest and tore them wildly into strips, beat his chest, and roared his grievances to the world. We asked the little waitress if he was a typical Paris news vendor. She shrugged her shoulders, laughed at the mess of papers cluttering up the whole street and said, "Heat and liquor."

"After supper we went to the Tuileries to see how beautiful it was in the night."

The church holidays of Europe! Some one must be glad of them, but when every moment is weighed and apportioned and sighed over because there are so few moments and so much to see—and you drive to the Cluny and it is closed and les Invalides and it is closed and the Grand Palais and it is closed and the Petit Palais and it is closed. And why is the Pantheon then open? But it is, and we see that and a taxi driver assures us a certain Pantheon de la Guerre will be open and he drives us there and after all the young exert some independent judgment because that panorama of the war was exactly to their liking. "The canons looked like real, it was wonderful. There were thousands of characters there." "We saw a nice panorama of the war it was lovely." (Happy use of the

English language.) And lest it be feared that Europe is making two young Americans lay undue emphasis on the higher life, in the entire Paris diaries of both boys each saw fit to print in large type so that it stands out above Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Arc de Triomphe and all other sights and doings Parisian, the fact that on Wednesday, August 15th, they had ICE CREAM SODA. Nandy also prints large the CHOCOLATE CAKE. In my diary, "One of the great, great treats of Paris next. . . . The young beside themselves for joy." Well, now, nor was I in despair. Two years is a long dry spell between ice cream sodas.

From Paris on traveling became a vastly more enjoyable performance to me. Nandy, then just fifteen, volunteered to take over the entire financial problem, and didn't I drop it like a hot brick! I don't mind earning money a bit, but how I loathe being bothered with paying it out! There was a time, years back, when I kept detailed and accurate accounts of where every cent went to. Long ago I fell into disgrace and if my checkbook balanced that was all my soul needed for peace.

How often had I ruminated on how ideal traveling would be if only there were some one else to do the settling of accounts and paying for the taxi and tipping. I'd supply the money if some one else would pay the bills. And says Nandy, "Gee, I'd love the job!"

Since then—what bliss! I keep a few francs about me in case I "lose the crowd." Otherwise finances no longer play a part in my life. All I have to do is to earn the money! The son even keeps accounts. Jim, thirteen, asked permission to boss the pay job one day, but he tipped on about a fifty per cent basis and the supply could not keep pace with that outgo.

The Cluny Museum filled us all with contentment. "We saw everything under the sun," especially the court and "the beautiful gardens they were so lovely with ruins around it." The Petit Palais met with approval. "We

saw some wonderful and cute and beautiful modern pictures and statues. They were so beautiful especially the pictures. They had a lovely garden with statues around it also." From the Petit Palais to Napoleon's Tomb. Writes Jim, "one of the longings of my lifetime. It was so simple that red marble tomb but yet so imposing. We then went to the other longing of my life—the Eiffel Tower."

I'd had all the heights I wanted for a spell, so sat on a bench below while sons went to the top. It was more trying waiting for them to return from the Jungfrau and me sitting six and a half hours in the middle of a glacier, but my system tied itself into knots on that bench at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. I supposed an elevator shot up to the top and down again à la Woolworth Building, and gave half an hour as the outside limit. "We had a marvelous view. Mom was desperate when we got down, we had been on the tower two hours and had not known it!"

Since then I've been to the top myself. I pity any one who leaves it for the last hurried hour in Paris. You could almost walk up and down the 1,792 steps faster than to go by elevator, with the three changes of interminable waits.

One week in Paris, a superficial "overlook," as the Germans say, intentionally done so. The sons saw Paris—no apologies. Three times in the Louvre, everything else only once. And then we subjected ourselves to the horrors of a trip to the battlefields.

How any one on earth stands the longer Battlefield Tours, I fail to see. Our six hours around Rheims left me depressed enough to last days. Perhaps to any one who had experienced any enthusiasm about the war itself, battlefields might be less torture. And then the manner in which one is shown the battlefield, all the old war bunk shouted at you—"Huns," "Heinies," atrocities all on one side—for all that our guide was a nice Canadian with a cockney accent and himself seemed to get more satisfaction out of

continually pointing out the "straight Roman road," than letting us get off aware merely of ruins, shell holes, trenches, barbed wire and the dead. His stock remark when we reached a spot where not a tree was left standing, the ground a mass of shell holes, was, "You can see for yourselves that something has been done here." A pessimistic Australian and I refused to budge out of the charabanc to inspect cemeteries—"I came too near landing in one myself," said he. The Australian had fought the war to end war in Gallipoli.

But the sons—ah, the sons thrilled to the battlefields. Rheims was more or less merely ruins, San Francisco, after the fire, plus the cathedral and town hall. But out on the battlefields—there was excitement for you! The two tore around like mad every time the charabanc stopped for a bit of gruesome detail from the guide. And the treasures unearthed! For one solid year after did we have to cart that rattly black nondescript junk about Europe with us—an old pot, a covered can of sorts with remnants of a knife and fork and spoon inside, a piece of a bayonet, some small ex-shells. Once Jim disappeared altogether and kept the whole charabanc waiting. And at length he turned up empty-handed.

"What?" asked the jovial guide, "no valuables this time?"

"The worst luck," panted Jim, "and I just somehow thought for sure I'd get a corpse in one of those holes." By the time we returned to Rheims both boys looked like chimney sweeps.

From Rheims that night we went over Mülhausen to Oberweiler in South Germany, in a train so packed that the boys, their baggage and the battlefield treasures had to spend the entire night in the corridor. They did manage to find one seat for me, to the annoyance of three Englishmen who had six feet settled comfortably in it for the night.

Switzerland, France, Germany. "And in what a state





*The view of Paris from our Hotel du Quai Voltaire windows*



did we find Germany. In March, 1922, my first post-war visit, the mark had stood at 250 for the dollar. They jeered at a few pessimists who said it might go to a thousand. Our summer trip in 1922 began with the mark 475 to the dollar and just reached a thousand when we left. When June Bug and I visited Oberweiler in June, 1923, we staggered at getting 100,000. And now, August, 1923, five to seven million! The most weird and topsy-turvy and tragic world." From Mülhausen, where we hired beds and slept three hours on a bright and sunny morning, so tired were we from that train trip, we took a spotlessly clean fourth-class German train and found ourselves after changes and meals en route in little Oberweiler and visiting our dear Kecks from the old Heidelberg days. Onkel Keck had not seen the sons for some ten years. Considerable difference between a child three and thirteen, say. We reached Oberweiler just in time—the next day railroad fares were to increase a mere matter of nine hundred per cent. The cobbler who mended Jim's shoes charged fifty marks for the job and next door a loaf of bread cost 4,000.

That night we all visited with other German friends. The wife was very downcast as her family had just been evicted from their old home in the Ruhr—1,900 from one small town at one time. The men were told Thursday they must work for France or leave by eleven Friday. Women were given four days to leave. A woman was expecting a baby any day. She asked if she could not stay in her home until the baby was born. The French said if she could guarantee that the child would arrive within two days she could wait—otherwise—out! She couldn't guarantee. Frau Pohlmann, our friend in Oberweiler, as soon as she had received the telegram that eviction was ordered, had rushed to her people and was allowed to wait for them on the Mannheim Bridge. Old and young filed by. Each was allowed to take what they could carry, and again I was reminded of the San Francisco fire. Families who had

considerable valuables of all sorts were trudging along with the most worthless and idiotic wares, too agitated to know what they had grabbed the last minute. The old father was no place to be found—he'd become separated from the rest of the family. They searched every agency in Mannheim. At last in one bureau Frau Pohlmann saw an old man crying, and she recognized him as the station guard from the home town. He knew where the old father was.

The second day we took a second pair of shoes to the fifty mark cobbler. This time he charged three million marks. At that a loaf of bread next door had gone up in one day from four thousand to a hundred and twenty thousand marks. Nor was the three million marks an overcharge. The man had gotten up at 3.30 in the morning in order to get the shoes finished by nine when sons had to be off for Basel and their Swiss school on the Lake of Constance, and I left with Onkel Keck for Frankfurt to help him put the finishing touches to the German translation of the "American Idyll."

All over this part of the world they have a naïve way of getting hand baggage from a house to a car or train. It is always put in a little wagon the kind youngsters play with, and a maid drags it to its destination. As we were dashing for our train a hind wheel fell off the wagon at the very gate of the century-old farmhouse of the Kecks. Whereat dear Frau Greta calls two weak bowlegged servants and tells them to take the bags from Onkel Keck as they are too heavy for him. I was about to write, that's the German of it! But it's nearer to the truth to say, that's the European of it. At Rheims a French mother and father entered the station with a sick, wailing baby. The mother had most of the bundles and the baby. The father made himself comfortable in a soft corner and remained there two solid hours, our train was that late, while the wife walked the floor with the child, who screamed anew if she stopped for a second. An American woman, by and large, does have an easy time of it. European men all say

we're "spoilt," and most European women nod a second to that. The others look a bit wistful and 'low it wouldn't be so bad having a taste of that sort of thing.

I had a hot argument years ago in Munich with the head of the South German woman's suffrage movement. We were at a tea party together. A man present informed us that his idea of American domestic life from all he had heard was that if the husband was in a room when the wife entered he immediately crawled under the table. The suffrage woman turned to me.

"Tell me—can it really be true? I heard that in America a husband would put on his wife's rubbers for her. Does she allow such a thing?"

I looked a bit puzzled. "You may see my husband put on mine for me this afternoon."

Exchange of glances about the room.

"Pray, what are servants for?" the suffragette asked.

"I'd never allow a servant to put on my rubbers for me." Fifteen minutes of arguing got me no place. I've told this story fairly often. Either a person understands without arguing how you could let some one you cared a great deal for do something for you when you'd be uncomfortable allowing it to be done by a servant; or they don't get the point with any amount of arguing. So I never argue it any more. I don't feel comfortable being much waited on by a servant, and I love having a person I love doing things for me. Some one else can worry out the psychology of it. I'd make the world's worst European wife.

It is over two years since I spent that week in beautiful old Frankfurt. It was a week almost as depressing as the battlefields for the misery and want I witnessed, the heart-breaking tales I heard. Every moment to a person with eyes and ears was agony. I stayed with charming upper middle class people, friends of the Kecks. It was August. The two children of six and ten had not tasted milk since February. Eggs and butter were out of the question. The



lovely little wife said that she dreaded shopping so. When she was told the price of food often she just had to leave the store and cry right on the street—empty handed. Once in a while a few friends would make the effort to get together as in the good old days, but they always felt worse for it, as they all ended in tears. That very night I was eating in a little restaurant, one of the cheaper variety, with a German friend. A woman came in who looked as if she had made up her mind to have something to eat if it took the last mark she owned. She looked over the menu long, and finally decided on two sausages, 800,000 marks. Tremblingly she started to eat—and a sausage, a 400,000 mark sausage, flopped onto the floor. My heart did ache for that woman. I'd have picked it up and eaten it anyhow—four hundred thousand marks' worth of sausage, and me all but starving. But the German woman was too proud. She caught her breath, gazed at the sausage a moment, sighed, and resumed life where she had left it.

Once I was in a vegetable store in Frankfurt when an old man came in with a worn black bag and three pencils. He asked the storekeeper if he would take a pencil and let him have some plums in exchange. And when his pencils were gone?

The business of finding an apartment interested me. A friend of Dr. Keck's wanted an apartment in Frankfurt. Such a thing as an empty apartment did not exist in Germany. A newspaper was published regularly containing nothing but a list of apartments to exchange. In this case a man with an apartment in Kiel wanted an apartment in Frankfurt. Some one in Frankfurt advertised they wanted to exchange with Munich. There was a Munich advertisement asking for an exchange with Berlin. Some one in Berlin wanted an apartment in Kiel. So the Kiel friend of Dr. Keck's, who wanted a Frankfurt apartment, gets the tenants of the Frankfurt apartment to move on to the Munich apartment, whose tenants move on to the Berlin



*The mule path, and the only path, to Saas Fee*



apartment, whose tenants move on to the Kiel apartment and the Kiel man moves to Frankfurt!

Battlefields and cemeteries.

Frankfurt and torn, patched, ragged, walking ghosts.

And it was time to hurry back to Geneva and the League of Nations Assembly, convened in the cause of peace on earth, good will to and something in the stomachs of men.

### III

#### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY MEETS IN GENEVA

EVERY September, when the League Assembly convenes in Geneva, sooner or later the report gets heralded abroad that because of its action in this matter or that the League is "dead." Sometimes it doesn't wait until September to succumb—it dies off and on during the spring, summer or winter. But the hordes who annually swarm to Geneva to be in on the September death!—most of them Americans. The first minute the League fails to deliver a miracle, the skeptics bow their heads, get out the crêpe and announce, "This is the end." Because a group of fifty-four or so, with a previous few years' experience of trying to agree on anything at all, find it impossible to make the world over overnight. It would indeed be so much easier running the universe if every one would only listen to reason. Whose reason? Of course it is always ours we mean when we say the world or he or she or they should listen to reason. And all the time he or she or they are busy listening to his or her or their own. To get over fifty individuals, representing over fifty governments, to listen and agree to the same line of reasoning. . . . Some order.

If an arch enemy of the League can't get something of a thrill his first visit to a League Assembly meeting, then I say it is the arch enemy who is a dead one and not the League. No matter what you think of the League, imagine looking down onto the assembled delegates from the four corners of the world—everybody represented but Egypt, Afghanistan, Germany, Ecuador, Mexico, the United States of America, Russia, Turkey—prime ministers, finance



ministers, ministers of this, that and the other thing, Indian potentates, South American jurists, Englishmen of letters—what you will. Nothing like it ever existed before. You are gazing at a potential thing in the making—no one on earth knows the outcome. It is weak, because it is still so young. If it could grow powerful this quickly there'd be far less need of it. Weak—and yet one argument most often heard why the United States should not join the infant, struggling thing is that it might make us do something we didn't just want to do! One minute, "Have nothing to do with that Super-State!" Next, when the young thing can't manage to boss the world (as in the Italian-Greek affair, say), "Have nothing to do with a thing so weak!" Anyway, weak or strong, it is a Fact, the League, the faith of those who have faith, the hopes of those who have hopes, the background and incentive for much, if not most, of what is peaceful and constructive in this doubting, anxious, fearful and suffering world.

I wish for the moment I were a bold male, so that I could express myself as I exactly wish, which is to say that it's often having a hell of a time making headway.

Two things affected me especially, my first League Assembly. The first was the attitude of the delegates in word and action toward Japan in her stricken condition—the Assembly and the great earthquake came at the same time. Somehow those three Japanese delegates seemed a force drawing the League together, as sorrow oftentimes will, even in the most discordant family. The suffering and tragedy of Japan was for the time being the suffering and tragedy of all, officially, unofficially expressed. Alas, must the obliteration of national pettiness forever wait on earthquake, fire and famine?

The second high light was a gay one: the admittance of Ireland into the League. There was a brand new kind of excitement for you, seeing a new state admitted to the League!

"The President (Translation). The next item on the

Agenda is the consideration of the Report of the Sixth Commission upon the admission of the Irish Free State to the League. . . .

"In accordance with Article I of the Covenant a two-thirds majority of the Assembly is necessary for the admission of a State to the League of Nations. We must therefore take a vote by roll call. . . ."

|                              |      |
|------------------------------|------|
| Afrique du Sud.              | Aye. |
| Albania.                     | Aye. |
| Argentine.                   | Oui. |
| Belgique.                    | Oui. |
| Empire Britannique.          | Yes. |
| China.                       | Yes. |
| Serbes, Croates et Slovènes. | Oui. |
| Tchécoslovaquie.             | Oui. |
| Vénézuéla.                   | Oui. |

"The President (Translation). As the Assembly has voted unanimously in favor of the Irish Free State, I declare the Irish Free State admitted to the League of Nations. (Unanimous and prolonged applause). . . . (I'll say there was.)

"Mr. Cosgrave will address the Assembly."

("Mr. Cosgrave, Delegate of the Irish Free State, mounted the platform amidst the renewed applause of the Assembly.)

"Mr. Cosgrave (Irish Free State) (speaking in Erse) (Translation). In the name of God, to this Assembly of the League of Nations, life and health. We are delegates from Soarstat Eireann, from its Parliament and Government, who have come to you to signify that Soarstat Eireann desires to acquire membership of the League of Nations and to participate in the great work of this League. You have unanimously agreed to this request. We have found welcome and generosity from you all. We thank you and we pray that our peace and friendship may be lasting."



*Cavalaire in its "beautiful sheltered bay" (says Baedeker with his customary accuracy)*



Welcome, you Ireland! And how we did clap and clap and clap again!

Nor was Ireland the only state admitted my first League Assembly. On one Friday, the 28th of September, 1923, who joined the League? Abyssinia!

Alas, alack, that one American had departed from Geneva. He must have been a Congressman, or wanted to be, or wanted to be something. It so happened he occupied a room in the same hotel with the Indian delegation. A few other "dark complected" delegates from points east were also at the Hotel de la Paix.

"The United States enters this League over my dead body!" declared the American after two days of the League.

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, just tell me why we should get mixed up with a bunch of Hottentots?"

It was a placid Englishman to whom our fellow countryman was shouting.

"Hottentots, did you say?"

"Yes, I said Hottentots."

"I—I don't quite understand."

"Well, I call anybody that's not white like he ought to be a Hottentot."

If only he could have seen the Ethiopians!

It had taken a good deal of talk of all sorts to get Abyssinia in. She had slaves. . . . Her state of culture. . . . Other African peoples. . . . "They say" it was deep dark politics of France that accomplished it. "They say" it was England because Abyssinia controls the head of the Blue Nile. "They say—"

And there came Abyssinia down the aisle, Abyssinia, who for probably several years yet will make no great stir if she is not represented on the Committee for Intellectual Coöperation, unanimously voted in by the Assembly. Black as night, fuzzy-haired, two of them in native costume. (Not that I have the remotest idea what an Abys-



sinian native costume is, unless to have guessed it was no costume at all. And all three Ethiopians were costumed.) The two who were clad in un-European garb wore on their legs things which looked like rather tight pajamas. Over their shoulders down to their knees hung satin capes buttoned high about the neck, one cape black, one bright blue with a very red lining, and that one wore kid gloves. There was much applause. We all clapped till they got well seated. We clapped when the one in the black satin cape with his queer gait navigated the aisle and the ascent to the platform. He fumbled moments among drapes for a pair of spectacles. In a scarcely audible voice he read his address—in Ethiopian. We clapped again and he lost his way going down.

What if Abyssinia is a very small and a very black country? She's joined the League! Clap again!!

If you can find a still smaller and still blacker country, we'll clap for her, too.

If a great big nation we know of, white—white with black spots here and there—if she—when she—enters the League— Goodness gracious, our hands will be maimed for life. To be in Geneva on that day!

There was one time when the League was reported as specially dead—oh, she just couldn't be deader. It was in the height of the Greco-Italian mess over Corfu. Dead. And you ought to have been in Geneva that specially dead morning to see how a corpse and mourners can act. The fact of it was that the corpse wasn't dead, but some of those who were trying to get in on the supposed last rites (according to the newspapers) and some of those who tried manfully to keep them out were all but in that condition. If the League had been really dead would a plump lady have tried to get into the Council Meeting that morning through a window feet first?

"What's the crowd?"

"Trying to get in to the Council Meeting."

"Well, can't you just walk in?"

"Try it once."

"There's a fellow going in now."

"Yes, he's got a green ticket."

"So've I got a green ticket."

"Yes, but it's got to have a purple stripe across it."

And Iowa's green was stripeless.

But he would get in! Were they all but sleeping in the bathtubs in Geneva to read what the papers had to say as to what was going on? Iowa gets the news as quickly as Geneva. If it's a mere matter of reading the news, why leave Iowa? No, in the thick of things, Iowa must be in the thick of things! The United States of America may hold aloof from internationalism, but Iowa is going to be right there to see the wheels go round or know the reason why. Keep Iowa out and there'll be one more Public Spirited Citizen to knock the League.

A pompous man with side-burns crushes through the crowd and speaks authoritatively in goodness knows what tongue to the man guarding the door. It is painful enough to be turned down in private. But to have it done with at least twenty nations and fifty people looking on—and the kind of man who wears side-burns, too. The door-keeper is adamant. He has turned down 211 already that morning.

A small-sized American with no hopes mutters, "Now if you just were bordering on stout and no wife along and talking English through your nose and just breezed up, they always think you must be a senator and they'll let you in any place. They're scared blue around here of American senators."

"Look at that!" an outraged female voice from the middle of the crowd. "She got in with that man and she's just his wife!"

"The nerve of some people."

And then, somehow, whether because two senators walked in abreast and made too big a space or what, suddenly there was a shoving from all directions at once, especially

the rear, and had you promised the Lord on your knees that morning not to attend that Council Meeting, it would have availed you nothing. For there you were, breathless, hatless, all but torn apart, in the Council room itself. One small-sized, stocky man and one medium-sized very thin man tried to get the door closed again. They did in time, and that was when all sexes and sizes made a rush for the window and tried climbing in feet first, head first. Until that was put an end to.

It was supposed to be a Council Meeting for just the élite of the Press. It was to be The Great Council Meeting, Salandra to speak for Italy, Politis for Greece—Lord Robert Cecil, Branting—what would they say? And the rabble had gotten in. Long live the rabble.

Who cared a rap for a green card with a purple stripe across it?

Breathless, intense, the crowd sat, stood on spare inches of floor, stood on chairs, or pressed about the windows from outside. We, the rabble, listened to the great and sometimes clapped and cheered when things went our way. Which is not at all according to Hoyle at a Council Meeting. A strange man standing on the chair next to me had two feet on my new bag. Nobody cared.

The League was not able to suit much of anybody in its handling of the Corfu incident. Again I say, if the League after three years could have possessed the strength to handle that Greco-Italian affair with firmness and justice, there would be little need for a League. No one—or rather not nearly enough ones—want anything settled according to any one else's ideas of firmness and justice.

That September there were delegates busying over Greece and Italy, over amendments to the Covenant, over international health, over transit problems, over finances, over disarmament. Oh, disarmament! One of the days of most heated discussion two United States congressmen sat directly behind me; Lord Robert Cecil gave one of his heroic speeches, ending with the statement, "In this unhappy



*Our first view of the Matterhorn—about 6 A.M. over the Allalin Pass*



*Evolène, where the June Bug summered*





world we can't get anything without giving something for it. If we really want disarmament, we must take cognisance of the wishes of power to disarm." Translation into French. Many squirmings from the two congressmen. Lithuania spoke. Translated into English. France spoke again. Translation. Hungary. Translation. Norway. Translation.

The Congressmen had no patience left.

"Catch the United States in this everlasting shooting their heads off about nothing. Nothing but a lot of talk. I'll tell you just how to do it. The way to disarm is to *disarm*."

We can only pray that Congressman won't be one of America's first delegates to the League. He may labor under the impression that reforms which strike to the roots of things are put over during the week-end in our own United States of America, but over here in a backward, sleepy Europe it really does take longer. So that the first question we should ask a possible League delegate for the United States in the future is:

"Man, have you patience?"

And Branting, Branting who is no more. The entire League justified itself in my eyes, if through nothing else than the chance it gave fifty-four nations and packed galleries of spectators to see something of that great soul first hand. When Branting spoke on the Greco-Italian affair he was given an ovation before and after such as no other delegate received. The world may move forward by way of compromises, but, ah, how the world does love at times a man who won't give in! That was Branting, over and over again. "At times"—Branting—Mussolini, neither giving in, one admirable for it, the other not. Yet even Branting at length had been forced through circumstances to bend to the majority will in those distraught days of Council Meetings. The idealists of the world—how their hearts must be forever black and blue when once they get mixed up in politics or diplomacy!

And Nansen—never anything but big, physically, mentally, spiritually. The entire world trusts Nansen as they trust no other human being. Let the League send Nansen to a stricken country, especially if the problem has anything to do with refugees, wanderers in despair, and every side to the issue breathes a sigh of confidence. The savior—

One could not with fairness dismiss any account of Assembly Meetings without a word on the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation. There is where you are sure of some fireworks, if all else fail, especially when it comes to the perennial discussion as to what nations ought to be represented on the Committee. That Fourth, and my first, Assembly, Hungary claimed her culture was not being allowed to cross national boundaries unmolested. The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes 'lowed perhaps nothing was being lost thereby. Portugal could not understand why Portuguese culture was not represented on the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation under the League. Roumania, in the voluminous form of the bejeweled Mlle. Vacaresco, waxed eloquent over the omission of Roumania. Ireland talked volubly in French about Charlemagne and pleaded for Celtic to be given its just place among the intellectuals. Why, why omit China? And they'd left out Finland! Of course the simple thing to do would have been to enlarge the Committee on Intellectual Coöperation from twelve to fifty-three.

It is so often such an enjoyable experience to hear intellectual people row. After all, there are so many ties that bind the world.

Dinners and luncheons and "friends from home"—and another League Assembly is a thing of the past and Geneva sinks back into her colorless existence. We don't sink with it because we don't stay around enough, we meaning I.

## IV

### VIENNA THE FIRST TIME, AND THEREUPON WE KNOW IT CANNOT BE THE LAST

HARDLY was the Assembly over, hardly had one begun to get caught up on chores neglected for a month and had some fun with one's daughter, than it was the middle of October and Fall Vacation, and sons and I were off again, this time for Vienna.

And Vienna simply bowled us all three over, as no other city before or since. What must it have been in the pre-war days! If I had to live ten years in a European city it would not take me five minutes to decide which city—Vienna! That fall of 1923 was the first visit. I have been back twice since—I would go back again and again and again. Nor have I seen Vienna yet in the lovelier seasons, late spring and summer. Perhaps it is better so—I might never leave.

We started off from Zürich, this time third class, though it was to be an all-night trip. When we reckoned into kronen, 70,000 to the dollar, how much we'd save between second and third, and how very, very much that would give us to spree on in Vienna—we could hardly use it up in our ten days!—we decided on third. And a whole compartment did we have to ourselves, clean as a whistle, until 5 A. M., when an energetic Tyrolean family got in on their way to shop in Innsbruck. Unending, excited chatter as to what they'd buy and where they'd buy it—vastly different from a year ago when passing through the Tyrol on our way to Italy we met only with despair on all sides.

During my visit in Frankfurt we had spent a delightful

Sunday in Eisenach with Austrian friends of the Kecks, eating a great deal, alas, with most of Germany starving or underfed, visiting the Wartburg, talking much politics. None of them had any particular enthusiasm for the League of Nations, but the Austrians did have to admit that their land was a different place to live in since the League had taken over financial control. There was an atmosphere of peace, stability and the feeling again that one could be sure of possessing the necessities of life and for many something over and above bare necessities. The Hausfrau of the party laid special stress on the psychological change—the different atmosphere in shops, on the streets. People had come to feel the world never could be so free from anxiety again. The brother-in-law broke into her middle-class rhapsodies by remarking that the lower class still felt none of her peace and stability. Certainly the people we came in contact with during our twenty-four hour train trip from Zürich to Vienna appeared to look out on life far more cheerfully than any soul we met with a year before. And there was no comparison whatever between Austria and despairing Germany.

Never mind if you don't stay a day in Vienna, go there for the journey, especially if it is autumn—brilliant colors against gigantic gray rocks, stone mountains spreading out into reds and yellows, rivers, waterfalls, every inch of the way begging description.

We reached Vienna in the dark, and woke the next morning to rain. No special reason then why we all three should succumb in a heap to the charms of Vienna. My diary sounds alcoholic. Indeed, I write, "was in a champagne state all day, bowled over by Vienna." But evidently I began to get in that state before I left our none too attractive hotel. Before breakfast we started reading the little paper which publishes the musical and theatrical events of the week. "I was in weak and gasping state for joy at the things there were in the paper to see and do

this week in the line of concerts, operas, plays. There never was such a place as Vienna! I'm counting the days till I can come here and live awhile—and that dress I saw in the window. . . .”

Since it was rainy we went first to the Hofmuseum. “How we loved the pictures, especially Valckenborch and Brueghel. (How, how we did, we do, love Brueghel!) ‘Vulgar’ peasants such a relief from eternal Madonnas. Should think Madonna painters would have bored their own selves to death.

“After pictures, window shopped and dripped rain at every corner advertisement cylinder trying to see if there was anything going on in Vienna I'd missed in the paper. . . .”

At lunch—Sunday it was—we suddenly realized that within a few moments a Symphony Concert would begin at the Konzerthaus. “Borrowed two hundred thousand kronen from the waiter and tore off. Oh, oh, that concert! Gluck, Beethoven's ‘Eroika,’ Smetana . . . and perfect, indeed to us luxurious seats, for ten cents each. We chortled for joy. Ate supper near the Konzerthaus and were back again that evening for some marvelous dancing by Darmora and Willy Fränzl of the Staatsoper.” The sons had never seen any kind of “solo dancing” except Spanish dancing in Spain, and how beautiful, how beautiful was Darmora! Such music! Such costumes!

You see, one of the most admirable advantages of Vienna is the fact that not only are most all forms of evening entertainment unbelievably cheap but everything, concerts, opera, theaters, begins at 6.30 to 7 o'clock—a few as late as 7.30, and you can go nights in succession if you must crowd things in, and yet be in bed, if you are at the age when you ought to be, by nine-thirty, ten at the very latest. Concerts are often over by nine, the hour in most cities when things begin.

Monday morning we took advantage of a patch of blue sky and drove around the city in an open carriage à la



Paris—the Ring, the Prater, etc. Then St. Stephan's, my third favorite cathedral in Europe (Chartres first, Seville second) and, of course, as always, a scramble up to the tower. Has any female climbed more church towers than I? I've no natural leanings towards doing anything about a church tower except look at it, but the sons— And I'm always glad I'm up there when I'm up there. Monday afternoon we went to the Wiener-Kunstler-Marionetten—our expensive twenty-cent seats were too near, so we moved back to cheaper ones, to the consternation of the usher.

And another admirable advantage of Vienna is the roasted chestnuts at almost every corner. We made a supper of them and grapes and more chestnuts and more grapes and then on to St. Stephan's to hear in that mellow, beautiful old cathedral—the Sistine choir! Not one added soul could have edged its way into that jammed building, and not the jam of filled seats, but the jam of filled standing up. Such music, in such a cathedral— We ate a square meal across the street from the cathedral after the concert. We approve of eating meals at queer times.

Tuesday begins, "It's awful business doing a town turned republic which was monarchical with a twenty-year-old Baedeker. We get in wrong five times a day." That day we prowled about Alt Vien—but there is little inspiring to the old quarters of Vienna. "A city like Frankfurt spoils you for Vienna, Geneva and their like." But mainly Tuesday we floundered about trying to locate galleries and museums, all of which were otherwise or otherwheres from our Baedeker. "I looked at black evening dresses. Never saw anything so maddening as shopping in Vienna—you want everything in every window. I'm torn to bits. And all things you can afford!"

And that night the opera—*Barber of Bagdad*—roared over by sons, beautifully done, and *Scheherazada*. "But it takes the Russians to do *Scheherazada*. In Vienna costumes pink and pale green—just so—compared to bizarre reds and yellows and blues and purples and greens with

the Russians in Geneva. No comparison in the wild dancing either. Me for the Russians."

Wednesday was the Jim's birthday, "celebrated a year ago by a gondola ride in Venice. What's a gondola compared to a fountain pen?" (I declare you'd think my three offspring were abused and neglected and impoverished orphans, the way they act when they get anything at all bought for them. A new coat lining, new shoes, new cap, new socks—no difference what; as to a fountain pen—I thought Jim would end the day feeble-minded.) We went back to our loved Hofmuseum and did armor and mummies and pictures all over again. "We do love that museum. . . . Grand birthday lunch of chicken and chocolate cake." That afternoon it was the movies, a rare experience in the lives of European young. In Vienna children under sixteen are allowed at only special pictures. This was "Die Schöne Wilde Welt"—moving pictures of Austria with, of course, something of a plot to hold the thing together. Oh, these plots! Great idea an Austrian would get, in this case, of a conventional American banker father. His daughter is introduced to the hero who is about to tour Austria. The next picture shows father giving his permission for daughter to accompany the hero, just introduced, and off the two go alone in an automobile, baggage strapped on behind. They start off in spring flowers. Anon, after much beautiful and varied scenery, it must be winter, for the snows fall and daughter ails in the middle of the road and gets taken to a sanatorium, whereupon follow marvelous snow and ski pictures, the hero unaccompanied. Does the hero marry the daughter and sail for America? Father and daughter seem more than willing, but the hero shakes his head. "I will remain in Austria!" Curtain.

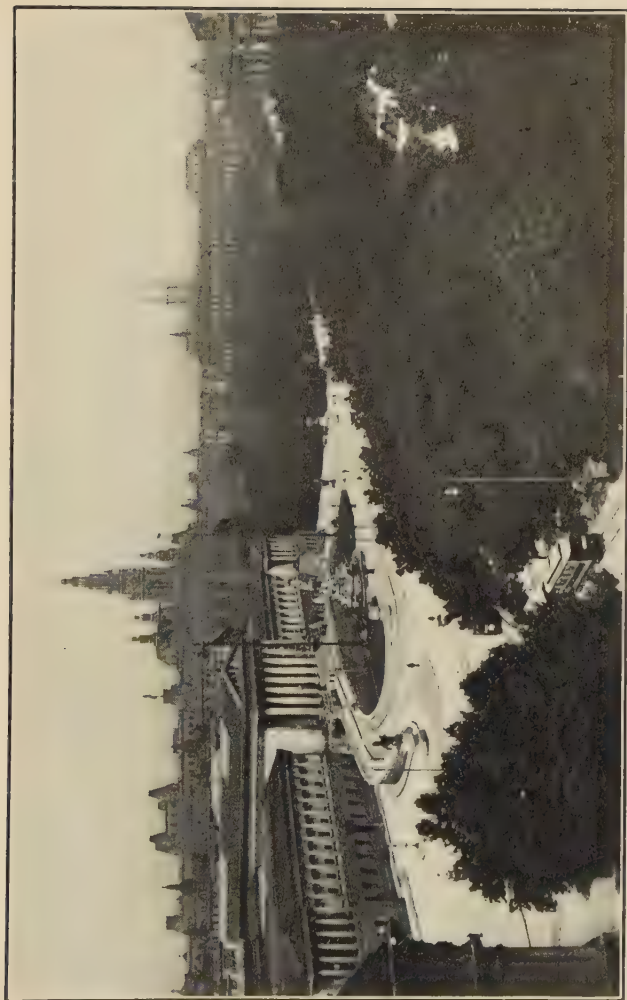
Another admirable advantage of Vienna: not even in the movies is one allowed to find one's seat except during the intermission. As for a step or a sound or a stir during a concert, opera or theater—call the police!

That night we went to the Volksoper to see the Sironi Ballet. Performances at the Volksoper almost always begin at 7.30, so that the working people can get from their jobs, which last late, to the opera.

Thursday we visited the Liechtenstein Gallery. It seems incredible that such a collection belongs to a private individual—della Robbia, Donatello, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Tintoretto, Ribera, Paul Veronese, Rubens, van Dyck, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Poussin, Millet, Hobbema—on and on—(this is not erudition or memory—I'm copying from Baedeker)—all belonging to a mere individual! From there to the Natural History Museum—such a treasure house for the young! We could have spent days and days there. That afternoon we tried to locate a lost umbrella and dear Onkel Peter of the old Heidelberg days. Successful only with the umbrella. Then a wondrous, vastly enjoyed, Volksoper orchestra concert in the Volksgartensaal, where we listened to Wagner, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Tschaikowsky, Nicolai and a Strauss waltz while we had chocolate and cake.

That night we planned a foolish, low-brow evening. At a handsome new movie theater there were to be four American "Funny Films"—Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Gaylord Lord, and some fourth person. We knew nothing about any of them except Charlie Chaplin, but an evening of nothing to do but laugh made its appeal. That was when we learned that children under sixteen were not allowed in the movies in Vienna, accompanied or unaccompanied by parents. Distress. Part way to the hotel I decided to go back and see what sort of films they kept youth away from—and just anyhow—

My goodness, I laughed that night until I thought my system would never sober out again. The theater was filled, but the only people there to whom American comedians seemed to make any appeal were three common earthly souls next to me. I was so thankful they were



*Vienna, voted head of the list by the Parkers*





next to me. It's not so comfortable laughing the way Charlie Chaplin can make me laugh in the midst of stony stares ahead. The one and only time the whole crowd laughed, though the three next to me and I never stopped all evening, was when Harold Lloyd cut some hot cakes with a pair of scissors. I thought there were lots of things much funnier than that.

Back at the hotel of course I had to begin at the beginning and tell every single thing from the automobile that continually parted company in the middle, leaving the chaperon on the back seat stationary while the lovers on two front wheels dashed on ahead, to Charlie as baker with more dough slinging than any film yet produced, to Harold Lloyd being chased by fifty policemen, to the man who fought himself as burglar to win the rich banker's daughter—and we all three got my money's worth all over again. "Oh, gee, Mom, don't stop! Tell some more!" and they were sitting up in bed hiccupping.

Thursday was a day to be marked with a red cross. On that day we decided that if the heavens fell we were all three coming back to Vienna to stay. Ten days to Vienna was utterly ridiculous. It was after the Albertina that we suddenly came to that decision—those etchings and drawings, thousands upon thousands—why, in a year one would never be done! "We've *got* to come back!" we said, more or less poetically speaking, and then we three stopped short in the park and looked at one another. "Well, why *not* come back?"

So every plan for the near future was dumped overboard within five minutes and the fun we had all day making new ones! Instead of the boys going to a French school after Christmas as planned, we would come to Vienna for three months. We knew an Austrian teacher who had spent a semester at the boys' school (he whom I had married off with my *Saturday Evening Post* money). He should coach the sons, and such a plan as we laid out. Their education for those three months was to be

based on the museums in Vienna, plus much music, Nandy doing extra work with his violin, Jim his 'cello. An Austrian artist friend we had would give them drawing lessons and take us all once a week to the Albertina. And we would go to concerts and operas every night! Never was there such excitement in the family! We could talk and think of nothing else.

That every afternoon I saw Herr S——, the teacher-to-be. He feared he was much too busy, as he had his big class of boys in one of the Vienna public schools. "Give up your class for three months," I told him, "and I shall pay you the same salary for teaching my two." My, I held my breath. That seemed talking pretty wild for a Parker. But so determined was I to carry out this Vienna dream I didn't care *what* it cost. Finally I gathered the courage to ask him what his salary from the City of Vienna was. Fifteen dollars a month!!! And because he was a married man (due to the *Saturday Evening Post*) he was granted the extra monthly compensation of eight thousand kronen—about *ten cents*. And, alas, if he gave up his job for three months he would never get it back. Finding another in the length and breadth of Vienna would be an utter impossibility. But he promised to manage somehow—we could count on him.

That night to celebrate we took Herr and Frau S—— to see *La Bohême*—on \$15.10 a month and married one indulges in no opera. Nor was ever *La Bohême* so perfectly given as that night. When Vienna does an opera perfectly the last word has been said. There is no opera like the Vienna Staatoper in the world. New York may have its star and high-paid voices, Vienna has the orchestra, scenery, voices, and a *feel* to it all, and the *feel* to the audience, that one meets with in the same degree no place else.

Our last day in Vienna—Saturday. We did an exposition of winter sport costumes and sport articles; the

marvelous Technical Museum, which made us more grateful than ever that we were coming back, and that night, before our train left, we saw W.U.R. (R.U.R. it is in English—the Robot play) splendidly given.

Auf wiedersehen, Vienna!

## V

### THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE MEETS IN GENEVA

A BUSY world, this one. From Vienna a head-first dive into the annual assembly of the International Labor Organization, which functions with its headquarters here in Geneva. And before that was entirely finished, a jump visit to America. And a jump back from America to Christmas vacation in the Swiss mountains and a jump from there back to Vienna; busy, full months in Vienna, and a jump to spring vacation in the French Riviera, and in Geneva, and from there to summer vacation in France from there to the Fifth International Labor Conference and a jump back from Touraine to the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations, a jump from that back to Vienna and from there to Christmas vacation again in the Swiss mountains. That's all in case you haven't time to read the book.

At the first League of Nations Assembly I was a mere rank outsider cluttering up the place. For the Labor Conference I was a Personage. I had a Press Ticket. I wrote up the Conference for the *Survey*. Nor is the press gallery for the Labor Conference like the press gallery for the League Assembly. The rush and clamor and scramble to get seats for the League Assemblies is so terrific, especially during the first week, that every artifice, every influence is used to procure a ticket. Since press seats are one gallery lower than the gallery for the general public, as many of what would and should be general public as can work the trick suddenly acquire from heaven knows where Press Affiliations. There are enough bona

fide journalists and reporters on hand to make the press gallery creak and groan and one knows for a fact that day after to-morrow the whole thing is going to collapse. Add to those the good souls from north, south, east and west of our beloved United States of America—it takes an American to be really frantic to watch the League in action—who find themselves inspired to become journalistic overnight, provided, as mentioned, they can work the trick—that press gallery *will* collapse some day and that's all there is to it.

In the worst welter of ticket soliciting an elderly female approached me.

"Do you suppose I could get a press ticket? I can't seem to get in any other way."

"Are you a reporter?"

"Well, years ago I wrote an article for a little magazine called *Faith's Lantern*. It doesn't exist any more. But if I could get in I might write something about the League. Anyway, I have quite a large correspondence, considering how many of my good friends have died, and I could tell all them about it. Do you suppose you could explain the situation to some one for me?"

But the press gallery of that Fifth Labor Conference was a very thinned-out affair. The world would not be rushing out on the front porch in their pajamas to read what action the Fifth Labor Conference was taking on the subject, say, of female factory inspectors, not if G. B. Shaw was to do the reporting of it. There is room at the Labor Conferences for any one who wishes to attend, and more room in the Press Gallery than any place else. And every one is kind and cordial, because the more publicity the International Labor Office can get in America the better, so it's "welcome and come again!"

A rank optimist measures in terms of ice ages, and the speed of world improvement takes his breath away. A meliorist times by centuries, and concludes that we do indeed move, and often forward. A pessimist holds his



watch in his hand and groans, "We're just where we were an hour ago. There's no such thing as progress."

It is a long step from the conditions of the Hammonds' Town Laborer to an international labor conference composed of delegates from forty-two countries for the sole purpose of discussing factory inspection; not so long a step but that it was made. Which only goes to show that all any one needs to steer clear of pessimism is the requisite degree of patience. A hundred years or so, and things are better! Indeed, in the case of general factory conditions, one can safely say much better. The trouble seems to be, as far as a mere observer at these international gatherings can gather, that some of their delegates, even more so the world at large, feel justified in demanding that in one to three years conditions should be much better.

Perhaps another hundred years from now—who knows?—a visitor at the League of Nations Assembly and the International Labor Conference may be unable to note any difference in the type of delegates to the two gatherings. Already, in 1923, after the name of Theodore Leipart, for instance, workers' delegate for Germany, were the words "former Minister." Or should pure syndicalism take hold of the world's imagination in the decades or centuries to come, would not one international organization do for the world's international affairs? What a boon to the economy criers! What a stroke of hard luck for Geneva.

As it is, the League delegates are a polished, shiny lot on the whole—many the spats, the faultless ties, the well-creased trousers. The government delegates to the Labor Conference and the employers' delegates might have been—some were—holdovers from the League. The workers' delegates, by and large, looked the part. There was a workaday air to the International Labor Conference, which it ought to possess, and did.

To be noted, in these trial days of international coöperation, there sat a full delegation from Germany in the front row.

Monday morning, pouring rain, dingy Kursaal. M. Adatchi of Japan, distinguished Minister to Belgium, is unanimously elected President of the Conference. Applause. Everybody on the platform shakes hands. The little, highly esteemed Japanese fairly sinks out of sight in his tapestried presidential chair.

Tuesday. One week only to the entire discussion on factory inspection and one good morning goes to a wrangle as to how many members from the government, employers' and workers' groups shall sit on each of the five committees designated to report in detail on the text of the draft recommendation on factory inspection.

Wednesday the sittings of the five committees begin in earnest.

On the last day the final draft recommendation on the general principles for the organization of factory inspection is accepted unanimously by the conference. And when all is said and done and the delegates shake the last dust of Geneva from their feet—what comes of it all?

How easy, how easy, are words. The real work comes after the recommendation has been forwarded to the various governments. Will countries of inadequate factory inspection pass the necessary legislation to put some or all of the recommendations into effect? Will those new laws be enforced? The answer rests of course with public opinion. Social legislation in a world torn by political and economic dissensions has hard pickings. Yet the social life of each nation would perhaps fare still worse were there no international agency in existence to exert such pressure toward industrial welfare as its youth and the shaky times allow.

During the discussion of the director's annual report, there were many criticisms heard on the floor of the conference that progress was slow, "painfully slow." Those delegates were the watch holders. Four years ago, they roared (watch holders roar more than other kinds), there was want, suppression, unemployment, misery, destitution,

on earth. The International Labor Office was founded to do away with all of that. The office had been given four years now and misery still stalked about the earth. They tremblingly roared about the women and the little children. Some of the workers felt they should all withdraw from the conference. What was the use?

M. Albert Thomas, director of the Labor Office, measures by longer time periods. He replies that if progress has been painfully slow, it is because there is nothing sovereign about the International Labor Office. It can move no faster than the member states which compose it. It is the limitations of men which must be overcome. And at best internationalism can only keep pace with nationalism—it can go no faster. And what is the condition of the world at large? Each state is becoming more and more concerned with its own rights. The political situation must first be cleared up. But M. Thomas is not pessimistic. The International Labor Office is a power for improvement in the world. He feels confident it is making itself felt in forward-looking industrial policies even where actual social legislation does not result. The intangibles. . . .

There is no great popular thrill to the subject of factory inspection. There is more of a "story" to the rows over credentials of M. Uno, the Japanese workers' delegate. The workers' delegates have protested. The Japanese government was not fair to organized labor. M. Uno himself, with a thin fringe of grayish beard tied under his chin and up to his ears with a string, you'd say, protests (in choppy Japanese) against his own appointment and hopes it will not be accepted. But it is accepted, just the same, the government and employers' delegates practically unanimous for him, the workers' against. For four conferences now these protests against the Japanese workers' delegate have been disputed and debated and orated over. A tactful suggestion is made to the Japanese government that perhaps by the next conference some more satisfactory method of selection can be found.



*Bayeux—the Cathedral  
through the trees*

*Chinon in Touraine  
where Jeanne d'Arc  
did her bit*





The Italian workers' delegate, M. Rossoni, is protested against by the Italian socialists. It takes the whole session before the complications arising from his case can be settled. And on the last morning we have the most excited hours of all when M. Jouhaux, ever on the watch lest the workers of the world fail to receive their just dues, ever oratorical, ever bellowing at the top of his lungs, protests for an hour that M. Rossoni was not appointed by the bona fide (incidentally Socialist) organized workers of Italy, 60,000 in number, but by the Confederation of National Trade Union Corporations, the C.C.S., a mixed organization of workers and employers (incidentally two million in number). M. Rossoni replies. M. Jouhaux bellows. M. Rossoni smiles. Persons who like a smile better than a bellow fight against being prejudiced unduly in favor of M. Rossoni. And M. Rossoni orates on. If M. Jouhaux took an hour—M. Rossoni smiles—he may take an hour himself. The last fourth of M. Jouhaux's hour you had your fingers in your ears to keep the top of your head from being lifted off by the unending avalanche of voluminous sound. M. Rossoni warms to his task. M. Rossoni claims that, technically speaking, there are no employers in the organization, unless M. Jouhaux objects to a few cabbage growers. . . . The conference votes to seat M. Rossoni.

A week of factory investigation mixed with Japanese, topped off with Fascist, oratory. One's impression, looking back on the conference, was that it was a very active and a more varied week than the official program would have led one to expect.



## VI

### NEW YORK—BREATHLESS

SINCE this is a journal of Parkers in Europe, nothing need be written of the joyous port of New York City, steamed into one late November afternoon by the mother of the family, and her one wild, glorious, filled-to-the-brim month there of breakfasts, lunches, dinners, theaters, parties of all sorts and descriptions. Nor was I able to get used to my own land in a month. Every time I overheard some one speak I said, "There's an American!" and felt happy. No one could have had a gayer month than mine that November and December, yet honesty bids me admit, no one ever boarded a steamer to Europe with more contentment of soul than did I that December 17th, 1923. That month in New York was proof, had I needed proof, that I was not yet ready to return to the United States to stay. The joy of that trip to Le Havre was proof, if I needed proof, that I was not anything near through with Europe. That stretch of France from Le Havre to Paris I wanted to get out and stroke every little sleepy Norman village, every cathedral spire, every hedge, every gnarled tree; I longed to call a greeting to every ox-cart, every blue-bloused peasant. No, two years of Europe had not been enough.

## VII

### ANOTHER SNOW CHRISTMAS, THIS TIME AROSA

AND there we were again, the family united, elevated 6,000 feet toward the sky in six feet of snow—our loved Arosa, up the line from Chur (or Choire). A Swiss Christmas—if one had nothing else out of a year in Europe but a Swiss mountain Christmas, that year would have its justification.

We had tried St. Moritz our first Christmas—that was not at all the atmosphere for Parkers. Much too stylish. The next year it was Adelboden. The boys and June Bug were for going back there forever, but I wanted us all to see as much of Switzerland as we could and threw all the influence of my masterly character and strategic position as parent into the scales. We went to Arosa the third year and now nobody wants to go any place else! No comparison with Adelboden! There you are.

There is little variety to a Swiss Christmas vacation, nor does any one ask for more. Each day sons start skiing right after breakfast and ski until lunch, and start skiing right after lunch and ski till teatime, around 4.30 to 5. (*Why* can't teatime become an American as well as a European institution? The argument "Americans haven't time" is, according to the precepts of our childhood and youth, merely another way of saying "Americans don't want to." That happy half-hour off in the middle of a busy afternoon—in Swiss mountains busy with sport, in town busy with work—talk serious and light, laughter, relaxation, then back with new zest to the job. Why not the custom in America? *Why??*)

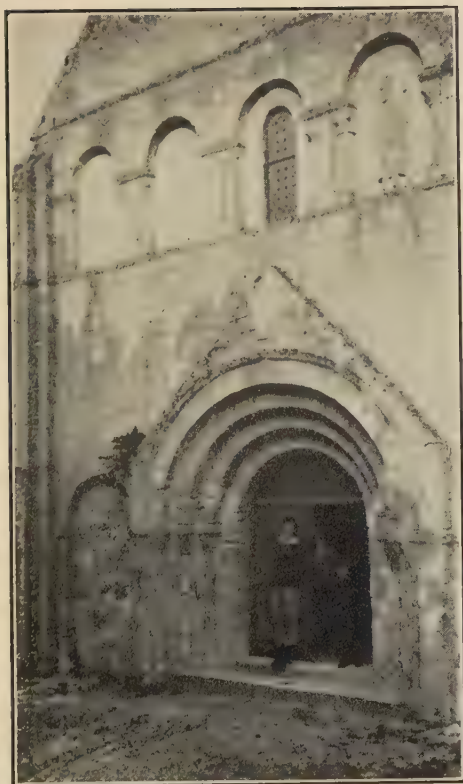
At 4.30 to 5, then, in Arosa expanses of white ski fields

which were a few minutes before dotted all over with specks of sliding, sprawling, jumping, racing humanity, become expanses of unbroken, uninhabited white. Actually, where at quarter to four there were five hundred people, by 4.30 there may be a possible five. If you've been skiing from 1.30 to 2.30 or 2 to 4.30 in zero weather, you're ready for something in your stomach, entirely aside from sociability.

Our hotel, Arosa Kulm, is right up in the ski fields, therefore is its restaurant café a popular spot for afternoon tea. There is always music and at least a few indefatigable couples who, after skiing all day, dance an hour or so in their heavy boots, the women in sport trousers. The most popular place in Arosa is the Kursaal down in the town. That is packed every afternoon, a good orchestra, and three times more people dancing, in every conceivable costume and of every conceivable nationality, than the floor can comfortably hold. If you go to the Kursaal "teatime" usually prolongs itself until a rush uphill to the Arosa Kulm, skis slung over shoulders, sleds dragging behind, just in time to get dressed for dinner, and after dinner dance some more. Oh, a fearful intellectual drain is life in winter in Swiss mountains. Which is one reason why some of the important brains of England and the Continent find their way to a Swiss mountain resort for at least a short winter sojourn if it is humanly possible. Skiing, dancing—what more could one wish for the good of one's soul and body?

If Parkers could choose but one vacation time a year, I'm sure the three young at least would shout snow! without hesitation.

We have been two winters now in Arosa. It is quite the most polished thing we do. The Arosa Kulm Hotel is the kind you could recommend without hesitation to your most correct friends, but at that not the kind who would prefer St. Moritz. It happened, however, to be the least expensive hotel for us, because they have one large room holding four beds, which room Parkers have occupied two



*Meuvaines—"the oldest  
church in the world,"  
says text*



*A two-and-a-half-hour  
nerve-wracking fish-  
ing contest in Jugon*



years for from three to four weeks at Christmastime, and by so doing make the vacation fit our finances. Good rooms in the Arosa Kulm are expensive even for Switzerland, six to eight dollars a day. The first year our room came to a bit over nine dollars a day for all four, the second year we were raised to a bit over ten. Meals are far more luxurious than we need, the class of guests more formal than necessary to our happiness, but a very attractive lot of people and every last one there for sports early and late. And it has been good for the sons. They had to learn some time how to behave among well-behaved people, and not forever live according only to our own rather "roughneck" standards. It does them no harm once a year to dress up every night for dinner, which is no great dressing up at that—the only males in the dining room, young or old, not in dinner jackets. They are at the age yet where they'd not wear a dinner jacket if forced on them, though it would be a different story were we in the United States. They own each exactly one suit of clothes and one pair of presentable shoes. For eleven months in the year they practically never wear that one suit. Which does not mean they go naked, but arrayed in something from a weird collection of flappy knee breeches or, in winter, sport breeches over the knees, a shirt and sandals, no underclothes except in winter. Raiment in a Swiss school need not harass the purchaser or wearer of same.

When the Arosa Kulm raised the price of our room the second year—all winter prices went up all over Switzerland—we could no longer afford daily afternoon tea in the café, so we brewed our own upstairs in our spotless white room. (That is spotless when the maids got through with it in the morning, but not by the time four people had shed winter sport clothes caked with snow in the late afternoon.) The young thought it a bit of a hardship at first, mainly because there was no music, but after a few days enthusiasm took root. It was fun sitting in a circle on the floor, in the middle a huge box of cookies from June Bug's



Kindergarten "Tante" Stihl in Stein am Rhein, who incidentally is also a baker's daughter and who never forgets us at Christmas. The tea was so weak it was pale tan, but it was hot. Sometimes all three young were off again on the snow, if it was good snow. Otherwise they were apt from five on to busy themselves madly with their stamp collections. ("It's awful, Mom. We never get a minute at school to stick a single stamp in an album.") So they stuck and stuck all that Christmas vacation.

June Bug at eight years was the most various in her enjoyment of Arosa, perhaps because to date she has not become ski mad. Sometimes, and mostly, she skis, sometimes she plays with her sled, sometimes she does something which vaguely and waveringly approaches skating. And she is apt to be the one individual out on the ski fields after dark. She keeps at it when every other soul has unstrapped his or her skis for the day. One evening she came in quite late. She hadn't been skiing all the while, she said. Part of the time she'd been just lying down flat on the snow looking at how beautiful the moonlight was on the snow mountains. She is a child after my own heart.

As for me, I lumber about a bit each day on a pair of skis, the world's worst. Mostly I'm whizzing over the landscape with the good old, still intact flexi, and that I can do handsomely.

Christmas vacation 1923-24 was a proud one for the family. A few days before we had to leave the International Ski Jumping contest took place on the Bärenbad Jump, for seniors and juniors. When the competition began it developed that the only juniors in all of Arosa who had signed up were the two Parkers and the first person off that high and steep jump that day—my heart flopped to the right side—was *Parker, James, aus England*, the man shouted through the megaphone. I waited for Parker Carleton aus England to jump—they both fell down when they landed—and then I plowed up that steep snowhill

and I yelled up at that man with the megaphone, *Parkers sind aus Kalifornia, Vereinigen Staaten!* The idea—only two juniors in Arosa with spunk enough to jump and England was getting the credit for it! The second time the boys' turn came around—every jumper has three chances—the megaphone man called *Parker—Amerika!* and I was content.

There is no use expecting any one to grasp the excitement of watching a ski-jumping competition if he or she has never seen one. And having seen one, it is possible vaguely to guess what the excitement must be like of actually jumping. According to all who do jump, there is no sport like it in the world. The take-off in the Bärenbad Jump in Arosa is 'way up in the trees. After each jump the entire young of Arosa dash out from the side lines with their skis, and stamp up and down the course where the jumpers land. When the next jumper has climbed up to the take-off, has his skis adjusted, and is holding himself in place with his ski sticks, the man on the high platform with the megaphone calls down "Bahn frei!" and every Swiss youngster tears back to the side lines. Track clear, he calls up to the jumper, "Bahn frei!" Quick thrusts of the ski sticks in the packed snow, a lurch and rush, ski sticks thrown aside, body bent, arms back, head forward, a crouch at the edge of the jump, a spring out into space, skis, body straightening, arms flaying the air in circles to carry the jumper farther, farther, a thud seventy, eighty, a hundred feet down the hill which seems almost a precipice, so steep is it, a shoot—oh, the niceness of the balance necessary—down to the bottom, the grade easing farther down, until the little incline at the very end, a pretty right angle jump, skis high off the snow, and a slow ski back to the ascent, the crowd cheering. The thrill of it, the thrill of it!

And the thrill of me when on that Bärenbad Jump, one difficult enough for adults, on his third and last jump my Nandy never lost his balance on landing, and skied

prettily on to the end. Jim fell all three times, but I was proud that at fourteen he would try. The next day came the prize distribution. Norwegians won the first, second and third prizes for adults—what jumpers those Norwegians were!—and “Parker, C., Amerika,” got a little silver cup and a nice little speech from the presiding officer. Because there were no other junior contestants Jim appeared as winning second place. All year long, talk and thoughts were of the 1924-25 ski-jumping competition—no falling this time for Jim! They practiced ski-jumping from the hour we reached Arosa, hours, hours, hours at a time. Even June Bug got the fever toward the end, bless her eight-year-old heart! Both boys worked up into really good form, Jim especially, and then no jumping competition because of such poor snow! Next year!

## VIII

### VIENNA AGAIN! MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC, LONG PANTS

AGAIN and again curious souls ask why my enthusiasm over Vienna? Just as formerly I was so often asked, why my enthusiasm over New York? What does each city possess which so appeals to me? The answer I gave for New York is the answer I give for Vienna—everything! No matter what you want, New York has it, Vienna has it, each in its peculiar way. Only I can never imagine enjoying New York alone, for two reasons. One is temperamental—to wander about New York alone, searching after pleasures of the day or night, would seem to me an utterly desolate affair. I've never tried it, for the second and more practical reason that I could never afford the pleasures of New York alone—some one had to invite me or I didn't go. Given some one to enjoy New York with, it is perhaps the most stimulating, satisfactory city in the world.

Vienna can be stimulating and satisfactory enjoyed alone. I can't explain the temperamental reason why it would seem impossible to enjoy New York alone and why it is entirely possible to enjoy Vienna alone. The practical reason is easy to discover—one can afford to give one's own self a good time in Vienna.

When I say that New York and Vienna have "everything" a soul could wish for, I realize, of course, that no large city with its crowded streets or tenements could possess everything a soul could wish for, since undoubtedly one thing a soul would very much desire is open spaces. But there you are—especially in Vienna, within such a

very short time is one out in woods where it would seem a great city must be a continent away. Alas, the glorious trips to be made up the Danube, especially from Vienna to Linz, we were unable to take, but one could make an "Ausflug" in a different direction every week-end and never be done with the lovely country, quaint villages, castle ruins, fascinating stretches of Danube near Vienna.

One preëminent, *the* one preëminent cause for the extreme satisfaction of three Parkers in Vienna can be summed up in a word—music. I know the greatest artists in the world land sooner or later in New York. They play and sing their choice bits there no doubt. I know no opera house begins to pay its singers to compare with the Metropolitan. But again the difference in the enjoyment of music in Vienna is in large part something temperamental, intangible—there is a different spirit in Vienna to musicians and audience. The very air you breathe in Vienna seems charged with sonatas; music is absorbed as nourishment for the soul, without which it would sicken and starve—undoubtedly a good proportion of Vienna sacrifices nourishment of the physical body to the need of music for the soul.

And again the practical enters in. Parkers could seldom afford concerts in New York City, nor, granted we could afford them, could we go often to evening concerts because of the late hours. In Vienna concerts as a general rule cost from ten to forty cents, nor are those the cheapest seats. Looking over our tickets I see where, out of twenty-nine concerts attended, three cost more—Piccaver the most expensive and our seats far from the best, was ninety cents; Halban-Kurz sixty cents; Rosé Quartet seventy cents. Most concerts cost us about thirty cents, good seats. And they began at 7 o'clock and were over by 9 to 9.30.

Some criticize the music in Vienna, saying it is too much Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, not enough the newer things. But for people in our state of musical development, one can hear hardly enough of Bach, Beethoven,



Wagner. We very much needed educating. We belong way down at the bottom of the scale. We were not anxious for the new because we were in vast need of hearing much of the old. Even yet there are not many things of Bach I can really enjoy, partly for the need of hearing him more (says Sigmund Spaeth, "the whole problem of making good music popular is simply that of making it familiar"). Beethoven and Wagner we never could get enough of. Most of Vienna seems to feel that way, especially about Beethoven. Schumann and Chopin are also Vienna favorites. Brahms is played less often, alas, though by no means neglected.

After a couple of months in Vienna the boys admitted that at first they felt they were being taken to concerts a bit too often. That fact was mentioned offhand merely as contrast to the statement that after two months of concerts they felt they never could hear enough. Several evenings at the end of our Vienna stay I had something else to do and told the sons they could spend such and such an evening as they pleased. Immediately a dash for the paper to see what concerts would be going on. And on their return it was an excited, "Gee, Mom, you surely did miss something! It was the *swellest* concert!" And ever since leaving Vienna they have hungered to get back. Wrote Jim months later, "I hope you are having a gorgeous time in Vienna and don't I wish that I was there with you. I would play 'cello and go to concerts and operas the whole day long until the money ran out."

All in all, during our ninety days in Vienna, we heard seven piano concerts: Weingarten twice, once an all-Schumann program, once Handel, Mozart, Marx, Smetana, Chopin, Schumann; Edwin Fischer in an all-Beethoven program; Herz, who played Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Moussorgsky, Boudine, MacDowell, Liszt, one Renée Gärtner, a child wonder, who played something of everything. (Jim wasn't so interested in child wonders. He decided to get standing room for his third time at La



Bohême that night.) Isserlis played Scarlatti, Tausig, Debussy, Strauss, Bach, Beethoven, Chopin; Juliusz Wolfsohn gave all Chopin; Ernest Wasservogel and his program is lost.

There were three violin concerts, our first and most tumultuous and many encores was Edith Lorand, the big Konzerthaus-Saal packed. The sons lost their hearts. She played Viraldi, Brahms, Mendelssohn; Milanie Michaelis, less exciting, but a program of such beautiful music that every single number is penciled as being something "special"—Brahms Violinkonzert D-dur op. 77, Beethoven Symphonie F-dur Nr. 8, Beethoven Violinkonzert D-dur, op. 61—eleven movements all told, and every movement starred by Parkers; Harry Farbman played Vitolì, Paganini, Sarasati, Achron, Wieniawsky.

There was one trio, Mairecker—Buxbaum—Walters, with a Beethoven, Salmhofer, Schubert program; and four quartet concerts; once the Rosé, the most famous of all Vienna quartets, playing Mozart, Schumann, Brahms; twice the Buxbaum quartet, next famous—Zimlinsky, Pfitzner, mere names to Parkers—and Beethoven; once, out of curiosity we went to hear Max Danek play the guitar both alone and in a chamber music quartet.

The only two singers we heard made each the greatest flutter singers can make in Vienna, both being idols—Piccaver packed the big Konzerthaus-Saal to overflowing, every space in standing room, every seat taken, and Piccaver charges more for a seat or standing room than any other concert personage who performs before the Viennese public. Piccaver sang arias from "The Magic Flute," "Carmen," "Martha," "Africanerin." The good Austrians behind us were utterly disgusted—a program to catch the nouveaux riches and nothing more. They spluttered. After the pause he sang Kashmiri Song, Amy Woodford-Finden, Cadman's "At Dawning," Buzzi Piccia, "Lolita" and an Offenbach aria from "Die Schöne Helena." The highbrow Austrians in the row behind

Parkers were entirely satisfied with the songs sung in English. After the program was finished not a soul left their seats. They knew what they wanted, nor did they stop till they got it. It happens every year just so. Twice did he have to sing his great aria from "Tosea," and the crowd went wild. Only pitch darkness finally dislodged the cheering thousands. (From Nandy's diary—both boys kept their diaries in not such perfect German during the Vienna months— "Es konnte nich besser gewesen sein. Er hat wunderbar gesungen. Fünf 'encores' sang er. Die Leute schrien, stampften und klatschten wie Verückte, ich auch. . . .')

Halban-Kurtz is the female idol of Vienna, when Jeritza is not at home. And Kurtz packs the same big hall, though not quite so full as Piccaver, but the crowd goes equally wild. She sang two less well-known arias, one from Bellini's "I Puritani," and one of Boildieu's from "Johann von Paris," arranged for Frau Kurtz and dedicated to her by Richard Strauss; the rest of her program was Mahler. Rimsky-Korsakow, Arditi. (Jim's diary—"Frau Selma Halban-Kurz sang wunderschöne. Mir gefiel ein Rimsky-Korsakow am besten. Sie sang aber noch '6' encores und eine dazwischen. Wir freuten uns sehr dass wir sie gehört haben.'')

There were two concerts of men's choruses, all Schubert songs; Liszt's "Christus" and Bach's "Matthäus-Passion," both of which proved too long for sons to sit through with enjoyment—we left before the end. (Jim again writing in his diary of Liszt's "Christus," "Es war sehr schön aber ging halt zeimlich langsam." Nandy was even more severe on Bach. "Am abend gingen wir zum—'Matthäus-Passion.' In der Pause gingen wir fort. Wir waren sehr müde (the sons had bicycled all morning and had been swimming in the afternoon) und das Musik machte uns noch mehr.'') My, it is a heinous offense to admit to any living soul in Vienna that you walked out of the "Matthäus-Passion" before the end.

There were few 'cello concerts during our stay in Vienna—we were able to attend but one, to Jim's disappointment, he being the 'cellist of the family. I imagine the night of the Piccaver concert he must have wondered if singing did not have its attractions over the more prosaic 'cello. There were several chamber music concerts, and last and best of all, five Symphony Concerts plus a Sunday all-Wagner program. Oh, those Sunday Symphony Concerts! Almost always a Beethoven symphony (Vienna dearly loves the "Eroica"), often Tschaiikowsky and Mozart, sometimes a Saint-Saëns, Haydn, Liszt, César Franck, Goldmark. Every Sunday there are always two, sometimes three, symphony concerts, and it is torture deciding among them. Indeed, my memory of Saturday morning in Vienna is one of anguish—the programs of the following week's concerts, theaters, operas, appeared in the morning papers. Often and often there would be three concerts, a theater and two operas on one evening, every one of which we simply *had* to see. Oh, those Saturday morning decisions! The agony always began with the symphony concerts the next day—Which??? And ten cents for a very good seat.

Otherwise details connected with hearing music were agreeable—central ticket bureaus where one could buy tickets for several concerts at a time, no extra charge, or at the concert halls. Most of Vienna's concerts are in either the beautiful new building of the Wiener Konzert-Verein with its big, middle and small halls; or in the big, middle or small halls of the Musikverein building. Often there were six concerts nightly in those two buildings, both of them but a short walk from our pension. Sometimes if the concert were over specially early we would do the echt-Wiener trick of dropping into a café on the way home to have a treat.

One little incident will illustrate the rôle music plays in Vienna—see if you could imagine it in New York City, for instance, or any place else but Vienna. While we were

in Vienna, a great celebration was given by four people, amateurs they were, who played merely for their own pleasure, to celebrate the seven hundredth time they had played together in a string quartet. All the officials of Vienna were invited, all musicians of any reputation—a select but large company in honor of such a noteworthy event.

An average American is almost floored by the emphasis a Viennese lays on music. One comes to feel it is the real vocation of almost every person one comes in contact with. A man takes up medicine, business, university lecturing on the side. If you wanted your appendix out in a rush, the chances are the great surgeon would be playing the accompaniment of a friend singing Schubert, and left orders not to be disturbed. Would you like to invite Professor —— to supper? This is the evening he plays 'cello in his string quartet. "Good evening, Frau Regierungsrat, I hope your husband is not ill?" "Oh, no, this is the evening he plays vierhändig with Herrn Dr. —— . He will come later."

I'm not sure but what I've already told the story of the proud parents who bring their son to be looked over by the great professor. Father's and mother's chests protrude themselves, son tries not to look too important.

"Our son," says father, pointing with ill-concealed pride, "is a Wunderkind!"

"So?" The professor peers down over his spectacles. "What instrument then does he play?"

"He plays no instrument!" Beams from mother, father, son.

If there are thirty-five sons in all Vienna who play no instrument, those thirty-five then belong to a Männerchor and sing Schumann and Schubert lustily every week. And how some of those Männerchor of Vienna can sing!

So much for concerts. Don't grow weary before I dwell casually (I use the word with no hopes of attaining that attitude) on our twenty-six operas. We made a bad start

—"Traviata." Nandy wrote, "Es war ziemlich schön. Ich sage 'ziemlich' weil ich es nicht gut verstanden habe." Jim failed to write his diary for several days. When he got to Wednesday, January 23rd, he wrote that he had supper and went to bed—that much for *Traviata*. The entire list chronologically arranged includes, besides the ill-fated *Traviata*, *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *La Bohème*, Hoffmann's *Erzählung*, all of the Ring, *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* twice, *Carmen*, *Tosca*, *Tristan and Isolde*, *Die Africanerin*, *Lohengrin*, Flederman's *Barber of Seville*, *Rigoletto*, *Trompeter von Säckingen*, *Tannhäuser*, *Meistersinger von Neurenberg*, *Parsifal*, *Mignon*. Of these I went without the sons to *Tristan and Isolde*, *Don Juan*, *Parsifal*, *Meistersinger*, and an extra *Tosca*, where Jeritza sang with Piccaver, her first night back in Vienna, and that jammed opera house cheered and threw flowers and clapped and bravoed and stamped and began all over again.

All in all, Wagner seems to have come off as favorite, with *Tannhäuser* leading as the most beautiful opera of all, to the sons. Wagner's popularity was a matter of growth. Jim found the Reingold "sehr schön aber sehr ermüdend." The next night *Die Walküre* was already an improvement, "Es war wirklich wunderbar. Der Walkürenruf und Walküreritt-Motifen waren wunderbar." Siegfried was wunderbar, "der Siegfried motif und der Schwertmotif waren wunderbar. *Götterdämmerung* war wunderschön. Man kann einzelne Teile auswählen die am schönsten sind, alles ist so schön." The second time the *Walküre* was heard, "Es was wunderbar" underlined. Nandy was sick in bed for our first *Götterdämmerung*. The second time when he came to get a seat there was nothing but a "Stehplatz." This he took and stood from quarter after five until half past ten, and at that he was enthused. "Es war sehr schön." But *Tannhäuser* was the best. "Es war wirklich wunderbar, besonders in den zweiten und dritten Akten. In zweiten Akt war die Musik besonders schön, wo die Gäste in die



Halle einzogen um den Sängerkampf zu hören; und im dritten Akt 'die Abend Stern' motif. Und ganz zuletzt oh es war wunderschön, sie is meine liebste Wagner oper." Their very favorite piece of music is the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Here, just to be annoying, I might mention that we saw the Ring first in the Volksoper, Siegfried sung by Hofer from the Staatsoper as guest, our seats, first row, first gallery, each seat two dollars for all four operas.

Next in order of importance and number comes the theater, which, however, was indulged in only eight times. The first play we saw was the one we laughed over the most—it was exactly to our taste. "Einen Jux will er sich machen," by the great Nestroy. "Wir mussten uns tot lachen, es war so lustig." All plays the boys read first, as they did almost all opera librettos. "Weh dem der lügt" by the equally beloved Grillparzer was a Parker success. "Es war furetbär lustig," writes Jim, "aber nicht ganz zu lustig." (It was terribly funny, but not altogether too funny.) (In other words he meant that "Einen Jux will er sich machen" was funnier.) Schiller's *Die Räuber*, attended by Jim alone, he felt rather a bore. *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* was enjoyed by both because it had been studied in school. *Wilhelm Tell* both considered "sehr schön." I went alone to see *Der Diener zweier Herren* in Max Reinhardt's fascinating remodeled Theatre in der Josephstadt. Seats were very expensive, and I had no idea whether it was a play the boys would in the least appreciate. That night was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable ever spent in a theater, an old Italian comedy perfectly done in a perfect setting. One blessed such a capable day and age, and glowed with satisfaction. Except that my glows were mixed with misery that the boys were not along, they would have loved it so. The next night that it was played I sent them, polished and in their best clothes, in order fittingly to grace that jewel of a theater and that riotous comedy to see for themselves what can be done when theater construction,



play directing and acting reach their pinnacle. They came home incoherent with enthusiasm.

I saw *Liliom* with Max Pallenberg in the title rôle and done in Vienna dialect. Fortunately I had seen the play in New York, so understanding or not understanding words made little difference. Tears and laughter, mostly tears, followed the marvelous acting. Also I saw the great Moissi in Hauptmann's *Der Weisse Heiland*, a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Twice sons and I saw very clever and beautiful dancing, Vala Mora, who danced to Tschaikowsky, Bach, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Rimsky-Korsakow, and Maria Ley who entertained us beyond words with her three Epochs of the Dance, most of the evening parodying the dances of other days and rages though the Viennese Walzer in a London cabaret was quite up to date.

There were several afternoons in the movies, once to see a film called *Der Mensch*, which showed your outsides and insides and left one with no illusions. Again there were some innocuous bird films, South African hunting films, the ascent of Mount Everest, a ski film.

Ninety days in Vienna—seventy-nine concerts, operas, theaters and such did we attend. You should just see the Memory Book when it comes to Vienna—it bulges with programs and more programs. Already numerous times we three, with June Bug looking on, have turned back program after program and talked over those rich, marvelous Vienna days. And it's always, "Mom, we've just *got* to go back some day!"

I have put the most favorable side of our Vienna foremost. My wonderful educational scheme, aside from the musical phase of it, never was realized. For one thing one should never marry off anybody one might later like to make use of. Our Vienna experience quite soured me on matrimony for teachers. If only I had never sold that story to the *Saturday Evening Post*, then I should never have had the fifty dollars to send to the Austrian teacher and then he never could have afforded to get married

and then he would have had more free time and fewer responsibilities and would have made a far more useful collaborator in my wonderful dream of education for my male young. As it was, it seemed to me that the wife my fifty dollars allowed him to take unto himself filled three-quarters of the landscape. The enthusiasm I had counted on the gentleman showing toward leading my sons about museums and places of historical interest he placed in trying to find an apartment which he and that wife might move into. Once I sent teacher and sons out to buy a 'cello for Jim—they came back with a sack of clothespins—"wonderful bargain." "How did your history go to-day?" "We didn't do much to-day, Frau S. was there mending Herr S.'s pants." Evidently the poor man had only one pair. "Did you go to the Technical Museum to-day?" "No, a relative of Frau S.'s is sick. They both had to make a call on her. I went along." As if one brought one's offspring to Vienna to call on sick relatives of the wife of the teacher. I shall never, never again take a hand in marrying people off. One never knows how and when one may come to rue it. Or else I shall wait to marry the next couple off until I can present them at the same time with a completely furnished apartment, so there need be no apartment hunting, no furniture hunting, even to the clothespins I will supply unto them. But I couldn't guarantee to keep all their relatives healthy.

Nor was it only the wife's relatives who sickened. His mother fell ill and he had to rush to some unnamable town in Czecho-Slovakia. That was the only mishap independent of my matrimonial influence. Or maybe it was a psychological ailment of his mother's brought on by her only son's marriage.

I put a little wreath on the grave (the mother got well) of my cherished Vienna educational dreams. The sons did prowl about museums, they did prowl about Vienna, and read some history, but nothing was linked up to any-

thing else. My idea had been to start, say, with the first stone hammer in the Technical Museum, and, using the Natural History, Geological Museum, various historical museums, libraries, art galleries, etc., etc., guide them up to the machinery and culture of 1925. Bring another wreath. Weep a tear.

Apartment hunting, more apartment hunting, more and more apartment hunting—and the poor man with his regular school classes—and a wife—and her relatives—and his—and a wife—and a wife. Even so, we did have it wonderfully worked out on paper, every day brimming with experimental absorption.

And the second and greatest tragedy of Vienna, Nandy was sick exactly one month out of the three with an infected ear. I would write more tearfully, feel more tearful, about that month lost, were it not that it was such a thoroughly enjoyable month to the lad himself. For once in his life he had all the time he wanted for his beloved stamps. I bought him a big modern album and a new catalogue and there he sat, hour in, hour out, two albums, a pair of pincers, hinges, and a more contented invalid there never was. Once he was past the high-fever stage Jim and I might go out all we pleased of an evening; he never missed us for his stamps. But it was a happy three, just the same, the evening we could venture forth again together—we celebrate with *Carmen* at the Staatsoper. Two days later, I see by Nandy's diary, they took a walk with Herr S. in the Prater, because it was a very beautiful day and because it was Herr S.'s Engagement Anniversary. Of course he couldn't do any educating on the anniversary of the day he became engaged. The anniversary of his wedding he probably took three days off. I declare it took Vienna to show me how little real romance I have in my system. All the world loves a lover except the mother whose sons he's supposed to be educating.

Sons may not have come by a certain type of education

planned out for them in Vienna. They did come by some phases of culture which must have lodged some place in their systems to their permanent good. In addition to the music, which included their own violin and 'cello, they had their twice weekly drawing lessons and twice weekly visits to the Albertina and other galleries, including the most modern, all under the guidance of a real artist and an extremely high-class personality, Herr Professor Albert Sallak.

In addition to these cultural matters, Vienna will go down in Parker history as the seat of four historical occurrences. My hand trembles with the import of what I now have to narrate. Stand aside—air!

1. Nandy shaved for the first time (and the next day it was he took to his bed for a month, from the shock).

2. No. — I must save the next chronologically for the last. As number two I note that the sons each got a handsome brand new trunk of his own, his initials upon same. They had landed in Vienna with a matter of nineteen grocery boxes and packages following after them from their Swiss school. The junk! One box contained the battlefield relics. Thank goodness the idea of packing same in said new trunks was inadmissible. The relics were presented to the chamber maid.

3. Jim became the possessor of a very fine old 'cello. You couldn't touch him with a pole. He all but packed it about the streets with him when he went on errands.

4. Here is where I scarce can trust myself to put the words on paper. The sons acquired LONG PANTS in Vienna. In Nandy's diary the two German words for the same, "lange Hosen," take up exactly seven lines. Jim's diary, two days later, tells of the christening of those precious articles of apparel at "Wilhelm Tell." Probably he pulled his trousers up at the knees seventy-two times during the play.

Pasted in the Memory Book is an original "Sonata" by C. H. Parker, dated 25 März, 1924. It is only two lines

long. The important part of that original piece is its title: "Abschied von den kurzen Hozen Sonata."—"Farewell to short pants."

While the sons were not getting educated in Vienna their mother got psychoanalyzed and wrote a novel. She got analyzed because she wanted to see what it was like and because she got tired of seeing people wrinkle their foreheads and hearing them say, "Of course it's a situation you'd never understand unless you'd been analyzed yourself." She wrote a novel because it was inside and itched to come out. I wish my sons could be my editors. I read them extracts from that novel after much insistence on their parts. (Really, I think there's nothing in the world more uncomfortable than to read out loud one's own efforts to one's helpless and trusting family. I *hate* it, yet every so often give in and do it.) Writes Nandy, "Nach dem Nachtessen las Mom uns den ersten Kapitel ihres Romans vor. Es war einfach wunderbar, konnte nich besser sein." Will editors or publishers talk in the least like that about it? Indeed no. It is of no practical use at all to have offspring enthuse over one's literary efforts. They don't even buy copies of same. At that perhaps the novel explains in part my enthusiasm over Vienna. Nothing on earth makes me a quarter as happy as writing a novel, no matter what editors and publishers and critics have to say about it afterwards. They are all too late to spoil in the least the joy of the actual writing. My pen flew, my heart sang—ah, what a city is Vienna! And the music of Vienna!

"Do you expect to return to Vienna?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, goodness yes!"

"When?"

"I have no idea."



## IX

### SPRING VACATION ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA— NOT CANNES, NICE, NOR YET MENTON

TURN those pages of Vienna programs, post cards, pictures and what comes next? There they are, Nandy, Jim and the June Bug, in a corner of a terrace of the Palais des Papes, Avignon. Vienna—Geneva, collect the Bug, see Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," and on our way down to the French Riviera spend the night in Avignon. A mighty pile, is that old Papal Palace, and we saw it all, from end to end, June Bug in her new Vienna hat, the sons not in their new Vienna long trousers. At the old bridge the daughter sang "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and we went on to the Mediterranean and our funny little Cavalaire.

Every so often we have picked out a stopping place with nothing to go by but a few lines of Baedeker. Say, for instance, you desire to spend a three-weeks' spring vacation on the French Riviera. You make inquiries. Everybody tells you of Cannes, Nice or Menton. You know perfectly well you don't want Cannes, Nice or Menton, any more than you ever again want St. Moritz. They all belong to the same breed of cats. No human being is to be found who knows of any other place between the Italian border and Marseilles. There is nothing then to do but to hurl yourself on Baedeker and hold your thumbs. Through a process of inexplorable elimination you decide on Cavalaire, twenty-three and a half miles from Hyères. Cavalaire "with a fine beach and small harbor, lies in a beautiful sheltered bay." That is all. Discount two-thirds of it, you still have something. Two

hotels. One never answers your letter. That makes it easy to decide on the other, which seems agreeable to taking you in bed and board for a bit over a dollar a day apiece, two double rooms. No objections to that. And in the pitch dark, after eating many oranges bought in Toulon on the train, oranges the size of—there, now, as a Californian, a native Californian, a native Californian for two generations, it behooves me to speak only in whispers of those oranges. California should be allowed to think she grows them bigger and better.

The sun is so, so long finding most of Europe in the spring! One huddles about in the damp and the cold and the fog and the rain and declares the Lord has clean forgot his own. Says the Lord, you know, "God helps those who help themselves." Add "to sunshine." If the sun won't creep up over the Alps we'll creep down over the Alps to it. Only this time we went via Lyons-Avignon. And when we woke up the first morning there was that ole Mister Sun shining in our windows and we jumped up and put on summer clothes and ate our breakfast on a little marble-topped table under a pine tree with the wee waves of "the beautiful sheltered bay" all but lapping our feet.

A happy, carefree time did we have of it, three weeks doing nothing but swimming, sunning ourselves on the beach, scrambling over rocks, exploring new paths and by-ways, reading—Barnum, "Outlines of Science," and poetry from "This Singing World." (Alone, I baked the skin off the back of my neck and read Flügel's "Psycho-Analytic Study of the Family.") We took one long all-day trip to St. Tropez, a small seaport down the coast. Cavalaire must have boasted a population of a hundred and fifty, not counting hotel guests during its short spring season. St. Tropez possessed over three thousand souls. We were in a flutter.

We said several times in Cavalaire, probably no Ameri-

can ever stepped foot in this place, none ever will. One supper I looked up from reading "This Singing World" out loud and said "Americans!" Yes, sir, the kind you could be sure of, not because they talked through their noses or chewed gum, but because they had the look you like. (Sounds like an overcoat advertisement.) Ice cream for dessert. The small boy in the family ate no ice cream. "They're not Americans!" No, they couldn't be. The small boy went out on the beach.

But he wore knickerbockers.

They must be Americans!

But he ate no ice cream!

They can't be Americans!

We gulped down our ice cream and went out to investigate first hand. Sure he was an American. And he got there in a Ford. In that good Girvan Ford the next few days did the Parkers spend many a joyous hour.

France is not Switzerland. We arrived at the Hotel de la Plage, Cavalaire, on a Wednesday, April 23rd. Perhaps a month earlier some one had dropped an old necktie between the beach and the hotel. Every one stepped on it passing from the hotel to the dining pavilion. When we left Cavalaire on a Thursday, May 8th, that old necktie was still decorating the path.

Filled with excitement and curiosity, the boys were off to their new French schools. June Bug and I took that marvelous drive from S. Raphaël, where the mighty Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt and from whence, less mighty, he set sail for Elba, along the Corniche d'Or to Cannes, twenty miles of cliffs, bays, villas, wee towns, rocks and blue-green Mediterranean.

Life is so peaceful traveling alone with my June Bug. Life is so peaceful traveling alone with any one of my children. No one of them alone can "crab" with me because there is nothing to crab about. We just go along enjoying the world. There are no, at least no outspoken, disagreements about garments, manners, intelligence of

each other. No "Mom, doesn't Jim's hair look funny this morning?"

"I told you once already to mind your own business."

"Well, your hair's my business if I have to sit across the table and look at it."

"Then change your seat."

. . . "Mom, June Bug isn't finishing her soup." . . .

. . . "When we were June Bug's age you didn't let us act like that." . . .

"I wish June Bug would swim better. She makes me so *ashamed* the way she acts in the water." . . .

And June Bug's standard retort to two older brothers who think she should have been born perfect, "I don't have to if I don't want to."

Not that I consider peace the aim and end of life. I would prefer to travel with three children plus all their yappings, for the fun it is to travel with three children, as against traveling with one and no yappings. They don't yap all the time. But when you have had three together, and then suddenly have only one, and that the small female one, I repeat, life is very peaceful. And the Iles de Lérins were very beautiful and we were very happy. Only two days—and then Geneva and school, and for me anon, my second International Labor Conference to report for the *Survey*.

## X

### A SUMMER SPENT BICYCLING IN NORMANDY, BRITTANY, TOURAINE—AND CHARTRES (OR HENRY ADAMS AND THE ALBATROSSES)

“How,” people ask you when you return from a meandering trip all enthusiasm, “did you know where to go?” Well, how? Once the vacation is over you look back upon it and decide the plan must have been more or less congenital. You were born with the idea of exactly that trip in your mind. It really does seem to me I must have been born with the desire to bicycle through Normandy—at least I am sure that ambition antedates by several years my Œdipus Complex. But just exactly where in Normandy had to wait for determination until I became a gray-haired, aging woman and got introduced in the late spring of 1924 to Henry Adams and his “Mont St. Michel and Chartres.” I had already seen Mont St. Michel and Chartres before I had read what Henry Adams had to say about them. Once having read that book—who, I ask the world, who could sit in peace? Primarily, of course, is the consuming urge to return at the earliest possible moment to Mont St. Michel and Chartres. In addition, an agitating unrest sets in to see every single spot Henry Adams mentions in the entire book. Every Norman church, every Norman tower, Henry Adams laid eyes on, you must lay eyes on as well. That book read and reread, one places it lovingly on its shelf and then somehow one finds oneself on the road, a pilgrim, a wayfarer to the shrines over which Henry Adams threw the glamour of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. No one on earth,



surely, has ever so caught the spirit of an architectural age and made it so contagious. When I turn the pages of "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" magic flows from them, magic rests like a mist about me, and in a moment I am a Norman peasant in the days of the Crusades. I watch the Norman arches building. I may even lend a hand. I live long, for I come back to gaze on my towers, my churches, completed works. I kneel before the stern and dependable St. Michel, later I worship at the feet of the Virgin. Before her rose window at Chartres "one feels a little of the effect she meant it to produce even on infidels, Moors and heretics, but infinitely more on the men who feared and the women who adored her . . . one would admit anything that she should require. If you had only the soul of a shrimp, you would crawl, like the Abbé Suger, to kiss her feet. . . . Never, in all these seven hundred years, has one of us looked up at this rose window without feeling it to be Our Lady's promise of Paradise." To some of us, in reality when magic does not envelop us infidels, Moors and heretics, it is Paradise enough to be allowed to gaze upon the Virgin's own rose window at Chartres.

But in order. There were five weeks of bicycling over a thousand kilometers (does it sound more or less to mention the distance as something over seven hundred miles?) before we stood before the Virgin's rose window at Chartres. Nor was there any magic hovering about as I gazed upon my two male offspring when we three met at the start of the vacation in Paris.

If you have been away from the Home Town a matter of five years and if after five years you are to meet a Friend from Home, you know how it is—you want that friend to be able to report on returning to said Home Town that you have a right nice upstanding family. Aware of the rôle outward appearances play in impressing Friends from Home, I had written ahead of time to the sons exactly what they were to wear when they arrived in Paris

from their French school. Their own taste in the matter of garments is somewhat variable. At this French school they were under the additional handicap of always having to wear the clothes which were laid out for them, having no control over their own wardrobes. But I felt that by writing well in advance what clothes I hoped they would appear in, some slight assurance as to the order and fitness might be achieved. My diary:

"Jim looked like sin, and I so anxious he should make a hit on Mrs. J.—broken shoe laces, unshined shoes, spotted clothes, ragged, borrowed necktie, same of cap, dirty shirt, hair going in eight directions. I kissed him gleefully, looked him over, and then sat dejectedly on a station bench."

"I couldn't help it, Mom. They were the clothes I found at the foot of my bed."

"But you could have shined your shoes!"

"There wasn't any time!"

"*Surely* you could have worn some other necktie!"

"They'd packed every necktie I owned!"

"Wherever in the world did you get that awful cap?"

"Mine's lost."

"Well, but anyhow you could have brushed your hair!"

"It goes like that whether I brush it or not."

"When did you brush it last?"

"I don't know. But it's all the same whether I brush it or run my hand through it."

Nandy appeared on the next train, the Friend from Home and her daughter, Jim and I there to meet him. I was prepared for anything. Exactly. When he came to shave that morning (my advance instructions had been implicit as to a last-minute shave) he found some guy had swiped his razor. He'd been three days in the infirmary with a fever. He looked it. The only remotely-bordering-on-style thing about him was a gaudy silk handkerchief protruding from his upper coat pocket. Mrs. J. would be consoling. "Anyway," says Mrs. J.,

"you have a very handsome silk handkerchief." "That?" says Nandy, peering down. "It's not a real silk handkerchief. It's a piece of an old umbrella." And he unfurls a wad of rags. Magic indeed. Curtain.

After lunch we put Nandy to bed, to have him able to start off if possible the next morning. (We'd counted on leaving Paris that very afternoon.) Jim and I did errands. The last sentence of Nandy's diary for that 22nd July reads, "I practiced high and broad jumpings on the beds."

And the next day we left hot, dusty, crowded Paris and were off, off to see something of France which would not be all but hidden behind and under several hundred thousand American tourists, and see it riding along hedged roads on our three beauteous new bicycles, our three beauteous new Albatrosses. The summer of 1924 was the summer of Henry Adams and the Albatross. Alas, partly due to weather, partly due to distances, there are still nineteen important places Henry Adams mentions which I have not yet visited but must before the noble old Albatross passes on to that heaven reserved for all those good bicycles which do not rattle. If the years come and go, and Fate stands between me and Poitiers and Amiens and Vaucelles and St. Leu-d'Esserent and I find myself over eighty, I shall have saved enough (it is now the star to which I have hitched my chariot of worldly desires) to buy a little motor to fit on my Albatross. And the Lord will reward me for my thrift and my devotion to a High Ideal (the which being to trail round to every place where there is a Norman or Transition or the very earliest Gothic tower in France) by sending a summer of little rain.

Which He did not see fit to send the summer of 1924. He was testing us. Any one could enthuse over a bicycle and a Norman tower in sunshine. Only those within whose bosoms glow the True Flame can burn to convert the world to bicycles and Norman towers when it rained twenty-five days out of thirty-five.

There is an awareness as to weather when one bicycles which is perhaps second only to that sensed by the pilot of an aeroplane or farmers. Indeed, such awareness covers the entire handiwork of God. Wherefore do we sing the praises of our Albatross and wherefore do we at times not sing them. If one walks, rain may be merely a trifle annoying. Bicycling in a slight rain is of no consequence. But the slight rain turns to a downpour. You are twenty kilometers from the last shelter, fifteen from the next. The rain starts trickling in at the neck of your rain cape and trickles on down your back. The faster you go to cover that fifteen kilometers the more enthusiastically the rain manages to beat through the front of the waterproof garment. Said garment continually blows back off your knees. You get soaked from the knees down and your clothes clutch and stick and act as if they were going to wrench apart with every rotation of the pedals. By that time the waterproof garment says, "Why keep up the farce any longer?" and it resigns itself with a sigh of relief to a purely selfish but honest existence. The wet comes down from the collar and in through the front and the back and besides having to pedal yourself and a good-sized, very full rucksack strapped on behind, you also give a holiday to a waterlogged cape, busy shedding a steady surplus of rain along the Norman highway. The rain gets in your eyes, up your nose, down your throat, into your ears. And the first three hotels are full. At the fourth hotel there are three beds free and they are so glad to see you and bless our hearts but you'll want some hot water right away and of course your things can be hung in the kitchen. Almost everything in the waterproof rucksacks is wet, but not so wet by far as the soaking articles you are removing. They hang in the kitchen and next morning are almost dry and you do a Henry Adams cathedral smelling faintly of stewed mussels and mutton chops and French fried potatoes.

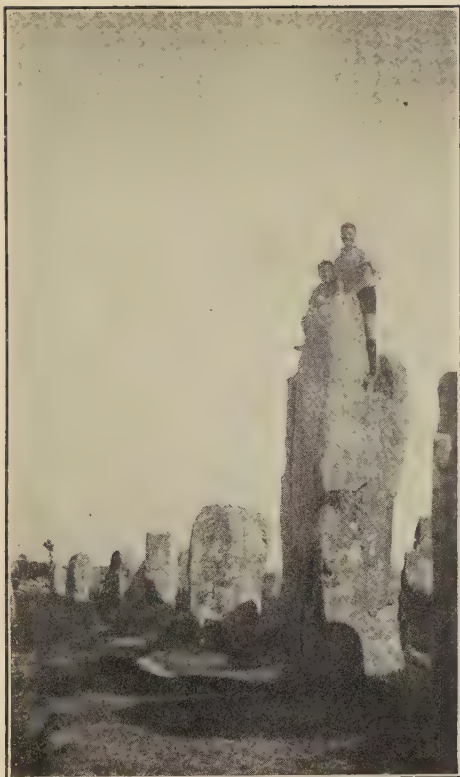
But the sun is shining. And is there anything in the

world more enchanting than riding along a crooked, uncharted, hedged Norman road on a sunny day after a rain the day before to wash everything a Norman green? Walking would not do—there is too much country to cover and only eighty-four years to live. Automobiling? Never, in Normandy, where one must ever follow the queer, untraveled, unmapped roads if the heart would be wrung for loveliness. And in an automobile one is by the old Norman gateway before one so much as suspected it there beyond the turn. Does any one ever see and hear birds from an automobile? As for the smell of the world, especially after a rain— No, the only way to travel, really the only way, is on a bicycle. That is if there is anything to see or smell or hear.

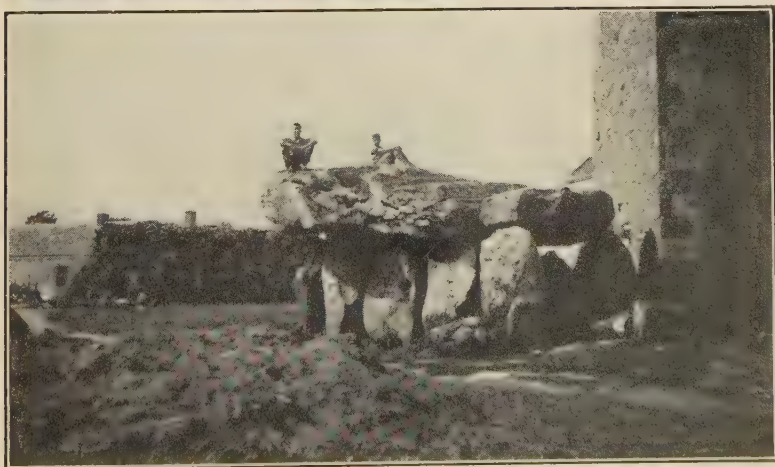
So much for rain on a bicycle. But almost rather rain than a strong wind in the wrong direction. Walking against a wind makes but a slight difference compared to what bicycling against a wind means. I know of nothing in the world more calculated to turn an earnest Christian into a smoldering atheist, so that one curses all known things and values between heaven and earth, than a long pull on a windy day. And gnawing at your heart the thought—if only you were going in the opposite direction! The supreme moment of complete surrender to every ugly, sinful railing in your system is when you have pumped up a hill against a wind, each turn of the pedals all but your last, kept at the post of duty by the thought of the reward when the grueling top is reached—a coast down on the other side! And such is the wind that one has to *pedal down that hill*. If you died on the way down, heaven help your soul for what would become of it, steeped as it is in such accursed fulminations against God and man.

Nor, speaking still of the awareness to nature when bicycling, is one ever so conscious otherwise of the earth's surface, tampered with, 'tis true, by man. A slight up or down means nothing to a pedestrian. A slight up to a bicyclist means nothing either, but wherever did a down





*Menhir plus Parkers  
near Carnac*



*Dolmen plus Parkers  
near Carnac*



go unblest? (except perhaps in a contrary wind, when one blesses nothing). As for a marked decline—who else in all the world can appreciate it but a person on a bicycle? It is one of the blessings bestowed by heaven on mankind, because an all-knowing Providence took it for granted that one day bicycles would “come in.” (It had no idea that one day in America they would “go out.”) And so hills were created and the heart of mankind sings as it coasts down the same, and the world is better for that. Yes, hills are for looks and for bicycles.

You remember in his Preface, Henry Adams improvises,

“ . . . Who reads me, when I am ashes,  
Is my niece in wishes . . . ”

He goes on to say that “Mont St. Michel and Chartres is written for nieces” (he abandons sons and nephews as hopeless both in the rôle of readers, the latter too because of meter. “Is my nephew in wishes” fares badly). But “For convenience of travels in France, where hotels, in out-of-the-way places, are sometimes wanting in space as well as luxury” (hear, hear) “the nieces shall count as one only. . . . One niece is much more likely than two to carry a kodak and take interest in it, since she has nothing else, except her uncle, to interest her. . . .” This niece-in-wishes had along the kodak and, instead of an uncle, two grandnephews, and the latter showed just about as much enthusiasm for Norman architecture, on the whole, as Henry Adams rightly guessed nephews would. The niece had made a deal with the grandnephews in Paris, but heaven and humans were against its being adhered to. For every Norman church or for every cathedral the niece was allowed to visit in peace, she would ride to the coast and go swimming with the grandnephews. But the niece even after reading “Mont St. Michel and Chartres” had no idea there were so many irresistible Norman churches, and the weather was such for the most part that even male

young of fourteen and sixteen had no enthusiasm for the Atlantic Ocean. So there was no attempt to live up to the contract, which meant the grateful niece saw at least three times as many Norman churches as she otherwise would have found time or energy for, albeit or because she saw the great majority of them in the rain.

To strike a livable balance for the male young, still more or less in an athletic trance due to Olympic Games, they were allowed to buy each time as new numbers appeared and were procurable, *Très Sport*, *L'Auto*, *Sporting*, *Miroir des Sports*, *L'Echo des Sports*. (Incidentally it seemed also an enthusing way of learning French.) William the Conqueror and Viollet le Duc may be all right but they're a long time dead, and, oh boy, what about Nurmi the Invincible Finn? The niece may have ruminated along the way on Henry Adams. The then hero of the Young was one Bottecchia, winner of the Tour de France.

A French youngster in France would have difficulty working up wild enthusiasm over Babe Ruth. Let him but spend a baseball season in America and he might be talking all the jargon and Babe Ruth would be Babe Ruth. To an American boy in America the name of Bottecchia means nothing. Bicycling is to France what baseball is to America. The winner of the annual Tour de France is the Babe Ruth of the French boy. Therefore was there never a moment's lagging on our summer's jaunt. One grandnephew or the other was always showing the rest of us how Bottecchia would be doing it, and the grandnephew who was not the Italian Bottecchia was that moment Suter the Swiss, or the French Blanchonnet, winner of the Olympic 188 km. race, or the Belgian Hoevanaers.

All of which, naturally, meant a rather strenuous pace. The niece, being a pilgrim after Norman churches, was not always inspired to enter into competition with the World's Greatest Bicyclists. No matter. Bottecchia and Suter tore

on ahead, and when the wayfarer to the shrines of Henry Adams caught up, the grandnephews were absorbing *Le Miroir des Sports* on an ancient Norman grave in the shadow of an ancient Norman tower and sure the church was swell but did the niece know that Trossbach the German could do the hundred and ten meters in fifteen and a fifth minutes?

Willynilly one becomes as one approaches forty philosophic, and if after near to forty years one of the conclusions of one's philosophy is that most things in the world turn out better than there was any reason to suppose they would, one is accused by some friends and all foes of being pollyannic. It is an insult, of course. There is no philosophy in pollyannism; rather a simpering treacleness, combined with a certain amount of fraudulent though perhaps unconscious misrepresentation. A pollyannic would say, and feel, "isn't it lovely to get soaked on a bicycle. There is such a grateful sensation when you're dry again. And how joyfully the parched earth absorbs heaven's moisture." I say it's one of the most thoroughly unpalatable sensations I know, riding a bicycle in a pouring rain, but even so, I sing the praises of the bicycle. Because, given the worst season to date, which undoubtedly was the summer of 1924, there were more, far more, hours when one was dry than when one was wet. And such hours as were those dry hours!

Three statements are now in order—and because they all are cheerful conclusions the howl of the critics is in order.

1. Few roads are as bad as they seem. That is, for a bicycle, because you can hunt out little streaks along the sides which would surprise the worst pessimist. (But that's just it. The pessimist would insist on staying in the bumpy middle.)

2. No road is as uphill as it seems. That is some natural law or other with which my philosophy has nothing to do. It is a physical fact. Down a wonder of a hill



you coast, and the first week, because you know no better, you all but spoil the fun of the descent by wondering how you're ever going to make the top of that incline ahead. As you coast down, down, less and less does the hill opposite appear to go up! By the time you reach bottom and start what you supposed would be the stiffest pedaling ever, it develops that there is precious little of a grade to fuss about. Even a pessimist could not get around that fact.

3. Few roads turn out to be as long as they seem. That is, your ability to put kilometers behind you develops so from day to day that you are continually surprising yourself. A calculation is made that you will be able to reach Dol in time for dinner and the night. And there you are at Dol and it is only 4.30 and at that you lost an hour en route with a puncture where everything in the mending of it went wrong. True, Dol is only 28.5 km. from the Mont, but it was after lunch when you started—and, besides, what's the hurry? On the other hand, why spend more than an hour in Dol? Why not at 5.30 on to Dinan? Dinan is another 25 km. And there you are—eating dinner and sleeping in Dinan. The lark of it—never to have a notion where you'll be sleeping the next, or that, night.

And how one's bicycle muscles do laugh at themselves! The niece's diary, second day, from Villers-sur-Mer to St. Pierre-sur-Dives, says, "But we're good and weary to-night, after 34 km." Seventeen days later we begin "The great and famous day when the Parkers did 101 km." But the easy average, riding only afternoons, came to be between 50 and 60 km.—about 35 miles. That allowed for unorthodox halts if a wood was too lovely to pass and soda water at a roadside café and a bag of pears to consume under a sprawly hedge.

We took the train from Paris to Deauville—and right here I am compelled to mention my irreparable loss. I don't know how other people treat their Baedekers, but



*Pont l'Abbe near Quimper. Growing old gracefully in Brittany*



my Baedeker of Northern France came to be almost a collaboration among Henry Adams, C. S. Parker and Herr Baedeker—there were footnotes, margin notes, corrections, additions, subtractions, comments on hotels, addresses of recommended spots picked up in the course of a journey, spots all the way from India to Sweden which *must* be seen; addresses of new friends made during the summer. And in this particular Baedeker of Northern France that summer we kept all accounts of the trip, and since it was a bicycle trip and quite out of Baedeker's usual line, I added mention of choice morsels off the beaten track all unknown to the author of the guide book. The few times we rode on trains, four or five during the trip, I made note of towns I liked the looks of, to visit some day in this life. That trip from Paris to Deauville was one excited written comment, especially as to church steeples visible. And then, just before Vendôme, the last day but one of our trip, when that Baedeker was to me a mine of invaluable information, it disappeared. We spent hours trying to track it, left French francs all over the countryside with addresses—but never a sign of that worth-its-weight-in-gold two-year collection of unpurchasable information. And the sort of information which wouldn't be a bit of good to any one else unless they just happened to like to travel the way we like to travel, and no one else does. Switzerland is the only country in the world where a person should allow himself the luxury of losing anything. Indeed, you can't lose anything in Switzerland. Everything turns up again.

Ten minutes in Deauville, and on for the night to Villers. Alas, no swimming for a gale blowing the chills through you, and blowing our bicycles almost to a standstill. At Villers, second day out, there was an antique shop. The Fund-for-the-bicycle-motor-at-eighty got a severe setback. It is a good thing one isn't eighty too soon. There'd be no Motor Fund at all. The niece is one of those spineless souls who pays demurely the first price mentioned in any

shop.\* Only there was one old copper article hanging out in front of that shop which could not be denied and cost too much—not in my eyes for it, but for me. We walked by it down hill, by it up hill, rode by it, stood in front of it. Then with jaw clenched we reëntered the shop and stammered, “Would you take three hundred francs instead of four hundred for it?” We at once compromised on three hundred and twenty-five, to include all packing, shipping, etc. My, but the booby of a niece felt a person of the world, able to bargain with a high hand!

Will Irwin once said he would like to be able to stay in Paris until he saw a man catch a fish out of the Seine. And I said I would like to be able to stay in Paris until I saw a street rug vendor sell a rug. Whereupon a Swiss friend told me he had once bought one of those rugs himself—1,500 francs the man asked for it. “What!” I gasped, “you paid 1,500 francs for one of those street vendor’s rugs?” “Oh, no,” said he. “I paid one hundred.” Would I were blessed with some of his technique.

The last sentence in Nandy’s diary for July 23rd: “Jim and I practiced high jumping on our beds.”

Lunch in Villers and off, general direction known, destination most uncertain. Through Dives-sur-Mer, with lemonade—we had just finished lunch in Villers but could not resist the Hôtel Guillaume-le-Conquerant, the court one riot of flowers and color, every place fascinating nooks with tables. “Overdone,” the knowing say. Perhaps—but such flowers and color! And when we got there not a tourist. It was from Dives that William the Conqueror set sail in 1066 to conquer England. The League of Nations is not going to allow that sort of thing any more. Off inland from Dives to escape the coast wind—and such a relief, not only to lose the wind but to lose the French coast, which in almost every habitable stretch the hand of man has done its utmost to make hideous. Earth does not hold greater ugliness than French coast villas and hotels

\* P. S.—Two years later—she has changed.



and casinos. Besides, the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, like most coasts, are apt to be bare, if not bleak, and some of us prefer crooked roads lined with old trees, high and low, clipped and unclipped hawthorn and holly hedges along the side, now a glimpse of wide vista over rolling country and treebound plots, now no vista, but a turn a few yards on to bring its gift of what is ahead and to right and left and above. Such was the road to St. Pierre-sur-Dives, and we rejoiced therein and thereon. Writes Jim, "It was such a beautiful ride that I can never forget it."

You can never tell, from Henry Adams, whether the particular shrine you are heading for is in the midst of a populous city or a hamlet. St. Pierre had to be seen because the good uncle says, "but we must on no account fail to make a serious pilgrimage to Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, where the church tower and *flèche* are not only classed among the best in Normandy, but have an exact date, 1145, and a very close relation to Chartres. . . ." When Henry Adams says "on no account fail," we don't fail. And here we are at St. Pierre, thinking we were weary after 34 km. and but two mites of hotels in the small town, the first full, the second very dirty and delicious food. The influence of the Norman conquest is still apparent. Over one boy's queer, built-in bed hangs an English work of art entitled "Before Marriage" (to quote from one grandnephew's diary, "the picture represents a young man and girl talking to each other, about love, as it seems.") Over the other bed hangs "After Marriage" ("the other represents the same two—they are a little older and the woman has a baby on her lap. These two English pictures we found here in France in a little hotel"). Verily, when a pilgrim journeys inspired to the shrine of Norman towers, a pilgrim's eyes rest on much besides Norman towers along the hallowed way.

The next morning, before the Norman tower, we saw the

ancient Market Hall of St. Pierre. There are other Norman towers, for all that St. Pierre's be classed among the best, but there is only one Market Hall of St. Pierre in all the world. Had it been a Market Hall pilgrimage we of course would have known ahead of time about the Market Hall of St. Pierre.

As it was we had never heard of such a building, and might never have discovered it, coming as we did only to see a more or less conspicuous Norman tower in what otherwise appeared to be a colorless Norman town, had not our search for a hotel carried us right and left. To stumble upon such a building as that huge old squat Market Hall, its massive, warped, wavy roof, each door built sufficient unto itself, with no thought of whether it matched any other, its dormer windows with no idea of order. A find, I tell you, a find!

The Norman tower and flèche we were prepared for, wherefore were we come, and well repaid. Later, through ducks and chickens and dogs and cats we worked our way to our bicycles and were off to Falaise. Why Falaise? Because Henry Adams on page 53 says, "Finally, if for no other reason, at least for an interest in Arlette, the tanner's daughter, one must go to Falaise, and look at the superb clocher of Saint-Gervais, which was finished and consecrated by 1135." Because of Arlette, peasant girl rubbing the family laundry against a stone in the washing place of Falaise, beheld from the castle above by Robert, the Magnificent (or the Devil), Sixth Duke of Normandy, and ipso facto plus, decreed by Providence, often careless of legality, to be the mother of none other than William the Conqueror.

"He is descended," whispers some one in bated breath, "from William the Conqueror!" Why not blush as becomes a lady or gentleman and murmur, "I'd not look his way if I were you. You know the family history—that young peasant washerwoman. . . ." The guide shows you the window from where Robert gazed when his magnificent



*Donville—A bit of less objectionable French coast and our less objectionable hotel*



*En route to Mont-Saint-Michel if you happen to like straight roads  
(Parkers got off this one and all liked it)*



devilish eyes fell on the tanner's lovely daughter, and thereby you know just how much faith to put in history. Arlette was undoubtedly the mother of William the Conqueror, but when he lost his heart to her Robert was a whole lot nearer than from that window—or any part of the castle—to the washing place. He could have told from way up there whether there were three peasant girls doing the family laundry that sunny morning or five, but never which one was Arlette.

And, oh, but it was a fine clocher, that one rising from the center of the church of Saint-Gervais. The niece stood across the square looking up at it in the rain saying, "Thank you, Henry Adams, thank you." The grandnephews were in Room 27 of the Hotel de Normandie practicing high jumping over the end of a bed with two hair brushes tied to two sticks holding a piece of cord.

Just out of Falaise, off to the left of the Caen road, was a bit of a Norman nondescript church no one could pass. Even the grandnephews were for turning off and seeing it closer. I should never dare describe a church, for I'd not be sure what to call anything, to begin with. One book, describing Bayeux, said, "The spandrels are filled with diapering. . . . The decoration of the arches is varied; there are zigzags and lozenges, billets and beak-heads, frets and a sort of shell ornament. . . ." All I can grasp or begin to vision out of any of that is the sort of shell ornament. The rest is like a confused dream of a baby playing at a puzzle eating gumdrops on a ship. This old Norman church at Soulagny is the one I shall have copied for my private estate, even to the old stone fence around it, overhung by unkempt apple trees. By no hook or crook could one see inside, which perhaps is well. You could count on the fingers of one hand the Norman churches which have not been wrecked by wanton restoration. Lessay and C  risy-la-For  t stir the memory with grateful recollections of their practically untouched, hardy, pristine strength. One prefers to imagine the inside of an old



Norman church matching the honesty of the outside. So best remain without and imagine. . . . Yet—so you always feel—yet suppose the interior of this particular church has been left as it looked when the good Abbé blessed those of his little flock about to start off on the Third Crusade?

Henry Adams calls Caen a "Romanesque Mecca." Nor did ever Mohammedan pilgrims have their souls more sorely tried en route over the sands of the burning desert than did the niece and the grandnephews on the holey, bumpy, puddly, rained on—not to mention that it had the unpardonable sin of being straight—road from Falaise to Caen. The Abbaye-aux-Dames and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes were worth the puddles. William the Conqueror becomes a very real person by the time one has seen where he was born, where he set sail for England, where he and his Matilda did their bit for God and man, and where he died and was buried. (Not to mention his exploits on the Bayeux tapestry and that great charging statue of him in Falaise.) Oh, he was a real he-man, was William. Little did Arlette guess that Monday morning when she was washing the tanner's nightshirt that she was going so to upset the world, indirectly.

Heroes down the ages—and that Saturday night in the little Hôtel du Centre et de la Victoire opposite the Church of St. Pierre, Caen was evidently banquetting one of its honorable moderns. Europe likes to smile over American rah-rahism in the college age, over the Babbittry of later years. We have never been able to do anything noisier and cheerier than that banquet in Caen of William the Conqueror. My room was just across the corner of the court from the feasting, and I perforce caught every sound, though no details. As the speeches went on (laughter) (applause) (laughter) and the cheers, I decided it must be an Olympic hero returned to the home town. Over and over one cheer given sounded as if it must go something like:

“Guillaume Hébertot is back in Caen again;  
He beat the Finns and Greeks and Grande Bretagne,  
He beat the guys from half the world and more,  
He’s our very own Bill the Conqueror.  
Bray, Bray, Bray, Guillaume!”

Only no Frenchman beat a Finn, so it couldn’t have been that.

There were ladies present. One favorite sang songs through the evening, verses after verses and no particular tune—no chance for such melodies at a Rotary Club Banquet. A man sang the same kind. Great applause. You could tell from the particular way the crowd laughed that they were not Sunday school songs. It was not for an Olympic hero. It was for the man who gave a new sport field, or was president of the new sport field, no one we asked seemed to know just what, so that at some future Olympic meet a Frenchman may beat a Finn. (Will one ever?) Sport has suffered sadly in France since the days of William the Conqueror. Any one who does anything to help the cause deserves a banquet and a cheering.

And something else we did in Caen besides pilgrim to Henry Adams’ shrines. We hunted and hunted through the little Protestant cemetery until we found the grave of Beau Brummell. The gentle reader may already have guessed that at times we have had to invoke something of his spirit to save grandnephews from barbarism. And yet, who knows?—greater metamorphoses have taken place already in this world between Norman towers and 1924. One of these days Beau Brummell may for a short period and odd moments become the actual patron saint of Parker young. And so we visited his grave.

It rained most of the time for two days and two nights in Caen. We took our courage in our hands and tried to make Bayeux, only 26 km., between pours. For our presumption we were smitten with a deluge.

In front of my bicycle there was always strapped a

basket which held road maps, Baedeker, the small French dictionary, chocolate, and all the last forgotten bits discovered after the rucksacks were strapped on behind. Nearing Bayeux that basket came to take on an uncanny appearance. It was covered with a piece of oilcloth, but there seemed a spooky foaming from out the sides. When the oilcloth was removed in Bayeux and we peered in, the whole basket was filled with a white sudsy churning. At Caen somebody's cake of soap had been forgotten till the last minute, and then slipped into the catch-all basket. What with the rain soaking in through the sides of the basket and the constant movement, the good old soap had acted true to form.

Not only did Bayeux possess its cathedral (we lit a candle to the uncle before the Madonna in every Henry Adams church he had guided us to) but there was that tapestry of Matilda's. Grandnephews were weak on cathedrals, but strong on the Bayeux Tapestry. Think of its being used as a covering for a military wagon back in 1792! There should be a memorial raised to the understanding soul who rushed off and bought ordinary canvas instead, and stored the yards and yards of narrow embroidered linen away in his study until quiet days should dawn again. We gazed and gazed through the double long glass case which now enshrines it, and felt the naïve vigor of the twelfth century, the exploits of Edward the Confessor, Harold, William the Conqueror.

Bayeux should be the bicycle Mecca. One ought to spend five weeks in and about Bayeux alone. Every road branching out from Bayeux (there are some seventeen) leads the joyous cyclist to some corner of Paradise, and some corner mentioned by Henry Adams. Every road in Bayeux possesses finds. In one day's 60 km. trip from Bayeux and back we saw enough of arborescent hedged roads, Norman châteaux, churches, gateways, rolling Norman landscapes to fill a soul with contentment for an entire summer.

"Bayeux, Wednesday, July 30. This was by far *the*

most glorious day yet, enough marvelous roads, châteaux, churches, ocean, landscape, mishaps and good food for a trip all to itself. I ached with the joy of to-day. And sunshine practically every minute. Only sorrow, the film not autographic and I'll have trouble remembering what's what. Could have taken fifty pictures of to-day, every inch so lovely.

"Started off at ten, first to Vaucelles and its cuddly little châteaux de Revière, on to Sully, with glimpses of a château, an old church, fine gateway into a farm enclosure; later in its way the most impressive château I've seen yet, actually inhabited by lucky mortals, and such trees and yellow haystacks on a green lawn (think from map it was perhaps in Eosse du Lancy). Some place along the way we got gloriously mixed and found ourselves riding blissfully in every direction but the one to take us to Port-en-Bessin. Once on the main and direct and unattractive road there I got my first puncture. Arrived at the unattractive town of Port-en-Bessin and something again wrong with my tire. Nand got to work on it out on the quai while I stretched out flat on stones in the sun near by. He was pounding tire with pump and half of it flew off into the ocean! Only pump—consternation. Jim tried wading in—too deep. Muddy water. Twelve-fifteen and bicycle shop closed till two. Curses! Ate lunch at Hotel de Marine—mussels, lobster, chops, etc., delicious, and borrowed pump. Suddenly I noticed tide seemed very low. Jim flew to our spot and, sure enough, there was the pump exposed to view!! Parker luck. Watched fishermen come in—small boy rings bell on wharf and buyers appear. On to Arromanches, overfed—and Nand's tire flat. He sat down to fix it—in ant hill. Then hardly a stone's throw—my tire. Jim fixed that. Just on bicycles and off. Nand's tire again. Jim and I rode slowly on and I found church to explore. Bouffay, guess it was. Saw first new house in all Normandy. Fine road and coastings and wind in our favor. Nandy's tire bad again but we made Arro-

manches at four. Straight to bicycle shop to leave bikes for repairs and we to beach to christen our three new bathing suits and swim. Water fine. Undressed in a corner of rocks. Tea in garden of Hotel Normandie, made our mouths water to see folk playing tennis. Seemed like very nice hotel. Bicycles in order—new tube for mine, pumped up grand, and I rode about thirty feet when she burst. Back to get new tube mended, no charge. He'd blown her up too tight. Such a glorious road as we did take all the way. Meuvaines had fine old Norman church, simple, but I'm thinking oldest church in whole world, left by Noah on Ararat. I died of joy over that church. Do hope pictures turn out well. Made Nand ask old man how old church was. Shook his head and said, 'Older than I am.' Baedeker doesn't mention the place. Could it possibly be that Henry Adams missed the church at Meuvaines? My heart felt about it the way it used to when I landed a five-pound trout.

"On up hill where we could overlook Meuvaines—too lovely. Next Crépon, with another fascinating church. Often so hard to take church pictures, impossible to get far enough away. On by crooked and charming roads and a marvelous long coast with glimpse of old château ahead into Cruilly. Love of a Hotel St. Martin there where I longed to stay. Alas, château open only Fridays. Nand more bike troubles. On through St. Gabriel, but missed château or abbey because of grand road and views and coastings. Glimpses everywhere of beautiful large villas or small châteaux with great avenues of trees leading to them to fill a Christian's soul with green envy. Saw biggest expanse of grain country yet in Europe in one stretch near Cruilly. Each bit of our road seemed more lovely than last. We got lost again, and got tired at end, and reached Bayeux and hotel at eight, hungry and messy and happy after a perfect Norman day. Good supper and BED."

I don't know why my diary fails to mention how I



loathe the way Norman dogs bark at your heels, as if they were going to tear you limb from limb and then eat the spokes of your bicycle. They are mostly inside farm courtyards, and all you want to do is merely peer inside the old Norman gateway. Any dog with any sense ought to be able to tell the difference between a niece-in-wishes of Henry Adams and a burglar and a robber and a thief. When we are eighty and the Albatross has its little motor we are not going to try looking in gateways. It is a satisfaction to know that by then every dog who all but got apoplexy barking at us in the summer of 1924 will be dead, but perhaps there is a dog slogan on other

“Who keeps on barking when I am ashes  
Is my puppy in wishes.”

Swiss dogs are very bad but Norman dogs are almost worse. From a scientific interest it is regrettable that a study cannot be made of just how much more a Swiss or Norman peasant is still in possession of which he would be minus were it not for a dog to yelp at every passer-by's legs. Some philanthropist could easily be found to meet the slight, if any, difference; dogs thereafter could be encouraged to keep quiet, and Swiss and Norman highways would thus be rendered doubly fascinating.

“Bayeux-St. Lô. July 31. Another marvelous beautiful Norman day, each turn of the road bringing fresh joys and all sorts of rare Old World sights along the way. Bicycles and Normandy! . . . Sudden downpour. We ducked under trees and discovered the most fairylike forest with the most fairylike path runing through it. Rain over, sun out, and we took that path, not caring where it led, so lovely was it. Goodness knows where we did come out, and it caused us flounderings for an hour or so, no guide posts any place, nothing, and we trying to take every Parker path which led no place. Finally French girl came along on a bicycle and insisted on showing us our way.

Dreadful to be in the hands of some one who thinks you want to get some place. We were forever trying to dodge off into untrodden paths but she would have none of it. Sure enough, as soon as we lost her at Littry we lost ourselves too and had to 'retrace our steps.' At last another of our Adams' goals materialized—Cérisy-la-Forêt! And, oh, it was wonderful, that old, old, Norman church, and one of the few more than worthwhile inside as well as out. The arches aren't symmetrical, an eight-year-old to-day could model figures better than the sculptures in Cérisy's church. It all made me purr like a cat. And an old priest giving three small boys singing lessons on an organ the size of a grocery box."

Henry Adams: "A second example (of a square tower) is near Bayeux, at a small place called Cérisy-la-Forêt, where the church matches that on the Mount—for Cérisy-la-Forêt was also an Abbey, and the church built by Richard II, Duke of Normandy, at the beginning of the eleventh century, was larger than that on the Mount. It still keeps its central tower."

Cérisy gave you the impression that no tourists, except Henry Adams and yourselves, had ever been there.

The road kept on its inconsequential way to St. Lô. Or, rather, we kept pedaling along some road or other out of a possible ten or twenty, perhaps, which might take a body to St. Lô. Maps are made for automobiles, and the sort of roads we preferred taking often were not on a map. Also that type of road is apt to forswear guide posts. Now and then we passed a peasant in his high two-wheeled cart. "Are we heading toward St. Lô?" we'd call up. He would shake his head dubiously and say "Si vous voulez!" and then laugh. In the end we had to abandon ourselves to the merciless, wide, straight, main road with its telegraph poles, ruts, automobiles, dust. Because evening would be coming on, and hunger with it.

More impressive than the cathedral of St. Lô was the assistant barber. Under a child labor law he would be



*Genets—Taking the bicycles for the drive to Mont-Saint-Michel*



*Taking the bicycles for the sail from Locmariaque to Vannes*



debarred. A hulk of a man with a week's beard came into the shop, dumped himself into a chair and, thought I, he'll have to wait until Jim's hair is cut. Besides the man working on Jim's hair there was only a small boy of about twelve years in the shop, and undersized at that. The same jumped forward and fastened a towel about the client's neck. "He thinks he's big," thought I again, "to be getting things ready for his father." In the snip of a second he had that man's face lathered and there he was, with the professional boredom of a barber all but weary of the business, shaving that farmer with an old-fashioned razor. I expected the man to show signs of dismay and extreme uneasiness. Evidently he had been shaved by that youngster many a week. He closed his eyes peacefully. He had eau de Cologne slopped on his face. When it came to his hair the small boy must stand on his tiptoes to see if the parting was straight. And then, after a perfect, scratchless, scenty "do," the man never tipped the youngster a centime. Nor did the youngster seem to expect anything.

At Coutances we had a taste of French officialdom. No Christian I, the way I felt about it. "Up to post office to get mail and I near perished of anguish. Bank sent letters in registered envelope and I'd left (the stupidity of it!) my pass in Paris. I produced letter of credit, twenty personal and business letters, American Express Company checks, etc., etc. Long consultations. Nothing doing. I wanted to bite holes in their dirty old post office (and there's nothing in creation so unappetizing as a French post office). Finally official said no—unless I could get some one to identify me. Me—a total stranger. But I out to the first bank and tell my troubles and Monsieur le Directeur takes me to the post office and shakes hands with every one and says I'm I and the post office man said of course *he* knew it all along only it wasn't 'official,' etc., etc., and the female copies most of my letter of credit down in a book (most irrelevant parts) and I



sign and the bank director signs and I in my gratitude mutilate all my correspondence by tearing stamps off for his son, and we shake and shake hands and, oh, don't I bless the ground he walks on. And no very important letters for all my misery."

Next to Mont St. Michel and Chartres, perhaps the place Henry Adams makes you most anxious to behold with your own eyes is Coutances. And well may one yearn. "The towers of Coutances are in some ways as interesting, if not as beautiful, as the best." Also Coutances holds its own with Bayeux when it comes to discoveries to be made down every turning—some old tower or crooked corner or beamed covered way or slanting house. How our eyes bless these Europeans that they consent to put up with the decrepitude they do. The very time-worn with them is so tasteful and the modern so ugly—exceptions granted. Compare, for instance, Coutances, with its history going back to the third century, and on up through Norman, English, Huguenots' wars, its cathedral, its churches, with Lorient, which, for all that it was founded by the "Compagnie des Indes Orientales" in the seventeenth century, looks as if it were built about 1890. Lorient is a terrible, hideous city.

There have been four Norman-Romanesque churches which have moved this niece-in-wishes strangely. One, at Gassicourt, was before ever we read Henry Adams, though Gassicourt is a Henry Adams' church. So strong and deep was their influence that it served to swing the balance from Gothic to Norman. (I dislike the word Romanesque since it makes me think of Rome churches, and I have no fondness for Rome churches.) The four churches are Gassicourt, Cérisy-le-Forêt, Mont St. Michel (partly Gothic, it is true) and, last and most tremendous in its impression, Lessay, visited from Coutances. Of Lessay Henry Adams writes, "One must not quit Coutances without making an excursion to Lessay on the road to Cherbourg, where is a church of the twelfth century with a square tower and almost untouched Norman interior. . . . One of the most

complete models of Romanesque architecture to be found in Normandy." Two interiors of churches have impressed us past our self-control and we have all but wept (the truth is, in both instances we did weep, but are embarrassed to admit it); the cathedral at Seville, pure Gothic, and Lessay, which would fit into a corner of Seville. During the hours the niece spent about the church at Lessay, overwhelmed, not one other living soul appeared. As she left an old, old woman passed in to say her prayers.

How should the niece ever have known about Lessay and experienced the depth of these hours, had it not been for Henry Adams? Baedeker, her erstwhile guide, has exactly one word on Lessay—"Lessay."

There is but one side of the church approachable. All the rest belongs to a château, which fortunately the niece did not know until she had entered a gateway and wandered about to where she caught one quick glimpse of the square tower from the west before a polite gardener shooed her back through the gate and closed it. He was very apologetic. The side you are allowed to see one can't see for the trees. But the lovely effect of those glimpses of rounded arches and gray-green stone through leaves! A large billboard under the trees covered generously with red, yellow, green, purple announcements lent a splash of bizarre color to the gray-green. Some day an artist will paint a picture of the glimpse of the church at Lessay and the colored posters and I shall buy it and good-by little old-age-bicycle-motor fund and I won't care.

Norman churches were a bit solid going for the young. I hereby admit that to compensate, our reading for the summer was "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Lord Jim."

Four days in Donville with swimming to get the past digested—St. Pierre-sur-Dives, Falaise, Caen, Bayeux, Cérisy, St. Lô, Coutances, Lessay, and be fresh for the great moment of the summer: Mont St. Michel. The fourth

day we were blessed with perfect weather, and since thus any way of reaching the Mont would seem the ideal one, we let Fate decide which way our way would be. Or we could spend the night in Avaranches and gaze across the Bay of St. Michel to the Mont at sunset. We might decide to get as far as Pontorson. The road from Granville to Avranches was too annoyingly straight to put up with, so we turned off. And such a winding, old, deserted, perfect road as it was. Whither did it lead? No telling. We were pilgrims bound for the Mont, and Saint Michel himself was our guardian. We began almost to despair of ever reaching the coast, when at the top of a hill a grandnephew calls "Look through the trees!" And there it was rising out of the bay, glimmering in the sunlight, the sight of all Europe—Mont St. Michel. "Why didn't you *tell* us it was like that!"

Hadn't I tried to tell, hadn't I shown pictures! But who can describe Mont St. Michel? For once the grandnephews were as excited as the niece, nor has their enthusiasm ever abated. To go back and stay and stay! There never was such a place! Of course there never was.

It was four o'clock when we found ourselves at Genets, on the coast across from the Mont. We ordered chocolate to drink out on the street under a striped parasol, where we could keep our eyes on that needle pointed bit of an abbeyed island. Then we got the bright idea that we would bicycle across the sands to it, since the tide was out, which means in the Bay of St. Michel out seven and a half miles. Should we ask some one if it could be done? No, don't ask. They might say it couldn't. We'd just go, that's all. But those two streams cutting through the sands—perhaps they were deep. Some summers they might be easy to ride through, but this rainy summer—Distressing age at last prevailed and asked the hotelkeeper if it were possible to ride bicycles across to the Mont. Bicycles? Not to be thought of! A group gathered under our striped parasol and all talked at once, endeavoring to picture in

detail the numerous disasters which were bound to overtake us and our once beautiful Albatrosses if we did anything so crazy. Ordinarily we listen to that kind of talk and then go ahead and nothing ever happens. But this day—let destruction overcome the niece but not her beloved Albatross—no, no, not it! Yet we must get to the Mont that night and could not possibly make it if we went all the way around, twenty-four miles by the main road and it was then five o'clock. And the chances we would arrive there late and weary and not an empty bed on the Mont this touristed time of year.

Drive across. But the bicycles! Drive them across, too. Of course. Within a half hour—no hurry in Genets and the little old church had enough attractions to make the time fly all too fast—we had the Albatrosses heaved up and packed into a hefty two-wheel cart with two old horses tandem, and perched on boxes with our ribs pressed in by various parts of bicycles we jogged off across the sands to Mont St. Michel, the low sun shimmering from the western side of the tower below the bronze feet of Saint Michel brandishing his sword on high. No approach to the Mont could have been more satisfying. (Nor could we possibly have made it by bicycle.)

If one could visit just two places in all France, the choice would be easy: Paris and Mont St. Michel. And drive to the Mont across the sands from Genets. But, of course, first read Henry Adams. Having seen the Mont before and after reading I know whereof I speak. Anyway *see* it. And preferably early, before the hoards of tourists clutter the narrow crooked ways. The end of May, say.

And only to think of the people who feel they know Mont St. Michel without spending one night there! It must be seen early in the morning before the shops with their hideous displays of gimeracks are open. (If only a philanthropist, besides altering the situation as to Norman dogs, would pension off the gimerack shopkeepers of the

Mont, on condition that they would permanently retire from business, or go elsewhere. To have wandered the steep, narrow thoroughfares before the days of yellow china cats and glass balls to look like snow if you shake them, and slabs of wood with hand-painted or other pictures of the Mont—one shop after another, all selling the same atrocities, all yelping at you, like the Norman dogs, to buy!) But what a waste of time and energy to so much as give the shops a thought when ten times as many, were there room for them, could not spoil the wonder of Mont St. Michel.

One must see the Mont in the hot noon sunshine, all drowsy and listless. One must see it in the late afternoon, casting its own long, pointed shadow across the sands or water, according to the tide. One must see it in a sunset glow, and one must see it in the starlight. The romance, the religion, the strife, the idealism, the glory and the decline of the Middle Ages concentrated into one tiny island tipped with its tower pointing to the skies. And there are those who dash there along the causeway in a limousine, have lunch at Madame Poulard's, trail about the abbey after a guide, and dash off again. "Oh, yes, we saw the Mont. Lovely, wasn't it?"

But then it is only by getting off the bit of an island that room is made for others to get on.

That night, at our Cheval Blanc, there were six guests out on the old fortified terrace eating dinner. A few souls wandered up to the higher ramparts to watch the sunset and the tide come in. Nobody was abroad early the next morning. By eleven the rush began—every hotel and restaurant filled to bulging, nor was there scarce an empty chair again until after two.

Early that morning in the soft sunlight it had been an easy matter to skip back a thousand years and imagine to-day was October 16th, Archangel's Day, and the annual pilgrimage to the Mont. Already across on the mainland



one could mark the troops of merrymakers and sing with the monk William of Saint-Pair, as Henry Adams translated him:

“The weather is fine; the joy is great;  
 The palfreys and the chargers,  
 And the hackneys and the packhorses  
 Which wander along the road  
 That the pilgrims follow,  
 On all sides neighing go,  
 For the great joy they feel.  
 Even in the woods sing all  
 The little birds, big and small.  
 . . . . .  
 About the Mount, in the leafy wood,  
 The workmen have tents set up,  
 Streets have made along the roads. . . .”

The banners and the bright holiday costumes of knights and ladies, but mostly peasants and good simple folk, troop across the sands, some on horseback, some in carts, some afoot. Every one sings, or blows on reed pipes, and no one cares that the song of their group was long finished by the group just behind, who are now lustily singing another. Flower wreaths about the necks of the young people, about the necks of the loved horses, made early that morning and not yet wilted from the sun. A peasant all the way from near Domfront kisses a girl from Fourgères he met that morning on the road.

Parked Fords, parked Citroëns, parked Cadillaacs, parked Mercedes below on the sands. Three carfuls of tourists pouring out of the little red railroad train down on the causeway.

William of Saint-Pair finds the going a bit hard. He gets as far as

“The weather is fine.”

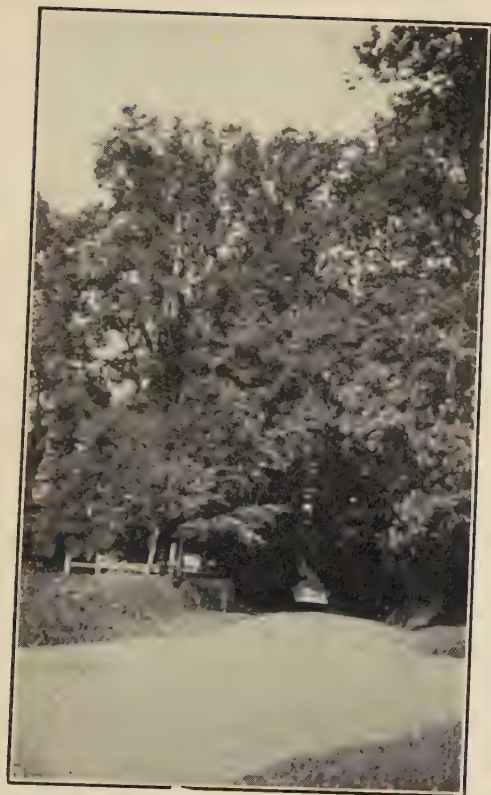
Why does no one visiting the Mont sing any more?  
Yet he goes bravely on and when he reaches the lines:

“Plenty there was of divers wines,  
Bread and pasties, fruit and fish,  
Birds, cakes, venison,  
Everywhere there was for sale  
Enough he had who has the means to pay,”

he nodded and laughed. That fitted still. On the stone steps leading up to the Châtelet a man from Bucharest kisses a girl from Buenos Ayres he met that morning on the train.

And with Mont St. Michel we said farewell to Normandy. She bid us a sunny welcome at Villers-sur-Mer, and a sunny “bon voyage” for Brittany.

Brittany for the most part was as glad going for an Albatross as Normandy, but it lacked Norman towers, and I had come to feel Norman towers such soul-satisfying things. Thus we made more progress in Brittany as there was no pull to track each church right and left to its lair. In Normandy it was impossible to spy a tower on the horizon in any direction and not be off on the scent with the heart singing ever so loud “The Hunting Song of the Norman Churches.” Blow the bugles! Unfurl the banners! A church! A church! It is Henry Adams himself who writes “clochers and flèches are scattered all over France until one gets to look for them on the horizon as though every church in every hamlet were an architectural monument.” And it is C. S. Parker who writes, “The way I feel when I spot a Norman steeple, riding along on my bicycle, reminds me of the old days when a trout would rise here or there and I’d excitedly make for that spot and cast.” Yet somehow Breton churches on the whole left one unmoved. Perhaps because Henry Adams had not written about them! The glass in the little Breton church of Moncontour, perched on its hill, was worth a trip to see



*Road near Bayeux*

*Road nearing Caen*





and of course the Gothic cathedral of St. Corentin in Quimper is admirable. No, in Brittany it was not churches which made our course a zigzag one, but blackberries. Which was an enthusiasm the grandnephews could share. "Lick your lips!" was the Breton slogan.

Did you realize that French folk do not eat wild blackberries? Well, they may be saying, "Did you realize that American folk do not eat snails?" The fact remains that the highways of Brittany and Touraine at least are one mass of wild blackberries in the latter part of August, and that were it not for the niece and grandnephews the entire crop would have rotted on the vines. By eating until we bulged we saved a tenth of a hundredth of one per cent of this year's wild blackberry crop of Brittany and Touraine. No Légion d'Honneur for it either. It is certain the French Albatrosses had no idea what to make of it. You can realize what untraveled roads we journeyed when I say that, if it were a sunny day, a good part of the time three bicycles were flat in the middle of the highway. A few kilometers on, and they were dropped in their tracks again, while pilgrims stuffed. Had it not been for much rain we should have made no progress at all. One grandnephew got the idea of putting himself through college by collecting French wild blackberries in a second-hand Ford and making blackberry jam for the hotel trade in Switzerland.

Brittany. On to Pontorson from the Mont, everything in our favor. On to Dol, the country like a park, except for the main road we were forced to keep to, which was "mostly vile. Jolted our teeth out and general anatomy loose. . . . Often we couldn't look at lovely landscapes for having to pick our way through ruts." (Incidentally during the summer bicycle trip my perfectly good wrist watch jiggled itself three-quarters of an hour slow every day. Usually I would remember to set it that much ahead at night. If I forgot for a couple of days we would tour France from an hour and a half to three hours behind the right time, which made little difference one way or the



other.) Due to a bad puncture, tourists and auto busses from the Mont were able to catch up with us and from the puncture on to Dol we ate the dust of rich and less rich Americans. From Dol on to Dinan, and five hotels before we could locate three spare beds. "Oh, but Dinan is lovely! . . . Each turn we took had a new crookedness and charm. I must and must come back to Dinan and stay at the Hotel de la Porte or Marguerite and take the boat trips on the river and ride all over with a bicycle and ramble up and down every street." Cherbourg, Coutances, Mont St. Michel, Dinan—so. "Terribly hot riding to Jugon at first. We left main road as soon as possible and struck *the* loveliest off road ever. Passed such a magic wood we just had to get off and loll under trees on moss and eat our peaches. Such a wood. On over Trebenan, Megrit, coastings, stoppings in shade to eat pears and bananas. At top of hill a large (for France) lake came into view and a wonder of a coast down into Jugon. Such a queer little one-horse town—two hotels as big as California mining town early day affairs. No rooms in first. Such a jovial person met us at door of Hotel de l'Ecu—welcomed us with open arms. Of course three beds—wide, narrow, low, high?—and instead of proprietor he turned out to be merely gay guest himself! He called our attention to great fête on next day and we then and there decided to spend Sunday in Jugon—enthusiasm however mainly on sons' side."

That annual fête in Jugon! Sometimes in my lectures in the United States I would tell of the Jugon fête, claiming it was as much the real France, if not far more, than anything the tourist meets with in or near sophisticated Paris. Certainly after one annual Jugon fête any one would have a different idea of the French people than after months spent as months are usually spent in the French capital.

At half-past eight in the already warm Sunday morning guns were fired. We rushed out to learn the excitement—

it was the signal for the first number on the program to begin, the Grand Concours de Pêche, the fishing contest. A stretch of the muddy lake had been marked off with stakes, about three feet to each fisherman, and numbered. Lots had been drawn, and at the signal from the guns each person took his place and cast off. "Cast off"—one or two (you were allowed two) unbelievably long, unwieldy bamboo poles, worms, sinkers, corks. Thud and splash went the worm and the sinker, a hundred or so of them from the shadeless, sun-baked, muddy bank, and for two and a half hours Jugon and its visiting contestants fished, most of Jugon who weren't fishing, watching from the road above. Two and a half hours. There was to be a prize for the first fish (twenty cents), a prize for the smallest fish (sixteen cents), four prizes for the greatest and three next greatest number of fish (from one dollar and fifty to twenty cents); prizes for the heaviest mess and three next heaviest; a prize for the biggest fish, an *épuisette* donated by M. Edouard Bitel, watchmaker of Jugon.

Parkers chose to take up their stand by the fisherman who seemed the most active. He was always pulling something in. (Some stood contentedly for two and a half hours in the broiling sun and caught nothing.) When the guns went off at eleven o'clock and all lines had to be in, our hero's catch was deposited in a cardboard receptacle about the size and shape of a small ear-syringe box. In other words, no fish was longer than three inches. And our hero got the prize for the most number of fish and the smallest fish—most of his averaged two inches in length. But we anticipate.

When the guns went off at eleven the fishermen clambered up the bank and arranged themselves, poles over shoulders and all but scratching the stars, behind the band. There followed a blast of trumpets and roll of drums, and the parade was off (*le défilé des concurrents avec le concours de la musique de Plancoët*). You may think the music or the fishermen or the fish were the most important part

of that parade. None of the three. A new hero enters upon the stage. Can it be he is the Mayor of Jugon or is he merely the unofficial leading citizen elected President of this year's Annual Fête? He must be Mayor and President and Leading Citizen. He marches at the head of the parade. Perhaps after all he is what he looks to be—a character from a comic opera or a riotous French farce done according to an American's ideas of how the funniest-looking Frenchman must dress and act. He is tall with drooping mustachios, he wears a Derby and a very, very high stiff collar of the old "choker" variety (remember the temperature), he wears a cutaway coat and striped trousers and light kid gloves (surely the only soul in Jugon, male or female, who possesses a pair of gloves), he carries a silver-topped cane, and all day long a cigarette droops from the corner of his mouth. He is here, there and every place, nor does he ever smile. All day people rush to him for advice. Perhaps he will be awarded the Légion d'Honneur.

But just now he is immaculate, except already his pointed shoes are dusty, at the head of the Concurrents de Pêche. Beside him, perspiring from the honor, is the fat earnest Vice-President of the Annual Fête. The fat, earnest Vice-President carries the large French flag. Off they go, heroes all, to march the streets of Jugon. The main street is only two blocks long. They march that, and up and down every other street, trumpets blaring, drums beating, poles on high, and Parkers bring up the rear. We march up and down every street and still the parade is all too short, so we circle the "city hall square" twice. It is the size of a medium-sized hotel dining room. And then it is, marching over, that the distribution of prizes takes place on a platform in front of the Mairie, and our fisherman hero produces his little ear-syringe box and wins all told nineteen francs.

The band, that Musique from Plancoët, eats at our hotel. There must be twenty of them. There is hardly

room for three Parkers, squeezed down one end of a bench. From one-thirty to two-thirty, filled with soup and fish and meat and potatoes and vegetables and plums and wine, the band occupies a corner of the square outside and blows and beats its "Concert par la Musique de Plan-coët," second number on the day's program.

At three o'clock you have the truest of true French, that enthusiasm of rich and poor, young and old—Courses de Chevaux, horse racing. You may have seen the races at St. Cloud, at Longchamps. Satined jockeys, fashions of the world-famed couturiers, betting booths, packed grandstands. Next day a writeup in the papers, pictures of the frocks and hats, more or less money jangling in gold mesh bags, in the latest cut of London trousers. That, too, is France.

But so is Jugon. The race course is a large field of many holes. There is one tree. The band sits under the tree and a few lucky early birds. The rest of us sizzle on the shadeless grass incline. All Jugon is there, and still they come from miles around. Every elderly woman without exception, and most of their married daughters, wear a black dress made like every other elderly woman's black dress—tight waist, full skirts, apron. Most of them wear sweet starched white caps on their all but bald heads. A third of the young girls wear costumes more or less like their mothers' and grandmothers', simple, spotless, attractive with their neat hair and caps; a third wear a hideous, styleless garment belonging to no particular age or epoch, matched with still more unpleasant trimmings; a third are clad in "modern" dresses, and save us if ever there were anything uglier than the dresses of Jugon and environs when they attempt to be up to date. Take them all in all, I pondered on what—was it Rebecca West? wrote: "The dress of the female American is modeled on the same principles as in other countries, the fundamental purpose being to prevent the male mind from brooding over its own private worries." I should think a male mind

in Jugon would still brood on. Undoubtedly the girls with their full black skirts, tight bodices, white caps, all handed down from mother to daughter, looked with envy on the fortunate acquaintances who were allowed to follow the styles. And the "modern" hats, a hundred of them more or less exactly alike—atrocious, stiff shapes encircled with clashing flowers. We are born believing in the "innate taste of a French woman."

Guns—the first race! (Premier prix 250 francs; deuxième prix, 100 francs; troisième prix, 50 francs—almost twenty-three dollars in all.) It is a trotting race. Farmers have come from near and far in their carts. Three of them unhitch their horses, sit on them, suspenders, farm shoes and all, and the race is on! Around and around and around they go—a prize for all three.

After what seems at least an hour, second race, au galop. The same three and their suspenders. Their horses had to rest a bit.

Third race, after enough rest—the band blares and beats in between. The horses are harnessed back into their carts and off they go again. Except here an outsider has been imported, probably for advertising purposes. He is really a jockey, in red and blue satins and a real jockey cap, and he drives a real racing vehicle with wheels like a bicycle. We are all impressed. He bounds over the ruts and holes and rocks and is so far ahead of the horses and carts and suspenders (one of the cart drivers smokes a long cigar) that no one can keep count how many more times the satined person has been round the course compared to suspenders. The others keep going round and round long after the satin and bicycle wheels have been surrounded by an admiring throng.

The fourth is an obstacle race—twigs two feet high. It is too hot, the horses go round forever and ever, we leave lest we miss the real event, to Parkers, of the day. At five-thirty, down on the main highway is to be the Courses de Bicyclettes. We perch up on a high stone wall and



wait impatiently. It is at least six-thirty before the races begin. "Afterwards they had two bicycle races they were the most exciting of all. The same man won them all. He won them both on sprints the last minute. One was a three-kilometer race and the other a six-kilometer one. After that we ate supper."

What offended my sense of fitness was that the man who won a grilling six-kilometer bicycle race, after winning a grilling three-kilometer bicycle race—and he looked as if he would expire—won a prize of just twenty cents more than our hero of the morning who stood in one spot and yanked in minnows.

There was shooting at a target about the distance of a bedroom window away.

And, at nine o'clock, the Bal à Grand Orchestre. Jugon and points adjacent danced on the dirt in the Place de la Mairie. Such noise as that orchestra made never was heard this side of purgatory. I changed my front room with Nandy's rear one. He can sleep through anything. His diary says, "the music was awful but that didn't matter much as long as it was music." He is not burdened evidently with a critical ear.

The annual fête of Jugon. There are hundreds of just such fêtes being celebrated all over France throughout every summer.

It was the next day, Monday, August 11th, our nerves still all but shattered from the wear and tear of a Jugon fête, that my diary begins, "The great and famous day when the Parkers rode a hundred and one kilometers!!! (That's about sixty-three miles.) Her old bones, too. Had no plans to go so far, but ambition ran away with us. As bad as climbing Matterhorn. Wanted early start but decided to mail back to Paris many so-far unneeded articles and that took time. Got off nine-thirty. Happened to see magic words 'Château féodal' on map so we took that road to Moncontour, instead of main one, and oh it was all so lovely. Of course we got lost at first, but right road

turned out to be splendid and perfect weather and everything so beautiful. Gave up hopes of feudal castle. Entered divine woods and there was the castle—a prize! Moncontour fine, especially view of it from across valley, old, crooked, hilly, winding. Good lunch out under awning in funny little restaurant. Proprietress so dear and friendly and with three bottles of lemonade it all came to about seventy-five cents!! Church had some very beautiful stained glass. Bought Jim a large hat. Hot as blazes. On to Pleone—awful time pronouncing it so citizens could understand route we were asking after. Hot. Drank Vichy in nice hotel on large Place. On over bad road in repairs to l'Hermitage and soon after rode off our good old map and felt all lost until kilometers farther rode onto the new Michelin one—like sailors on an uncharted sea. Many grand coasts and views and everything lovely, country often tropical looking, with ferns thick along roadside and trees like palms from distance. Stopped at another wayside inn, dirt floor, for lemonade and cakes. Stopped again at Corlay. Took picture. Drank Vichy. Fine ruins. On to St. Nicholas. I was ready to stop there, first because I was tired with eighty-five kilometers, second because we discovered a most adorable little hotel with well in front and all and all. But sons possessed to make a hundred kilometers and promised everything if I'd keep on the sixteen kilometers to Rostrenen. The weary old bones! But we made it and oh, such a relief to see a hotel loom up and be told there were rooms."

In more ways than one was the hundred and one kilometer ride from Jugon to Rostrenen like the trip up the Matterhorn. And that night I retired in the Hotel du Commerce a humble soul. It was thus:

When one travels with the minimum of baggage, and a small-to-medium rucksack a piece for five weeks is about the minimum, clothes must be carefully thought out. Especially for that bicycle summer did I want to be cool and comfortable and at the same time wear a dress which would



*Near Bayeux—The sort of thing a motorist whizzes by (dog inside.  
See text)*



*St. Pierre-Sur-Dives, the old Market Hall*



not show the inevitable spots which come from bicycles. I left Paris eminently content with my wardrobe. Many the hot ride I blessed my cool sleeveless loose marocain dress, with a full skirt and a pattern warranted to conceal all axle-grease spots. Off and on, but very seldom, we passed other women bicycling. Two Americans once were pumping along red in the face, encased in breeches and Norfolk coats and knee-high leather boots. How I scorned them as I breezed by, cool in my summer dress. Another woman had a heavy khaki divided skirt. She too received my pity. Especially that hot sixty-three mile ride from Jugon to Rostrenen did I bless my intelligence and airy wardrobe. That evening, for all my body was weary, I felt as I entered that crowded little dining room and walked down to our table that I looked as if I had strolled in from an afternoon on the porch. No dusty hot breeches or khaki shirt for me.

When I took off that beige and black marocain dress to retire I held it up lovingly. A smart woman. I looked at it dubiously. What was amiss? Nothing, oh, nothing. I had merely ridden the back of it clean off. I had strutted down that dining room with a hole the size of a dinner plate where a lady sits down.

One store in Rostrenen which sold materials of any sort. Their assortment consisted mainly of white sheeting and black alpaca. White wouldn't do at all. I bought black alpaca—the kind you could make a dress of and hand it down generation after generation, and there was nothing else to do but sew a large slab of it on the back of my marocain Paris dress. It gave the dress a unique appearance—nothing like it seen in France all that summer. And I was so sure I could ride a hundred and one kilometers any time I liked—that large black patch would never wear through.

But there was no hundred and one kilometers the next day. Rain, punctures, and a desire to watch the cattle fair, held us up until after lunch. Also from the time we started



off and for fifty kilometers to Châteauneuf we had mostly up hill and a strong head wind against us all the way. Which meant not only our bodies were tired, but our spirits. And both the two hotels in Châteauneuf filled. It couldn't be! I was too weary to move another foot. We went back to one of the hotels and told our troubles. We would sleep in the cellar, on the roof—anything, any place. The nice folks took us in, bless them, and fixed a double bed in the only bathroom for the boys, and put a cot in a laundry room off the kitchen for me. Christians, they were. I slept the sleep of the against-the-wind-weary, with mounds of unironed sheets and towels and bedspreads piled high all about me.

The next day we indulged in one of those pleasurable experiences on the whole permissible only to travelers without set plans or baggage. We ended the day where we never dreamed we would. Our elastic schedule had us bound for Douarnenez and the sardine fishing fleet. "Pouring rain off and on and bad squally weather." "We went along a swell tow path for a while." (If there is anything more delightful than riding along a French towpath on a bicycle I don't know it—wooded hills rising on either side from the river Aulne, and winding along beside the river the smooth, narrow, level towpath, quiet, windless, dustless.) "We read a sign that said you weren't allowed to go on the towpath with bicyclettes but a farmer 'gave us the permission,' " (naturally the farmer had nothing whatever to do with it but his nod and smile and wave of the arms provided us great moral support—the sign was very big and explicit) "to go on it. By a cross road that was going to Quimper it began to rain again. We got under some trees and Mom got the bright idea of going to Quimper instead of Douarnenez but first we had to climb up a six-kilometer hill." (I ask any one how they would feel riding a bicycle almost four solid miles up hill when every minute they would be aware of what a four-mile hill would mean if only they were going down it and not

up.) "Stopped for lemonade at a little dirt floor hut. Nice woman was so excited over our trip—claimed she'd want two years to do what we were doing in five weeks. Neighborhood came in to view us. On and on—could ride up hill anyhow—perfect road. Finally reached top of world, barren, windswept, but marvelous view. And no downhill as reward. Were always having to stop for something—rain or bicycle troubles. Briece for late lunch, funny little hotel, omelet, potato salad, wine, much bread and butter. Nand had puncture and many rainstorms drove us under shelter. Eight bulls kept catching up to us and inspiring us to move on. Finally long coast down to Quimper, rather bad road and wind against us. All attractive hotels full, so rooms in funny none-too-clean Hotel Templet."

Quimper was something of the old Brittany from costumes to the pictures in its little gallery—pictures of tempestuous seas, tempestuous battles, tempestuous deaths, all hardy, all realistic. And Quimper, because of its Brittany, its costumes, its waterways and gables, had drawn unto itself tourists, an article we had seen little of. And they it was who had filled all its hotels. Also there was much, much rain in Quimper. Tourists don't bother bicycles, provided there is more than one road by which one can enter and leave a town, but rain bothers. And such trips as we had planned to make radiating from Quimper out! Every day was to have been a day of discovery. And one day only were we able to get off. It is one thing to get caught in a downpour and keep on going. It is quite another to start off cold bloodedly in a rainstorm.

But a certain Friday, August 15th, was a day of days. We started off to make a day of it, but the gods above decided that if they granted us sunshine that was more than enough for mortals, and for the rest a bit of hard luck would do no one any harm. To make sure of good luck—God helps those who help themselves—we had my bicycle put in order at a shop. No home tinkering. While

she was being made seaworthy sons and I strolled the town, taking in the Breton costumes of all sorts and kinds on that sunny fête day. We were to bicycle to Pont l'Abbé, Loctudy and the coast, swim, eat lunch, and be back in time for the fête. No missing of fêtes!

Fifteen minutes out on the highroad from Quimper I got a puncture in my back tire. While that was being fixed by Nandy the front just popped—so! Jim got to work on that.

“Gee, Nand, you wiggle the bicycle so I can’t do a thing!”

“You keep pulling it up toward you and I’ll never get this puncture mended!”

Three-quarters of an hour gone.

Off on the most beautiful winding side road, châteaux and trees, hedges and vistas of the Odet. And every other minute my front tire flat again. We would have cursed fate more roundly were it not that every time she flattened out we were beside a hanging mass of wild blackberries. Finally, at Plomelin, for the financial outlay of six cents, we got that puncture professionally located in a pail of water and fixed. A bit further on Jim’s chain came off, and since we found ourselves for that event in front of a roadside café we stepped in at one-thirty and filled up such cracks as were not already usurped by blackberries with a large omelet, much bread and butter, and a bottle of cider with a cork which popped to the ceiling. What with tires and corks life is hard on the nerves.

We made Pont l’Abbé at 2.30 instead of eleven as planned, and the fête back in Quimper beginning at three. But Pont l’Abbé must be looked at, with its old castle city hall, its squatty rose-windowed fifteenth century church, the bent old women with their high white caps, the younger women and girls in their embroidered waists.

Back in Quimper the fête delighted our three hearts. Never had we seen so many costumes genuinely worn any place—at least two-thirds of the men and women were in

old Breton dress. So many of the girls were so pretty, so many of the men small, badly put together, unattractive. But the embroidery on their jackets! And their funny high hats! The fête itself was mostly the fête you'd find in any modern civilized community any time during the last fifty years or so; merry-go-round after merry-go-round of every sort and description, the fat woman, four-legged baby, shooting galleries, strong men, snake charmers, and the crowds. If it weren't that I had more or less promised not to mention food, I would refer casually to the fact that to get a breathing spell from the crowds we crossed the river for our "four o'clock tea," a rather stylish place at that, where we had ice cream and cake for three and the expense of a broken plate plus a twenty per cent tip, for twenty-five cents.

Back to the fête again we found ourselves eyeing lurid posters before a Museum of Anatomy. They would lead one to believe that inside were to be viewed all the details of life and death. "If I'm going to be a doctor I ought to see it. Come on in!" Jim was lost in the crowd. In we went, expecting the whole thing to be a fake.

No, sir, no fake! If ever we got our money's worth it was in that museum. True, the posters overdid the interior, but no complaints from us. That museum was an education for any youngster—indeed, gestation, for instance, was portrayed more vividly than I had ever seen it. There were lifelike wax half figures of a pregnant woman showing the foetus from a month or so to birth. "Mom and I saw a swell kind of museum to show how babies grow." There were wax figures to show your insides from infancy to adolescence. There were figures to show how the inside of your head looks, and the inside of everything else. There were models of bones and there were things in bottles. There was a catalogue to explain what you were looking at. "Didn't I tell you it would all be stuff a doctor ought to know?" It was all stuff anybody ought to know, simply and clearly shown.

Once I had looked at the Musée itself my interest centered on the people. A steady file of Breton peasant couples passed in, looked at everything, walked out. I tried to imagine young men and women of from eighteen to twenty-two in America walking about wax figures of pregnant women sliced in two in the absolutely nonchalant manner of those Bretons. They looked at objects, pointed to this or that, went on to the next. If it would be conceivable that young people would look together at such a museum in the United States, the girls would surely have been one giggle and snicker and blushing, the men perspiring from embarrassment. The only self-conscious people in that whole museum were two young Englishmen. They overheard Nandy and me passing remarks and one said to the other, "I say, there's some one talking English. Let's get out!"

It was the next day in Quimper the news came that the dear old Swiss Herr Professor Vetter in our cloister in Stein am Rhein had died. A few days later came the description of his funeral. He had loved the Rhein so, that Rhein into which his beloved cloister jutted as it flowed out of the Lake of Constance and the Bodensee. Sometimes he swam from Stein down to Schaffhausen, a distance of twenty miles, his clothes in a rubber bag on his gray head. He was seventy-eight years old when he died, and up to three weeks before his death took his early morning swim from the cloister steps into the Rhein. So, instead of the dusty trip by automobile to the crematory in Schaffhausen, a flower-laden barge with six townsmen to row the coffin and the family and faithful Otilie floated down the quiet Rhein to Schaffhausen. When the barge glided under the old curved wooden bridge to Stein the townspeople, whose fathers had known his father, whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers had known his grandfathers and great-grandfathers, dropped flowers onto the barge, onto the Rhein, to float on down Schaffhausen. The dear, white-haired Herr Pro-



fessor, my friend. And now, when I go back to visit in that cloister he so loved and I so loved, he is no longer there. . . . My friend. . . . I am grateful that we lived in the Kloster St. Georgen in time to know him. . . .

Sunday, August 16th. "If a really sunny day came along we'd faint." But the rain did stop by ten-thirty and we were off with many blessings and farewells from the dear old toothless soul who ran our dirty hotel and a wind in our favor, to Concarneau and the annual Fête des Filets Bleus. Fêtes and Fêtes. And what was our luck to ride up to the main street of Concarneau at the exact second when the Fête parade reached that particular spot. Well worth while was that parade, too, with its many and varied old costumes—far more styles of costumes than at Quimper. After lunch we rushed over the bridge to the old quarter of Concarneau, the Ville Close, and before long there was the Fête in full swing and much fun for old and young, Americans and Bretons. There was first an unending series of most energetic wrestling matches—pair after pair clutched each other's garments, donned, it seemed, to be clutched at, and all but wrenched one another clothesless. There was a costume competition, and relieved I was that I had no responsibility in the deciding. I hung on to the side of a stone wall with Matterhorn skill and thought each costume lovelier than the last. There was a Breton song competition and, joy to behold, a Breton folk dancing competition, with a bagpipe and a whistle effect for music. That we loved. An Englishman dashed ahead in the notion that he was buying reserved seats for himself, wife and mother-in-law and congratulated himself out loud on his foresight. Trying to locate just where and what the numbers stood for the three at last were able to decipher that they possessed three tickets for a bicycle lottery, drawings in September. Anyhow they planted mother-in-law in a front seat and then the stocky man with the bagpipes and the broad man with the whistle sta-

tioned themselves directly in front of mother-in-law and there they stayed, tooting in her ear, filling her vision, for the rest of the afternoon. An Englishman always seems such an uninterruptedly placid individual! Perhaps he doesn't mind having a mother-in-law along. But then after all Katharine Mansfield's story of "The Man Without a Temperament" was about an Englishman. What a story!

Of course in Concarneau every hotel was filled to bursting. We were more or less used to that. But an agreeable hotel proprietor found us one room in a far-off corner of the town. The toothless old soul of eighty-two who owned the house sat there and mumbled to us all the while we cleaned up for dinner. The boys were shy about beginning with a strange lady present, but I explained she was surely too near blind to see how much clothes they had on. She wouldn't believe I was the boys' mother and laughed and laughed. Then she drew me over to the window and got her eyes two inches from my face and clucked and laughed and shook her head—"La Mère!" So I told the boys they could surely dress in unconcern. On and on she babbled, friendly old soul. Did we come in a big boat from America? Had it taken a long time? Were we afraid? She was so old she could scarcely move, yet she had no one to help her with the work, and three rooms to rent. That night we watched the fireworks from the old bridge. When we got to our room late we felt about in the pitch dark for a light or matches or something, and bumped and felt. Nothing. Some one located a rucksack and we unpacked a pocket electric light and blessed our stars for that wee glimmer and went to bed.

The next two days were Some Days, for excitement and variety and happenings the high-water marks of the trip.

First, Monday in Concarneau it poured cats and dogs. The sun shone, we started off—puncture. Fixed, on to Pont Aven, such blackberries along the way! And Pont

*Mar, St. Maurice—A  
Tenth Century cross  
stumbled upon in the  
woods*



*Quimper, Brittany—A  
street, if you will*



Aven a lovely nest. I would go there and stay at the Hotel Julia and have tea at the old mill. On to Quimperlé, road mostly very bad. Once a sudden downpour drove us to shelter. Off again over hilly (which means also coastly) country, eighteen kilometers to Quimperlé in one hour. That old town was lovely—we came down the main street on our bicycles and all but landed head over heels over the handlebars, it was so steep. A delicious late lunch at the Hotel du Lion d'Or (*four* meat courses!) (We always go to a Hotel Lion d'Or first and rarely have regretted it.) Rain again, so I inspected a church built on the model of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem and the boys read *Sporting*. Off again, through the Forêt de Carnoët, and, oh, so lovely, so very lovely! Do drive or ride or walk through it! And such a perfect road. We were heading in a roundabout way for the Abbey of St. Maurice where our map made it look as if there would be a stalwart bridge awaiting us to cross a sizable stream. Not so. Arrived at St. Maurice, there was no bridge of any sort or description to be seen. A road the other side of thick mud and water started off from mid-air, as it were. How get to it? There were two houses in that part of the world, one a château; the other turned out to be where the man lived who rowed people across the Bac du St. Maurice. But the man wasn't there and the tide was out and wouldn't be in enough to row a boat across for an hour or two. We cursed our fate and then went exploring. How fortunate is time and tide in the affairs of man.

For there at St. Maurice, possessing a château and a ferryman's house, did we suddenly come upon something to swing us directly back to the centuries and spirit of Mont St. Michel and Chartres, something we never in the world would have found had a bridge existed across the Bac du St. Maurice, or were the tides of France not the kind which amble their way up into her interiors. Or, lest we receive credit for discoveries we never might have made



alone, had we not stumbled upon an attractive American couple waiting for an automobile to go some place where it could turn around. We knew there was a ruined abbey of the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries to look for—Baedeker had that much to say. Finding bits of that around in the woods behind the château we might still never have stumbled across that little cross in a shaded wooded nook around a corner, that little, gray-green stone Latin cross, some five feet high, with its quaint prim little figure standing against the base. It was not a crucifixion—the top of the figure's head did not reach the intersection. "They" say it belonged to the tenth century.

The tide came in, the man did not come home. No matter. A young woman said she would row us across. We piled three Albatrosses in the boat. Two females appeared from the bushes who were evidently long desirous of making the other side; there were three Parkers and the ferrywoman. In the middle we stuck fast. How that woman worked! Would she let a soul help? She would not! What with labor and the hand of God sending a bit more tide up through the woods and rivers, we finally got off again and over to the other side. "Combien, s'il vous plaît?" One franc fifty for three persons and three bicycles and all that sweated labor—six cents! We gave her five francs and she all but fell head foremost into the Bac. Probably in that forsaken, untouristed region no one in her life had ever given her a centime over and above the fare.

If you want to behold the most unattractive, dirty, dusty city in all France go to Lorient. If you approach it on a bicycle the road is so atrocious you would hate the city when you got there were it Jerusalem the Golden. On over cobblestones and through ugly streets to the port and just in time for the small "steamer" to Port-Louis, an attractive ride and fun it was to be on the water. One look at Port-Louis and we were pretty sure we would prefer not to spend the night there, but prudence cau-

tioned that we had no time to go further. Five small hotels, four dirty. All five filled to the brim. That was getting to be monotonous, these filled-up hotels. It would have been worse, however, to have tried engaging rooms any place ahead of time when we never had the least idea when we would be where. Well, we would find a room some place. Up one street, down the next in that ugly little town. Either houses were too filthy looking even to pull the bell cord or they hadn't a room to spare. We lost Jim. We hunted him and rooms at the same time. Realizing the utter hopelessness of finding rooms, we decided there was nothing to do but at that hour of the night ride on to the next town, thirteen miles distant. We had already made inquiries about trains—not another one left Port-Louis that night. We were weary and we were frozen to the bone with a cold wind which blew down the dirty streets of that dirty town. Bicycling thirteen miles against a wind, no lanterns, at nine o'clock at night might at least warm us a bit. And there at last was Jim working over a broken chain under a tree, his hands so cold he could do nothing, nor could anything have been done with warm hands, such a state was that chain in. We tried to find a bicycle shop. Not a one—there was only one—open that hour of the night. Cold, hungry, forlorn, there was one last ray of hope and escape. There might be a boat leaving for some place and we'd go there. We rode and ran down to the wharf and sure enough, a funny little churny tub was just putting off for Lorient, the last boat to be going any place that night. Lorient, one spot we never wished to lay eyes on again as long as we lived!

Back we chugged across the bay to Lorient on the Scorff, up the dark cobblestoned streets, stopping every few blocks to ask some one where we should find a hotel or so. Finally we came across something in the dark which looked as if it must be a hotel. It was a hotel, Hotel du Croix Vert, long live its soul, and there were three rooms

free and certainly hot water and certainly food at ten o'clock at night. What would we like? How we loved Lorient! We desired to build an amphitheater for Lorient holding eighty thousand. Long live the Hotel du Croix Vert! It is three rooms wide, three stories high. There is a hallowed picture of it in the Memory Book.

When we first shook the dust of Lorient from our feet that previous afternoon we had said never again Lorient. When we left that dirty cold Port-Louis we said never again Port-Louis. The next day with loving farewells to the Hotel du Croix Vert we started off for the harbor and a boat to Pen-Mané. After over an hour's wait it was reported that the boat for Pen-Mané had gotten stuck in the mud because of low tide and all Pen-Mané folk would have to take the boat to Port-Louis. And there we were back in Port-Louis again! But didn't we race through that town, to get it out of our sight as fast as ever we could! Anyhow, this was our lucky day. The wind was blowing a gale behind us, and we fairly shot along over that barren country, all but unable to stop ourselves for blackberries. This day we were after big game—Menhirs and Dolmens. But blackberries are blackberries, and if you brake hard enough, even with a gale behind you, you can stop. At last, at last, a menhir! Many menhirs!—those queer unexplainable high "men of stone" placed in their eternal rows all through that Carnac region, stones six to thirty feet in height. Who ever stood them, centuries upon centuries ago, in their rows? Why? How? Of course nothing must do but the boys had to climb the highest one they could find. Try climbing a menhir.

The first excitement over menhirs past, we found our first dolmen, "table of stone," and had no end of scrambling to do around and over and under that. Carnac and syrup to drink and a church to inspect. Should we stay all night in Carnac? There was a hotel there with

rooms—we had inquired. It would be so nice to spend one night once again without a preliminary endless hunt for spare beds. A wind is a mighty fine thing when it is blowing you along the highway, but it makes a dusty, unattractive mess of a town, and it is easier to go on than stay. So we went on. We passed the tumulus or sepulchral mound of "Mont St. Michel" and climbed it and saw the three great fields of menhirs, and then blown on past La Trinité-sur-Mer, where we wanted to buy a lot and build and buy a boat and live all our days, we breezed on down the peninsula of Locmariaquer. Baedeker said there was a steamer which ran several times weekly from the town of Locmariaquer to Vannes and it was a lovely trip and one ought to take it. Perhaps this day was one of the days that steamer ran. We hastened on to Locmariaquer to find out. We would see all the great megalithic monuments, the dolmens, menhirs, caves, about Locmariaquer after we learned when the steamer left. No one in tiny Locmariaquer had ever heard of that steamer. How did one then get from Locmariaquer to Vannes? One rode back up the peninsula to Auray and the train. Back against that wind?—never! Besides Baedeker had spoken too enticingly about that boat trip through the islands of Morbihan, or "Little Sea." Well, there was no boat. But some one must have a boat in Locmariaquer? Oh, yes, fishing boats. Well, wouldn't a man with a fishing boat take us over? Perhaps, if he had time. We went to one cottage and found a fisherman. He hemmed and hawed. If his partner had time. . . . We all three searched out his partner in his cottage. He was making a great fuss and sawdust over some momentous work. Much talk in a not-to-be-understood dialect. Suspense for Parkers—they were undoubtedly deciding they would take us if we'd pay a hundred dollars for the trip. The owner of the boat came over to where we were standing. Did we realize it would take two hours' sailing to reach Vannes? (That

was welcome news—we had been thinking it would all be over in about half an hour.) Did we realize that meant they'd have to stay in Vannes all night, and perhaps miss a day's fishing? (Two hundred dollars?) They would take us if we'd be willing to pay five dollars. Salts! Spirits!

Off across the Morbihan, three bicycles, three Parkers, two fishermen of Locmariaquer, in a boat with a mottled deep sky-blue sail. There was joy for you! Countless islets to right and left—on each would we build and settle. And anon the setting sun over all, and the swish and cut of the water, and a hurt in the heart for the beauty of the world. Verily, bicycling and sailing is a wondrous combination.

A bit cold we were and very hungry when we reached Vannes at eight-thirty. That cobblestoned city seemed to possess no Parker style hotels. We inquired after rooms at the Hostellerie du Dauphin. Our average rates to date had been from six to eight francs a night a room. Yes, the Hostellerie du Dauphin had a double and a single room free, price one hundred francs. Salts! Spirits! Recovered, we hastened out. The night before in Lorient, at our Hotel du Croix Vert, three single rooms, three dinners at ten o'clock with wine, three breakfasts, came to fifty-five francs. One hundred francs for three beds alone! Up one street, down the next, again in all but pitch darkness, Vannes being no doubt the worst lighted city of twenty thousand inhabitants in the world. All hotels either full or boarded up. We wearily took our way, one tire flat, to the station. As a last resort we had come to know that near every French station there was always a queer sort of a hotel which, all else failing, could produce three dirty rooms. In Vannes, then, we would sleep at their Hotel de la Gare. Imagine the condition of our souls when we entered the Vannes Hotel de la Gare and found them making up two beds on the floor of the dining room. No more floor space. We went back meekly to the



Hostellerie du Dauphin, filled with Americans and English, and took a hundred francs' worth of rooms. Dinner for our starved souls came to seventy francs, nor did any one have any desire to feed us that hour of the night. Dear Beautiful Lorient and its eager, friendly Hotel du Croix Vert. And all the other wee inns and hotels scattered about Normandy and Brittany where we had been received at all hours of the day and night with open arms. That is what tourists do for a town. And if that upety Hostellerie du Dauphin with its hundred-franc rooms and seventy-franc dinner wasn't the only hotel in our whole trip to charge us garage space for our faithful Albatrosses! Abah Vannes!

The worst of it was to have such stylish, costly beds and then be able to occupy them only from eleven p. m. to seven a. m. If a bed costs that much of course you ought to occupy it all the next day and get your money's worth.

Up and down through Brittany, off the map, on the map, dry, wet, fêtes and fairs, punctures and landscapes, stone crosses at the roadsides, menhirs and dolmens, fishing boats and forests, Breton costumes, Breton châteaux, Breton churches, and the Hostellerie du Dauphin, and it was good-by Brittany.

"August 20, 1924. How Touraine has received us! We are that blissful! . . . A hurried, rushed, hectic get-away from Vannes. Trains are awful—getting off on them—after being your own boss on a bicycle. But it's pretty dull uninteresting country between Vannes and Saumur and it was wise to do it by train. Also poured and hailed most of trip. Third class, such nice French people. Every one every place without single exception has been kindness itself about answering our questions as to routes, etc. They've gone out of their way to be helpful. Rain stopped just as we got to Saumur and all afternoon was lovely."

And that day we were gazing at our first Henry Adams shrine since Mont St. Michel. After "Mont St. Michel

and Chartres" the niece-in-wishes would have gone a long detour to behold anything to do with Eleanor of Guienne. Of her Henry Adams has no less to say than that she was "the greatest of all Frenchwomen." "Her decision was law, whether in Bordeaux or Poitiers, in Paris or in Palestine, in London or in Normandy; in the court of Louis VII, or in that of Henry II, or in her own Court of Love. For fifteen years she was Queen of France; for fifty she was Queen in England; for eighty or thereabouts she was equivalent to Queen over Guienne. No other Frenchwoman ever had such rule." She fairly charges down the twelfth century—and all we could see of her was her cold, still tomb in Fontevrault, beside her son Richard the Lion Hearted. There she lies, a marble figure propping a bible on her stomach, for all the world as if she might have spent her days a cloistered nun.

At the Abbey in Fontevrault we asked the guide how to reach Chinon. He advised our going back to the main road; the other way was very bad. If there is one thing we don't do on bicycles it is go back to any main roads. So we waited until the guide got the great outer door closed, so as not to hurt his feelings, and then rode off gleefully, feeling like truant kids, on the road he strongly advised against. And the most beautiful perfect way it was! And such blackberries! We could make no headway at all, and evening coming on. The country looked more like California or Oregon, say, ten years after a forest fire. We gazed across to the Château of Seuilly in the late afternoon light and thought we never had seen such a sight. All that country was lovely beyond words, with a loveliness all its own compared to Normandy or Brittany. And that afternoon such cloud effects in the sunset. And always the wind in our favor, and always blackberries. At seven-thirty there lay Chinon across the Vienne, Chinon, where Henry Adams had the captive troubadour sing before the old queen Eleanor in the great



*Jugon in Brittany—Showing a typical  
Parker Hotel*



*Grave of Beau Brummel, Caen. (The gentleman's reputation has not to date had great influence on Parker male young)*



castle on the hill his song of Nicolette and Marion; where Joan of Arc persuaded Charles VII to come to the relief of Orleans. (Doesn't the second scene of "Saint Joan" itself take place in Chinon?) And beds in the first hotel we came to, our very own style of an inn, about a court, the Hotel de la Boule d'Or.

"Thursday, August 21st, 1924. Touraine sun shone in my room this A. M., but alas later it did pour. But not till lunch time. Let boys sleep till nine-thirty. (I sat up in bed and, as usual, planned and planned with Baedeker and maps.) Then off to castle and how we did love it. First because you could wander and climb and descend and ascend as you pleased, guideless. Second, because the boys had read the play of 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' had seen the play, and Nandy 'had her' last term in history. Then we prowled the streets of Chinon, and loved the whole place. Eight people at dinner last night. This noon whole hotel overrun with tourists in busses and autos and one had to wait and wait, but meal very good. Poured rain. We wanted to get right off, instead sat up in my room and wrote diaries. Finally about four to four-thirty cleared enough to let us off. As usual we discovered quantites of blackberries and ate and ate. Road to Azay-le-Rideau one of those straight affairs for miles. Far too straight. We rode on and on, mostly through forests but not the lovely kind of forest road—too cleared away on each side, too straight, too many telegraph poles, and always threatening clouds. Some highly successful swift coasts. Made Azay just in time to see castle. Some really lovely things in it, furniture, tapestries and fireplaces. Kitchen a wonder. Park and water too lovely—we could have stayed on and on. But we had to make Langeais. Attractive road up over plateau, upon which a storm did break like to drown folks. We skat under an apple tree. Such a rainbow—such a two!! Coasting down hill later I lost two films out of rucksack—found them again. Langeais especially crossing bridge beautiful



after rain, with sunset colors. Hotel Lion d'Or just our style. Hungry, cold. Read "Lord Jim" out loud by candlelight.

"Langeais—Tours—Langeais. Friday, August 22nd, 1924. On the whole a mangy day. Off on bikes to Tours, and most of road the dreary, boresome, main road kind. Hate 'em. No sense to bicycling at all. We saw Cinq-Mars and Luynes and view of Tours from distance was lovely. But Tours awful disappointment itself. Was amazed, as I expected much. Cathedral had glorious stained glass—best part about it, otherwise too distressingly Gothic. And a couple of old towers in town and otherwise—nothing. Could easily leave Tours out altogether. Got mail and papers, etc., to read and best of all my first copy of "Ports and Happy Places" and how boys did gloat over it! We sat at sidewalk café and ate ice cream and drank chocolate to celebrate. Later *poured*. Nobody in good humor (I for one so sick and disgusted with this eternal rain I've no decency left in me). We thought to take train back to Langeais but found we'd missed it by five minutes. Nobody's disposition improved. Waited at station for downpour to cease. Rode on short ways and another came. Stood under clothing store awning. But I did feel some better over perfectly beautiful road we took back on other side of the river from the morning. Trees, river, good winding road, nobody else on it, blackberries. We lost Nand—he took another way home. Jim and I saw Château Villandry. And always lovely, lovely road. Had to duck under trees every so often because of rotten rains.

"Langeais—Loches. Saturday, August 23rd. And some old fifty-mile ride it was, and a marvel. First bicycle cleanings and then the Château at Langeais and that surely was worth while having stayed over a day for—the very best yet, the only castle we ever felt we'd like to live in. The effect was one of warmth and comfort—each room a huge fireplace, tiled floors in warm patterns,

and walls hung with glorious tapestries. Furniture and chandeliers and everything lovely. We were late getting off on bikes, provisions to buy, etc. Fearful rainstorm soon after starting—off and on during day we ducked under shelter, but sun shone some too and wind almost always in our favor. Due to rains and such quantities of blackberries as never were, we were late reaching Montbazon for lunch, about three. Road had been so beautiful, except for a rather bare plateau stretch in middle. Such a good lunch served specially—*hors-d'œuvre*, omelet, thick, juicy steak, beans, mushrooms (lots), salad, cheese and fruit and wine—twenty-four francs for three. And how she poured during lunch! Then on over and through most beautiful road and country and along loveliest stream in France to Loches. Stopped once for lemonade, once for brave Jim to swim in fearfully cold stream, once for much rain, we under trees admiring gorgeous rainbows. Had to use main road at end and awful it was. Hotel de France in Loches and very nice.

“Loches—Blois. Sunday, August 24th, 1924. Never dreamed we'd be in Blois to-night. Up to castle this morning. Awful dungeons and prisons—few of those go a long way. Delightful views every place. Big lunch, big bicycle cleaning and late off. Looked every second of whole afternoon as if next second we'd be drowned in a black downpour, and yet somehow we just escaped without a drop falling on us. Many blackberries. Boys dear and much talking. Road often so barren we wondered how we could race to next distant solitary tree before storm broke. Whole afternoon kept one eye out for shelter—like playing musical chairs. Made Chenonceaux just before six, last people to be shown through. Langeais spoils one for castle interiors. On for dear life to Amboise, marvelous long coast at end. (Passed poor man pumping up hill with mattress strapped on in front, bedding, etc. Did I write earlier of passing two boys with rolls of bedding, pots and pans?) Thought to sleep in Amboise, but weather so bad

and Monday castle would be closed and outside main thing anyhow, and we could just make train to Blois—and we did. Loved Jim's disappointment—he did so want to see all there was to see. Brand new third class to Blois, our enthusiasm and joy boundless. Wandered all over Blois in dark trying to find our style hotel and at last located Gerbe d'Or, *just* what we love. And such a dinner as they cooked for us at ten o'clock at night. Compare proprietor's reception with Hostellerie du Dauphin in Vannes! Give me Blois.

"Blois. Monday, August 25th. We liked our Gerbe d'Or so much, and so much to see, decided to do Chambord and Cheverny and back here to-night. Threatened rain all day long but not a drop fell, first rainless day for us in—centuries. Again most of road over flat and treeless country. Again wind with us—sped along, fastest yet. Approach to Chenonceaux very impressive. Ate in nice hotel next to château. Am not strong on châteaux insides so we passed on to Cheverny. Boys found sport field en route and jumped some. Always black clouds. Cheverny a waste of precious time. Ugly outside and we made the great mistake of going in—*terrible*, except we enjoyed pictures of Don Quixote in dining room and hall. Had hoped to take train back to Blois as my soul is really weary, but no convenient one so we rode and were glad, for the wind had died down, road good, fine coast down into Blois. Boys went back to hotel, I rode about to see old part of Blois and the church of St. Nicolas."

I wonder why tourists make such a fuss over the Châteaux District—perhaps because, thanks to the arrangements of travel bureaus, you can see so many châteaux in such a short time. It is true they and their occupants played their tremendous rôle in the affairs of France, and a varied rôle it was, mixing as it did in politics, finances, art, religion, sex. By all means see châteaux—and Langeais if you see no other, except that for the good

of one's historical soul it would not be amiss to go from Langeais to, say, Cheverny, lest one accept too easily the idea of progress and improvement with the years. For beauty of country there was no comparison to us between Touraine and almost all of Normandy and a good part of Brittany. Nor can the soft-stone crumbling towns and hamlets of Touraine be compared with the sterner, stronger buildings of Normandy and Brittany. See châteaux, but learn first what came before: the Norman churches, the Norman towers and arches. There was a manhood, a strength, a devotion for you, gone long before the courtiers of Chenonceaux kissed the hand of Diane de Poitiers or Catherine de Médici.

And therefore was it balm for the soul, somewhat wearied with gimcracks of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to wander down toward the Place St. Martin in Vendôme and there to the left feast one's eyes, feast one's eyes, on the belfry tower of the Church of the Trinity. Back to the twelfth century and Henry Adams again—back where magic enfolds. Did magic enfold at Vendôme because Henry Adams had written “. . . you must reckon with the decision of architects and amateurs, who seem to be agreed that the first of all flèches is at Chartres, the second at Vendôme, not far from Blois in Touraine. . . ?” Had we reached a point of understanding where we could have worshiped before that belfry tower without so much as a hint from Henry Adams? Who can say? We had read Henry Adams before we saw Vendôme. But the flèches at Chartres inspired us before we had read Henry Adams. Quieting, completely satisfying—the gratitude of the soul when one looks up and up at that tower of Vendôme. So much about châteaux had been disturbing, irritating, to eyes but recently glorying in Norman arches. And now we were back, back to something which filled the heart with utter contentment.

And conscious that the very next day we should be standing before Chartres itself.

Chartres! I still feel the most inspiring cathedral interior, taken as a whole, is Seville. But Henry Adams has made me feel part and parcel of Chartres—it is *my* cathedral. Through the reading and rereading of “Mont St. Michel and Chartres,” through studying the hundreds of photographs of Houvet, Chartres has come to be more than a shrine visited and revisited. Without Henry Adams one could enter Chartres as a devout twentieth century pilgrim after beauty, and fill the soul, and leave content. After Henry Adams one enters Chartres a twelfth century worshiper, that peasant who helped with her own hands to haul the builder’s stones, for worship of her Virgin, and a little perhaps because if she did something to help build the most beautiful church in all the world the Virgin might be the more apt to guide from harm her lover off on the First Crusade. . . . “Her pity and love were infinite. ‘Let him deny your mercy who can say that he ever has asked it in vain.’”

But the real wonder to my devout peasant twelfth century eyes, as the real wonder to my infidel twentieth century eyes, was and is the glass at Chartres. One may weigh the merits of this cathedral or that taken as wholes. The windows at Chartres save one all bother of nice comparisons. No other glass in the world approaches them—“the most splendid color decoration the world ever saw.” As to the lancet windows below the rose—“These three twelfth century windows, like their contemporary portal outside, and the flèche that goes with them, are the ideals of enthusiasts of medieval art; they are above the level of all known art, in religious form; they are inspired; they are divine! This is the claim of Chartres and its Virgin.”

Read Henry Adams, visit Chartres. Reread Henry Adams, revisit Chartres. Within one’s soul is a richness, a wealth, a glorious vision and a feel of ages past, yours for evermore. And a surge of gratitude to those builders who could with stone and glass produce eight centuries ago such marvels of architecture; gratitude to Henry



Adams, who could translate eight centuries ago into something so throbbingly vivid. And gratitude that eight centuries could pile themselves up and yet allow to exist intact one insignificant mortal, descendant of her "two hundred and fifty million arithmetical ancestors" of the twelfth century; and produce as well the means whereby she could cross three thousand miles of continent, three thousand miles of ocean, and her Albatross—and there she stands, gazing with awe, with reverence, with thankfulness, on the Middle Ages and its glories.

Chartres!

It is difficult to write further. One sits with closed eyes and there it is—the portals, the old tower, the apse, the glass. And always the rose window, the three lancets, and my own beloved window, Notre Dame-de-la-Bellè-Verrière.

We saw Versailles and Malmaison—and bought our first overcoats in Paris. And by rushing we reached Geneva in time for the League of Nations Assembly, the sons' first.

## XI

### THE SONS BICYCLE ACROSS SWITZERLAND— PARKER, ON ANCESTORS

AVERAGE boys of fourteen and sixteen are not at the point where they can enjoy a solid month of internationalism. In between doses my two dashed off alone on a bicycle trip across Switzerland from the very southwestern corner to the very northeastern—back to their beloved Swiss school, Glarisegg, for a visit. Enthusiastic daily post cards came back, instead of diaries. From Jim, Hotel Bären, Brienzwiler, Canton Bern. “Dear Mumi. Such a lovely trip I have never had as the one between Vaudens and this place. We went 113 kms. to-day (over seventy miles). When we woke up this morning it was raining so we rode till Broc and saw the Cailler chocolate Factory. We rode further and saw the ‘künstliche See’ where the water came for the Factory, that means the power plant. Then we rode and rode until Jaun, then had to walk 2-3 hours until we got to the pass (nearly 5,000 feet high). The weather was wonderful, sunny and just clouds around the mountain tops. It was simply beautiful. When we reached the pass we ate lunch, then went down the other side—wiz—gosh how you would go. Then we went down that beautiful Simmenthal until Spiez. We then went along the beautiful Thunersee. We had to get off and walk around huge stone piles that the rain had washed down on the road. In Interlaken we looked through a wonderful ‘Fernrohr’ at the Jungfrau. I saw the post up on the top of the summit. The Jungfrau was so beautiful rising out of the clouds. We then came along a beautiful road to this place. Much love. Jim.”

Not bad for a post card.

People sometimes report Swiss hotelkeepers as a mercenary lot. Then I quote from cards to the contrary, the first sent from the Hotel Schwanen in Rapperswil, where we spent our first five weeks in Switzerland three years before. Nandy wrote:

"Dear Mumy. Do you notice the hotel we're in? It looked too stylish for me but Jim persuaded me to go in, but we just did it on your account." Incidentally he goes on to say, "To-day we made 112 km. . . . We went through the Hohegasse. That's the place where William Tell shot the Gessler dead. . . . To-day we went over two passes, the Brünig Pass and another one. We ate lunch on the Vierwaldstättersee. We haven't had a puncture yet! We've had some wonderful coasts but also some stiff climbs. . . ."

And Jim's of the same day. "This hotel sounds familiar, doesn't it!! I told them you'd been here and a nice lady with glasses and blond hair remembered it right away. . . ."

And the next day's card from Nandy.

"Dear Mom. . . . Do you know what they did at Hotel Schwanen in Rapperswil— They gave us our room free and each a sandwich when we left."

The last thing, before we leave the wet and adventure-some summer of 1924, take a look at two pages of the Memory Book. Cards of admission to the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations, bill from the Hotel des Alpes, Bex, and two pictures of the Lake of Geneva—that all means boys and I took the lake trip around to the other extreme from Geneva, the train to Bex, spent the week-end there with our June Bug and brought her back to Geneva from Mlle. Hemmerlin's Ecole Nouvelle near Bex, where she had spent a joyous and healthy summer; all four took the lake trip back along the French side to Geneva. A picture of the League of Nations building

where sons and I attended committee meetings; program of "La Caravene vers l'Ouest," which is none other than "The Covered Wagon."

Back in 1919 the "American Idyll" was published. There was, as I remember, only one important paper to review that book adversely—the *Boston Transcript* raked me and it over the coals. Among other statements was one to the effect that such a book could never have been written by any one who had known "the repressive value of ancestors." The first lecture I ever gave in the east was in Boston. I was petrified with fright, nor did the fact that they sat me at dinner next to Dr. Cabot still my beating heart. Such proximity to Boston great only added to my anguish. But before ever I got down to the business of talking on Labor Problems, which was what I came to talk about, I determined to vindicate my forebears before that Boston audience. I told them about the *Boston Transcript*. I admitted that as Boston rated ancestors I guessed I had none at all. Anyhow I didn't know anything about mine and if I'd had any I probably would have been taught all about them young. Ignorance then must mean lack. So much for distant ancestors. However, as to immediate ancestors—and I did heave my chest high in front of Dr. Cabot and everybody else—I'd match mine against any Bostonian's. And indeed, indeed there was no "repressive" influence about them. For every single one of my four grandparents went to California in the early days. My father's mother and father crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco in a covered wagon for their wedding trip. My mother's father when he was eighteen crossed from east to west with one other comrade on horseback. My mother's mother sailed south from New York and crossed the Isthmus of Panama on a donkey the day she was sixteen, and another boat on up to San Francisco.

There, said I, you have the kind of ancestors whose influence, instead of being repressive, is such that you

would blush with shame were there ever anything in this world you make up your mind you wanted to do, and then held back; to mortify your soul if you lacked the courage to strike out into the new and untried. No, it was true I did not know the repressive value of ancestors, but I knew what it was to have grandparents, all four, who struck out for a new state and helped build it!

And so, exultant, I took my three, including the June Bug, to see "The Covered Wagon." "And don't you ever say, 'I can't!' when you realize what your grandparents had the gumption to do!"

There is a picture of June Bug with her first bicycle (rented); a picture of a beautiful spot near by where we had a picnic lunch, we four, to celebrate birthdays—everybody's, past and to come, because we never are all together on any one's birthday. A post card of the Hotel Schwanen in Rapperswil, and Glarisegg, a picture of the sons with our Swiss friends, the Quadris, the station guard's family in Stein am Rhein, a ticket for an exposition sons attended on their way through Winterthur. If you turn the next page you see the big photographs of MacDonald in Geneva, and of the Fifth Assembly, the French Delegation, Herriot, Briand, Paul-Boncour, Loucheur, particularly clear. And the bill for my lunch party for the women delegates to the League. Back there, that page before, was Chartres, Versailles, Malmaison. A varied summer,



## XII

### BUDAPEST IS NOT THE BUDAPEST OF OUR DREAMS

PROBABLY almost every one has the picture of some city real or imaginary in his or her heart, the spot to which one could transport oneself—given the money and the time—when the repressions of this work-a-day, complacent, mediocre, materialistic world become all but unbearable. Maybe it is Venice or Paris or Capri or a corner of the South Sea Islands. Maybe it is no real place at all. Yet somewhere in the world, we hug the idea to our otherwise disillusioned bosoms, there must be a town where people laugh and sing on the streets, where there are no dark grays, no blacks, where all is varicolored costumes, varicolored flowers, music, play, a fig for care and a thousand for a song and you do exactly as you please while gypsies strum guitars and fountains tinkle.

I always knew it was like that in Budapest. And whenever I was in that particular mood—not the mood where you yearn for mountains or valleys or fishing streams or sailboats, but the mood where it must be a city, *the* city—I got in a big green touring car and I swung down the road sixty miles an hour to Budapest.

In the fall of 1924 I boarded a little Danube steamer at Vienna, and that night after dark we made fast to the pier in Budapest and the next morning I held my breath, nor could I begin to wait for the elevator—and there I was out on the street, in Budapest. Budapest!

It was all black and gray, nobody sang, nobody laughed, the gypsies looked like everybody else and dressed like

everybody else, and beggars were right and left and under one's feet.

"Ah, but Budapest, in early summer, before the war!"

Alas, one should have known every place in Europe in early summer, before the war. Budapest in the late fall, after the war, would break your heart.

Not, however, if you saw Budapest only as a tourist. Once indeed at a certain operetta called "A Notas kapitány" (Operett 3 felvonásban at the Fovaroszi operettszínház) one hundred per cent Hungarian costumes, songs, dancing, spirit, with the ne'er to be forgotten Biller Irén as Boriska, kantinoslász, one Halmay Tibor as Miska, huszar—ah, there, listening to that opera, swung fairly out of your seat by the rhythm and catch of the music, and not understanding one solitary word spoken or sung by the hohennain grofkisasszony, the herceg, the huszarezredes, the főudvarnester, the főhadnagy, the hadnagy, or any one else, there you caught something of the spirit of Budapest as you had dreamed it. The bizarre interior of St. Matthew's church on the hill in old Buda, that was Budapest. Taking a first real Turkish bath, *real* Turkish, put there by Turks hundreds of years ago—that was Budapest.

I did not just know where I was when I wandered the streets one night to a certain Varosi Színház and somewhat as a slight tribute to the chuckles F. P. A. had been responsible for in the last three years, I sat me down to listen to "A Mikado" vagy: Titipu Varosa, Operett 2 felvonásban. Irta W. S. Gilbert. . . . Zenéjét szerzette, Arthur Sullivan. . . .

A japani Mikado.....Toronyi Gyula

Nanki-Poo, fia.....Szedő Miklós

Koko, lord legfőbb hohér Titipuban..Dr. Dalnoky V.

Poor-Bah, lord legfőbb mindenegyb....Gabor Ernő

on down to Buh-Tush, Jum-Jum dajkaja played by none other than Kiss Edith.

An American listening to a Japanese operetta by two Englishmen sung in Hungarian.

Shades of F. P. A., that staunch Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast! The costumes! Budapest's idea of Japanese costumes! They were about as near the real thing as if they had portrayed a typical American in pajama trousers, dress-suit coat, golf vest and aviator cap. I had once heard "Madame Butterfly" sung in Geneva and ached lest a member of the Japanese delegation to the League of Nations might be in the audience and commit murder in despair. Such an idea as the Swiss had of Japanese costumes!—flannel wrappers with very wide sleeves. The Hungarian drew on his overwrought imagination and the result belonged to no land this side of the moon.

A plump, lisping gentleman, in gorgeous imitation satins, who continually licked his lips and stood on his tiptoes when he sang, rendered into Hungarian "A wandering minstrel I, a thing of songs and patches" and that music, heard in your cradle, to those Hungarian words—! But that was as nothing compared to hearing "The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la" in Hungarian! Oh, nothing! Nor did the audience seem to care a great deal for Gilbert and Sullivan.

The pleasant, more prosperous side of Budapest: beautiful Greco tapestries in the making—an order on that day from America for a thousand chairs. The efficient and attractive young Hungarian owner of the tapestry works told of a recent business trip to America. In a certain antique shop near Fifth Avenue a man thought to sell him a genuine old Gobelin tapestry for two thousand dollars until the Hungarian opened his own catalogue to a picture of that tapestry and reminded the New Yorker that he had once sold it to his agent for four hundred. . . . An artist colony off in one corner of Budapest where twenty-four artists and their families had been living twelve years. "You must have a charming community life, you and your children," I remarked to the painter

we were visiting. "Community life? There's no community life at all. We never see one another. The children play together when they're young, that's all." . . . Museums with treasures from the old Hungarian days. There you had it!—colors, colors, colors! Surely, then, they laughed and sang on the streets! . . .

And upstairs, over the Kunstgewerbe Museum filled with the spell of other days and you knew by those embroideries, by the pottery, crockery, woodcarving, furniture, that Hungary once must have held something of your dreams, upstairs was a school for applied art, modern, struggling, impoverished, where hungry young people were trying to blaze a faint trail ahead into the gray future by designing, weaving, molding, painting, carving. And nine out of ten, instead of building on the rich, unique Hungarian traditions as displayed with such prodigality in the Museum at their very door, were aping Paris, Berlin, Vienna. . . . Dr. Sandor Ferenczi and his charming family and their hospitality . . . helpful psychological discussions about the world in general . . . a meeting of the Hungarian branch of the International Psycho-Analytical Society, very politely held in German for my benefit—but once in a while some one got excited and talked Hungarian and he might just as well have been reciting from "A notas kapitany" for all I could make out of him. . . . The gypsy orchestra in the Hotel Hungaria—only they wore dress suits, which broke my heart. Reds and greens and yellows and earrings like napkin rings—that's how they should have dressed. (They begin to eat dinner about nine o'clock in Budapest.)

And the other side of Budapest: My two charming new Hungarian friends were social workers, and day after day they guided me about to let me see how most of Budapest lives—the Budapest a tourist never visits. . . . "The Barracks," shanties put up in rows during the war for the soldiers, filthy, for the most part, long out of repair, now filled with the poorest of Budapest . . . all

friends of my Mrs. Somogyi who had had them in one way or another under her care over the years. . . . Father in the hospital, mother earning \$2.50 a week, working all day, five children, one broken bed. . . . A young husband comes home to a dingy room while we are greeting his wife. It is early morning. He is drunk. "It is always so now," she whispers and he shoves her against the wall. . . . Two rooms, two children sick in bed, one frail little boy wandering about. "But the mother—she looked so refined!" Yes, she was from a noble family. They lost everything. Then she taught school. She married a teacher. Neither of them have been able to get any kind of work—he hunts day after day. Seven children they have had, three are alive . . . a piece of sacking keeps some of the cold air out where the glass is broken. . . . A boy of three locked all day long in a grimy room with a little dog—his mother has to work, a neighbor tells us. . . . Hundreds of people in those barracks—out of that number two families who looked as if they had the least idea that to-morrow might be worth living for. "Oh, but it is not nearly so bad now as in winter." Practically a hundred per cent of the barrack tenants are consumptive.

Near the Barracks is a Red Cross clinic, started by Americans during the war. Now mothers bring their sick babies and are taught the rudiments of child care and hygiene. And when not a mother could afford the nourishment her sick child needed. . . .

One cheerful spot in that corner of the world to wring your heart—I could scarce drag one foot after another for the weight of misery and want I had seen— One wee, squat shanty, clean as a whistle. A beautiful sister—she is so very beautiful—opens the door, and there are the children, as many as they can take in. Just then they are having their lunch—real food, a thick nourishing soup, all the small boys at one table, all the small girls at another. They speak a piece for the ladies. This is a



*Between Geneva and  
Grenoble—a Savoy  
bicycle coast*



*A Savoy bicycle coast  
near Talloires on Lake  
Annecy*





present from the Pope himself, this one ray of cheer. There is a picture of Alice Brady on the wall.

Early in the morning we passed long lines waiting in front of the government stands where American meat is sold. There the poor could buy beef for twenty-five thousand kronen where the same amount at the cheapest private stall would cost forty thousand. But there is never enough for the patient souls who wait and wait, for the hotels and retailers buy most of it. (So the report.)

Another day we visit the slums in the center of the city, just off one of the busy thoroughfares. You would never guess they were there. But pass through that archway—and I'd rather live in the Barracks myself. Dirt floors, roofs of every hut caved in, no windows, filth, sanitary arrangements unspeakable. Up to a few months before a landlord had been exacting three hundred thousand kronen a month rent for each hut. The tenants got together, hired a lawyer—and the dwellings were judged too uninhabitable to warrant any rent being exacted. But winter was coming, and those great gaps in the roofs!

Across the street it was worse. There, under the dark, crumbly shanties, were darker, more impossible cellars. In the first, the odors unbearable, lived a blind carpenter with seven children. Most of the beds in these dwellings where there were beds, were rented day and night, by shifts. Many of them now, damp, airless, were filled with sleeping night workers. Down one corner was a two-room cellar. We groped our way in. It was spotlessly clean, every inch of it. A tidy woman was stirring a pot on the shiny little stove. She had three women boarders. "You don't find it dark?" "Oh, no, it's not dark." Outside we passed a very well-dressed clean small boy. How and why such cleanliness in this foul corner of creation? Mrs. Somogyi speaks to him. He is a gypsy. "They're always cleaner than the others."

How dragged into torment does the spirit become after

such sights and smells and sounds. Come, we shall show you something to make your heart happy!

It is the clinic for training visiting nurses, the only one in Budapest, and caring for unmarried mothers and their babies at the same time. It was a sight for the eyes after slums and slums and slums. Twenty-five mothers were there—always it was full and so many to turn away and no other place for them to go. They learned to care for their babies, they learned, too, some work, so that after two months or so they could take some position. A place was found for every mother before she left. Last Christmas there had been two weddings under the Christmas tree. Perhaps too cruel that, I thought, for the other twenty-three.

The Home for the Blind, two hundred children there. How the blind love with their hands! Every place there was singing. Too, a girl of seventeen played a Haydn sonata for us, a boy Chopin—he might become a professional musician. The lovable man at the Home could teach him no more. “He plays now so much more beautifully than I!” Another boy brought his violin and we had Schubert. . . . And how the Braille books were worn!

What a handsome building—one of the finest in Budapest. That is the hotel built before the war during the great and good Barezy’s administration, for poor men. How much more beautiful than any other hotel in Budapest! Indeed, where could one find such another in any city? The mural paintings inside—there again a flash of the Budapest of one’s dreams. Five hundred rooms, about thirty cents a week a room. Some men had lived there since the building was new thirteen years ago. Each room was clean, bare and locked until seven every night. The men—every type a city like Budapest could produce, from a few who appeared ’way above the average to pitiful broken characters. One man was eating a picnic supper at a small table with a woman guest and a cat. The woman was sewing a button on his coat.

The settlement, the only one in a city of a million inhabitants. Such types there—so poor, so dirty; so much to do for them, so little money, so few workers. Yet something was being done for every age, from six months to eighty. The library, a branch of the Budapest public library—there you found your more reassuring type. What were they reading, these poor? Marx? Shush!! Nothing like that is allowed in any library since the revolution. The children? Each boy showed me the book he was reading, almost entirely translations of Cooper, Dickens, Jules Verne and priceless treat—those hungry heads bent over copy after copy of the same treasure of every age and land, “my favorite book”—“Hukleberifin” Kalandjai, Mark Twaine, so one little Nagy Pal wrote it for me. Worn almost threadbare were their beloved Mark Twains. Not so many people now come to the library as before the war—carfare is too expensive. There are fewer books, too, mostly novels. The young woman in the library, who is so polite and shows us everything—her face is more than beautiful. You know you could talk to her months, years, and never hear half the wisdom shining through those deep black eyes. Yes, she is very remarkable, she was trained here in the settlement. Her mother was a washerwoman, and brought the little girl here daytimes. She has read the best literature in English, French, German and Hungarian—all those languages she learned here at the settlement. And now she is excusing herself, she must go as—as some one is waiting. It is a tall young man in the hall. Oh, he must be a prince with a coach and four and they must live happy forever after, and she with all the books those deep, dark eyes can read. It must be so! I throw roses after her, I take off my jeweled rings, my furs, I throw them after her. And I lean over the banisters, as she goes on downstairs with her prince, and I let fall at her feet a bit of my heart. There indeed is more than the Budapest of my dreams.

It is the settlement kitchen. Men file by a counter



with one little window open. We can just see each face from the kitchen side where we stand. Old men, young men, coarse men, cruel men, noble men, kindly men, all poor, some in utter rags. One woman in all that long line. They buy a dish of rice for 1,500 kronen, 400 for a cup of tea. Why is the policeman there? Because so often there is a row about something, and then they knife each other.

I go back and eat dinner in the Grand Hotel Hungaria with the gypsy orchestra. Boys of fourteen to sixteen scurry about in dress suits helping the waiters. Beautiful Hungarian women—jewels—statesmen—champagne. Some one drops a glass on the floor. A boy is brushing up crumbs before a gorgeous dark creature. He stoops and brushes up the broken glass from the floor and continues in the same breath and with the same brush to clear the damask cloth of crumbs before the grand gentleman. It is Budapest, gypsy music, and neither notices crumbs nor the boy and his brush. And I wonder does he return at night perhaps to the Barracks or one of those cellars in the center of the town?

I walk about Budapest alone at midnight. But a city like that—alone—after dark . . . ! Two nights I do that, nor do I once have a moment's uncomfortable experience. Once in a while a man tips his hat and then passes directly by. But the laughter and the singing on the streets? No, there is none. I pass a ragged man. He is very drunk. He carries a brand new ax in one hand, with the other he is continually trying to do something about the sole of one shoe. It is entirely loose from the heel up. He doesn't like the way it flaps. So he stops, and leans against a building. It is hard to reach his shoe without toppling over, but he does it. and he slaps his sole back into position. It stays one second. . . . I invent many stories on the way home as to that new ax. . . . To this day I can invent stories about that ax.

On the train back to Vienna, after a last real Hun-

garian lunch with the dear Ferenczis—duck, something marvelous to do with a duck—I pass a station painted yellow, there are yellow late autumn trees around it, there are strings of dried orange corn hanging between the yellow trees. The Hungary of one's dreams!

### XIII

#### VIENNA AGAIN!—THIS TIME PSYCHOLOGY

THERE is just this about Vienna: Somehow, once having loved Vienna, you are always on a lookout for an excuse to get back—provided your character was strong enough ever to let you get away in the first place. Nor is it over difficult to find a pretext for returning to Vienna. There are many very, very good reasons why one should return to Vienna. One of them is to study psychology.

Why in Vienna?

The first answer is all too simple. Freud. Perhaps seldom has the personality of one man so dominated an intellectual movement as has Freud's in the field of psycho-analysis. Freud is the God of psycho-analysis. True followers the world over wait for his written or spoken word—of late years almost entirely written.

I was discussing a book on psycho-pathology by an American with one of Freud's most brilliant younger disciples in Vienna, a teacher and an analyst. "It is incorrect in places," said the Austrian. "I'm not sure the man is sound."

Coming to the defense of my countryman I said, "It's hard to find any book where every word in it is beyond question. No man is God."

"No," the Austrian mused, "of course no man is God." Then he sat up suddenly. "Yes, yes, one man is God—Freud." He pointed to his newly bought complete writings of Freud in ten uniform volumes. "Every word in these ten volumes is absolutely correct. Freud is a hundred per cent right. No—two hundred per cent. Every word Freud has ever written is absolutely correct. Every word he ever will write is absolutely correct."

Higher praise hath no man—

Freud is the great figure in the psycho-analytic world. His presence alone could make Vienna the psychological capital; but the importance of Freud in the flesh applies more to the imagination than reality. To those of us who come in search of the Way, the Truth, and the Light, Freud plays no active rôle except through his writings. He is no longer young, no longer strong. He analyzes a few important people, and otherwise husbands his strength for the writing he hopes yet to do. He sits at his desk behind the galaxy of priceless figurines almost covering the top, walls lined with books, dim curios, pictures, queer treasures from the four corners and the beginnings of things. And there he thinks and writes, this gray-haired, ageing, sick man. Great statesmen rise and fall, great machines start and stop, nations war and make peace, and all the while the thoughts and writings of that one man—reject them in toto or accept them two hundred per cent—are altering slowly the conceptions of statesmen, of minds behind machines, of warriors behind guns, of politicians behind peace. Few in the world know what ideas Freud really sponsors—we are all too glib on the subject, be we for or against—but understood or misunderstood, post-Freud generations can never be quite so shallow or merciless in their judgments on fellow human beings as pre-Freud generations. A post-Freud child can never be the same object in the eyes of parents and educators as a pre-Freud child. “Alas” or “thank goodness,” as you will.

For it is Freud who is responsible for the growing recognition of the tremendous rôle of the unconscious as a motivating force in human emotions and actions; of the early years of life as the controlling influences in the reactions of the adult to his environment; of the importance of healthy sexual adjustments in childhood and adolescence (sex in the Freudian sense being about as broad a term as the word love).

Freud is still the great directing spirit in psycho-

analysis, but even his disciples in Vienna, analysts and students, see him rarely if at all. Time was when he attended regularly the Wednesday night meetings of the International Psycho-analytic Society's Vienna Meetings—indeed, they began and were held for long at his home. Now he is never seen at the meetings in Pelikangasse.

Pelikangasse, headquarters of the analytic society in Vienna, is a busy place every night in the week. There it is where students of my nation and his and hers gather seminar fashion to hear Reik discuss the psychology of religion, say; Neuman clasps and unclasps his hands and talks in lurid details about neuroses based largely on his own analytic practices in the tone of voice an Iowan farmer discusses turnips; Bernfeld lectures on some phase of childhood; or with Bernfeld's pupil, Hoffer, pink-cheeked and a bit of a lisp, we sit about the table and raise boys as they should be raised. (Much talk in all branches of "he" and "his," and little or none of "she" and "hers." "What about the girls?" "Well, we don't know so much about the girls.")

Bob-haired young women smoke, make a note now and then or copy the "professor" word for word; older men peer over their glasses and make a note now and then or copy every word. We wretched Americans sit there and perspire trying madly but whisperingly to come to one another's rescue over words we never heard before.

Wednesday night the dark blue cloth covers the long seminar tables, ash trays are laid copiously about, and the great (except Freud) and near great assemble for the proceedings of the International Society—every other week a paper by home or visiting talent which is later referred to in the most polite and complimentary terms—extremely interesting, scholarly, absorbing, brilliant und so weiter, und so weiter—BUT, if the highly honored author will allow me, I should like to take exception to his—her—point that—and, amid dense smoke and agitated whisperings, discussion waxes and wanes. Every other Wednes-





*Glarisegg on the Bodensee, the sons' Swiss school*



*A school quartette concert in the Glarisegg woods*



day evening not so many of the great appear, which is too bad for the near great, as the lesser fry bring in the problems and difficulties which come up in their analyzing, for group discussion and help.

Perhaps once a week you visit Bernfeld's seminar attended by the heads and assistant workers from numerous of the institutions housing problem children of one sort or another in Vienna.

"Dr. Bernfeld, I'd like you to give me some advice about this case: A boy five and a half years old, father alcoholic, died when the boy was four. Mother tubercular, lives in one room with son and an old woman whose husband died recently. The two women spend most of their time talking about death and their troubles and punishing the boy. Both women are excessively nervous. The boy is suffering from fear neurosis—"

"In that *sympatisch* milieu!" puffs Dr. Bernfeld behind his eternal cigarette. And he discusses fear wisely, clearly, with his lay, often skeptical, audiences.

"But, Dr. Bernfeld, I always heard that if a child's father was alcoholic it meant. . . ."

Or, perhaps you prefer Alfred Adler and his school of Individual Psychology to Sigmund Freud's followers. Some in Europe say that long after Freud's name is forgotten, Adler's will still be hailed as the greatest of his day and age. "Is not the inferiority complex a wiser explanation of neurosis than sex?" Be that as it may, Adler has his host of ardent followers in Vienna and elsewhere, and is to-day far more active than Freud, speaking here, there, and everywhere—"On what subject to-night?" "I don't know yet." (This one-half hour before the lecture.) "What would you suggest?" And he spends the hour talking to a packed hall mostly of the working classes about the little boy who came by his feeling of inferiority through physical handicaps, or unwise upbringing, and developed this and that habit reaction—

perhaps neurosis—as an aid to his overcoming his feeling of incompetence in the great world.

Dr. Adler holds a clinic every week in one of the public school buildings. There from six to eight or nine o'clock teachers sit and listen attentively while three to four cases are being discussed and handled. First a teacher is allowed to report on his or her case—a girl of fifteen threatening suicide, and the classroom difficulties that state of mind might involve. A boy indulging in petty thieving. For two months past a girl shakes suddenly in school—

Adler discusses the case on the basis of the teacher's report. The parents, one or both, are brought in, and questioned in front of fifty to seventy-five teachers; the child is called and questioned; parents and child withdraw, and Adler discusses the case in the light of what a close-up of parents and child has brought out, plus teacher's report. Any questions? Next case.

Adler's followers meet weekly in a hall near the main post office. There again cases of institution workers or teachers or doctors are brought up and discussed, Adler himself dwelling always on the *Minderwürdigkeitsgefühl* (feeling of inferiority); a paper or two is read—Faust discussed from the viewpoint of the Individual Psychology; Speech Defects; position taken in sleep and its importance in character analysis—always Adler in person presiding, genial, informal, what we westerners would call a rough diamond, when one compares him to the cultured Bostonian atmosphere of Freud.

Or you would work under Stekel and learn still another analytical and dream analysis technique?

Or you prefer to work on more "solid" ground than these "wild" analysts? Then you get off the street car at Pelikangasse, just as if you were going in to the analytic society's headquarters, and instead you pass it right by and walk up to the great hospital grounds. If it is Saturday night, you are going with several hundred others to attend the famed Dr. Schilder's class in psychiatry. A

trim, small, natty man with a high strained voice—and he sits there in the big auditorium as complacently as if he were the All Powerful, while attendants bring in a struggling patient who looks and acts as if he might do away with all of us. “This patient,” speaks Dr. Schilder, “is here because—well, why are you here, my good man? Tell us just why you’re here.” The patient six feet high stands up and would then and there remove his pajama nightshirt outfit—

“No, no, don’t undress. What brought you here to the hospital?”

The patient is pulled down onto his chair by one small arm of Dr. Schilder. He suddenly bares his teeth and points to them. His teeth—because of his teeth he’s in the hospital. No, it isn’t his teeth either—for eleven years his wife— No, no, it isn’t his wife either—six years ago—

And a woman whose best friend is surely trying to poison her—

And a man who knows people spit upon him—so—when he goes by—

Or is it child psychology you are interested in, and therefore Dr. Lazar’s clinic for difficult children you visit connected with the children’s hospital?

Perhaps you arrive Ambulance Tag. There sits Dr. Lazar at the big table, stocky, dark, peering over his glasses to see who comes in next. Sister Victorine leans over the table in her starched cap and uniform and whispers hurriedly something he must know about the case. The mother will say it was thus and so, but they happen to know it was really so and thus. Three young workers sit at the table over the records, two visiting American doctors, a woman psychologist from Trieste, a woman doctor from Bonn, two American students at the clinic—we all sit about the table. A mother enters, fat, untidy, shoving ahead of her a fifteen-year-old daughter. The girl, thin,



shy, starts to cry; the mother slaps her over the side of her frizzed head, "Stop your blubberin'!"

"Now what? Good morning. What's the matter with this girl?"

"Ach, mein Gott, Herr Doktor, but she won't do nothin' to help me round the house no more. She wants forever to be runnin' the streets. I beat her—shut up your blubberin'—and it don't do no good— My husband and me we found this letter—and I had fifty thousand kronen in the purse and next time I looked—and she comes in with this new ribbon in her hair—"

An irate Austrian innkeeper brings in his poetic looking, seventeen-year-old son, who tried to hang himself after slashing his wrists (not too cleverly) because his father wouldn't let him go into the movies—"and me hirin' waiters and him dreamin' out the attic window—"

A bleached child of seven who has never spoken to an adult in her life—

A boy of four who has "fits." "Ach, Herr Doktor, help me! Help me!" And this lad has a fit right then and there to show what he can do—

The head of an orphanage brings in a boy too undisciplined to keep any longer in his institution—

A social worker with a six-year-old who set fire to the grocery store—

One steady file of adults and their difficult charges, practically all in more or less poverty, all undersized, many subnormal mentally. What to do with them? Dr. Lazar keeps those morning hours three times a week for deciding just that. This boy gets transferred from this orphanage to a trade school; this girl goes to an aunt in the country; this one gets eye and throat treatment; this mother is told her son of fifteen is not to be beaten because he wants to play a game called football. And then the cases which can't be decided on the spot—

"How many free beds at the clinic during this week, Sister Victorine?"

Braun goes home to-morrow, Becker leaves for the home for feeble-minded Thursday, Hulmann goes back to the orphanage the same day, Sachs' aunt calls for her Friday—six beds all told.

Therefore, six doubtful cases may come to our clinic. The boy with fits needs observation; the nine-year-old who fears he's always about to be tied to the railroad tracks for the train to run over him; that case of encephalitis, and that little shaver who upsets the whole kindergarten and his mother too sick to have him at home—we'd better have a good look at him.

So over they come, some for a few days, some for as many months, and get into their heavy blue and white-striped bloomed uniforms, with four to six Sisters yelling at them in the name of heaven and all above and below not to make so much noise—some eighteen or twenty of them, both sexes, ages from two to around sixteen.

Schmidt, ten, is an out and out paranoiac—to-day he is God, to-morrow the Kaiser, next day he hurls the pillows and mattress out of his bed while Sister Bertha is reading out loud during the rest period (they are all supposed to lie down three hours quietly every day) and shrieks he is Napoleon. With a leap he is off and Sister Bertha after him. Bedlam reigns in the dormitory. In each of the twenty beds is a child or young person in the clinic because of some habit problem different from the other nineteen. And while Sister Bertha chases the jeering Napoleonic Schmidt, each one of the nineteen indulges in the activity at that moment nearest his heart. At least none of the nineteen continues to lie quietly in bed, except Muller, age three, and Jacobs, age four, who sleep through everything.

"What do you think of all this Freud stuff?" asks Dr. Lazar, and you know from the question that he thinks nothing at all of it. So a child suffering from a fear neurosis may get electric treatments. Dr. Lazar, who suspects I may not condemn the entire Freud stuff as wholeheartedly

as he, peers over his spectacles and says, "I suppose you'd say it's all because the boy's really in love with his grandmother!" No, electricity is sounder, and that's that!

Vienna, the capital of psychology, where all through the year men and women from America, England, Germany, Italy, Hungary, France . . . detrain bag and baggage, not seeking political preferment, but in search of mental health. Analysts themselves come to be analyzed that they may return to their native lands with a surer technique and understanding. The spiritually sick come, hoping to be made well. Students come, later to apply what they have learned to this field or that—pedagogy, industry, child training— The numbers are not great, but all through the year men and women depart from Vienna to spread the results of their Vienna experiences and study to the four corners of the globe. Thus, little by little, aided by the written works of the Viennese schools, does the psychological influence of Vienna permeate into far and unexpected places.

From early every morning until late every evening—psychology. That man and his followers are not to be depended on—only this approach to the problem is correct. Why bother studying under the others? Does any one in Vienna itself escape the continual psychological agitation going on, life an unending study, treatment, discussion, a striving after deeper and broader understanding of the sick and the well soul? One early realizes that most of Vienna is utterly oblivious to the psychological turmoil going on within itself.

The last day in Vienna I cash a check at the bank. As I count over the money I lay a book down on the counter. It is called "Freud und Adler." The banker picks it up.

"A novel?"

"No, it's just about Freud and Adler."

"How do you mean 'about Freud and Adler'? Are they real people?"

## XIV

### MIXED COMMENTS ON THE FRENCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

BACK from Vienna and psychology in time for Christmas vacation again in our loved Arosa. Pages in the Memory Book of pictures of Parkers in snow, jumping, standing still, sliding, turning; of Parker friends in snow; flashlight of the New Year's Eve Ball, bliss on the faces of two male Parker young for being allowed to stay up that late. Another four weeks of fun up six thousand feet, and here we are all in Zurich, and two excited, bursting-for-joy sons headed back for their beloved Swiss school, Glarisegg.

Internationalism was to soak into the very backbones of the young, not from mere travel and mere learning of languages, but from long association with German boys in a German school, French boys in a French school. The German plan fell through at the start, since when we first landed in Europe and German was on the program Germany was in no fit state to educate the young. We compromised on a German Swiss school, where they got their German mixed with large daubs of Swiss dialect. A lot of good the dialect will ever do them. But they did get German and much else, and loved their Landerziehungsheim Glarisegg bei Steckborn on the Lake of Constance (really the Bodensee at that end) and were very happy. And there were boys of numerous nationalities in the school, though Swiss composed seventy to eighty per cent.

Anon it came time for German to step aside and let French enter upon the stage. It might have been accomplished in French Switzerland, but for two reasons. I

could learn of no French Swiss school which appealed to me—most of them are overrun with Americans and English and expensive and none too thorough, and, second, they had been long enough in Switzerland. It seemed better that they should learn French in France and learn to know French boys at the same time. After investigating French schools of the more modern variety in every way one can investigate schools, including personal visits, I chose the Ecole des Roches in Verneuil, two and a half hours from Paris beyond Versailles. On all sides I heard it was the best school in France.

And there internationalism broke down. They entered the French school all enthusiasm and prepared to like everything about it. And in the end they liked very little about it at all. Which is no particular sign that some one else or the sons of some one else would not be perfectly satisfied there.

First and foremost they couldn't "*stand*" French boys. "What don't you like about them?" "There's *nothing* to like about them! They're simply *awful*!" Of course they couldn't be and weren't as awful as all that. It must be remembered the French boys at that school were in no sense typical. Middle-class French families are not given to sending their sons to boarding schools any more than in America. They were the sons of wealthy factory owners, titled Frenchmen, nouveaux riches, the kind of boy it might be hard to like in any land. They had nothing to talk about worth listening to. Jim once wrote, for instance, "The boys in Glarisegg are so much more my style than the boys here. . . . There are a hundred things I don't like about boys here. Of course there are some exceptions. But the most are the kind whose cousin has got an auto that goes 125 kilometers per hour and that's all they can talk about. And then another that drunk a cocktail and said it was the best thing he ever tasted. And then another who seemed to go to the Casino every day and night the whole summer long. There wouldn't be one





*Parkers do a family ski jump*



of the whole bunch who would dream of a dandy bicycle trip through Switzerland or Normandie. I couldn't explain everything that I don't like about some of the boys but the most of them aren't my style."

Perhaps the next sounds too complacent to quote. "I'm reading through 'Ports and Happy Places' and I think how much a better, richer life the Parker family has had and is having than any family in this school."

French boys were the *worst* sports in the world—if they got beaten at anything they had a hundred excuses, none of which would hold water; if they won some small thing they never got over bragging about it. From a letter of Nandy's: "You know that Jim got first place swimming in the junior contest last term. Well, there are some boys who are good, we'll say for example in tennis. Well, that's all they talk about, tennis, tennis and more tennis. Or if anybody else began talking about tennis he would be an authority at once. But here, you wouldn't know Jim knew how to swim. . . ."

French boys were dishonest, they stole—you couldn't keep a *thing*. Well, so it went. But, according to the same sons, if you wanted a prize of a boy, you couldn't find them better than the lads at Ecole des Roches who had one parent French and one either English or American. "Somehow they just have everything you want in a guy—it's a swell mixture." But alas, those best friends with one parent English or American always talked English. (That "alas" mine, not my sons'.) All in all the boys made as many pleasant friends in the French school as in the Swiss—they might well have, among some three hundred and fifty boys—but only a few were all French.

The sons felt also there was no comparison between instruction in the French and their erstwhile Swiss school. Order, instruction, personalities— "I'll bet you'd learn more in a month in Glarisegg than in a year at Ecole des Roches." Much of an exaggeration, but there was some

foundation to it. French schools charge much less than Swiss (not for Americans, however), and can afford to pay their teachers very little, and they don't seem to draw a very inspired lot. In one letter Nandy wrote, "I can't stand the classes they have here. Most of the teachers are bum and the classes uninteresting." One or two teachers they were very fond of.

There were more competitive sports in the French school than in the Swiss, and of course among such a large number competition was far keener. There was more music, or rather there were more concerts, in the French school. There was no comparison whatever in the question of food, the Swiss school had so much more, so much healthier, things to eat. There was a "captain" system in the French school, distasteful to the sons after self-government in the Swiss school, for all that Nandy was a captain his second term. They were appointed by the teachers about five to each house, and they more or less ruled the roost. They gave punishments and rewards and generally bossed. You had an easy life if you were a captain and might have a dog's life if you weren't, depending on what kind of a captain you had over you. Nandy once wrote: "I'm quite sure that if I wasn't a captain I would want to leave. I've got a little room all fixed up for my study, I've got nobody over me to tell me to do something, etc. I'm quite free. But just the same being a captain is a hard job, you have to take all the responsibility. To command and be liked is also hard; but everything is going all right with me. . . ."

There were large dormitories in the French school and no chance to fix a corner after your own taste, compared to rooms of one, two or three in the Swiss school, where you could decorate to your heart's content. Jim wrote from his summer visit back in Glarisegg, "Gee, how I would like to stay here as long as I could. But to-morrow we have to leave already. I have to get back to those barren old Dormitories and out of these snug little rooms.

In the Roches there isn't one place to keep one's books or little treasures. And everything is so barren and cold. I think a fellow fresh out of Glarisegg couldn't stand it there. At Glarisegg you feel at home but not at the Roches. . . ."

You had no control whatever over your own clothes, never laid eyes on your supplies from the beginning of the term to the end. You wore what was put on your bed, "like a *baby*." And religion was enforced—"it's not so bad for the few Protestants though. Our pastor or whatever you call him mostly roughhouses." (They came to love and admire that pastor.)

The first night at Ecole des Roches Nandy retired in the end bed of a room of some sixteen boys.

"You've got to kneel down first and say your prayers!"

"I never yet knelt down and said my prayers—that's not the sort of thing anybody *makes* you do." Fifteen boys on their knees looked at him in amazement.

"Aren't you *ever* going to kneel down and say your prayers as long as you're here?"

"Never!"

The next night sixteen boys scrambled into bed without kneeling down to say their prayers, nor did they ever kneel again. I suppose I ought to be writing proudly of fifteen boys who always got into bed without saying their prayers until, due to the beautiful influence of my elder son, they knelt forever after.

One thing the infidel elder son did love toward the end of the French school was that there were so many boys collecting stamps. Incidentally he had most of his best stamps stolen. On the other hand a boy sold him a splendid collection—hundreds of stamps and a large album to boot, for \$2.50. . . .

One of their few well-liked teachers, and he was very much liked, invited my two and their best friend, a Norwegian, to spend the week-end at his mother's in Paris to see the Olympic Games. "The teacher, M. Mentrel, used



to be champion of France for the hurdles in 1908, but he got wounded in the war so he doesn't do so much sport any more. I know you would like him very well. He just suits our style. He says we can sleep in his garden or on the floor in his house or some place like that. We will take our lunch in our pockets and stay at the field the whole day. He says we can talk with Charlie Paddock from California; and other athletics. Jacobsen will talk with all the Norwegian ones, and we with the U. S. ones, maybe Swiss ones also. . . ." That alone for a time justified the whole school. Wrote Nand:

" . . . To-morrow I'll be leaving for Paris for the Olympique games!!! It will be swell!!! I'll see six (6) finales!! . . . In all we will see at least nineteen (19) different official things in athletics, and some other things also. It will sure be swell . . . X!!!!!!!!!" In Jim's letter: "We'll see all the big champions and all those guys we hear of the whole time. . . ." And later from Nandy, "It was swell in Paris. I shook hands with *Paddock!* . . . *Le-Gendre!* . . . *Murcheson* . . . *Weissmüller* (fastest swimmer in the world). I talked with Paddock longest of all. . . . I can't tell you anything about the Olympique games now because if I said a word I would have to write a book on it. Wait till we see you in the vacation."

If they failed to learn a great deal in the French school it was not because of loafing. Nandy once sent on a day's schedule.

- |            |                                                                                             |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6.00       | Get up and take shower.                                                                     |
| 6.30-7.10. | Study (home work).                                                                          |
| 7.15       | Roll call (when you get your punishments if you're late or something and if you act badly). |
| 7.20       | Breakfast—and afterwards you make your beds.                                                |
| 7.40       | Leave for the school house.                                                                 |



*Arosa, with our hotel at the right*



- 8.00—about 12.20 (I think) lessons with a recess of 15 minutes from 10.00—10.15.
- 12.45 Lunch (after lunch you change your clothes for sport, etc.).
- 1.20—1.45. First free period (I have to practice).
- 2.00—3.30. Sport, music lessons, etc.
- 4.00 Chocolate and bread—change back to school clothes.
- 4.30—7.00. Studies (home work).
- 7.05 Supper.
- 7.45—8.25. Second free period (I practice).
- 8.25 Meditation.
- 8.40 (about). Go to bed.

“Saturday is just the same. But wait till you see Sunday!

“You get up later, around 8 A.M., I think. After breakfast you go to the chapel and hang around for about an hour or two then there is studies for all those who have not a ‘Très Bien’ report. . . . After lunch you get free until supper time, and after supper you go to the blooming chapel again but just for about 20 minutes.

“In week days all the free time we get amounts to about an hour and they’re so many things you need to do in this short time. I will tell you about what they are:

1. Practice violin.
2. Do work that you have not finished in the study time.
3. If you got a bad mark you have to do the work over again after supper which I have not yet had to do.
4. Clean your bicycle and of course try it out some.
5. Play about 10 different games besides tennis.
6. Stamps.
7. Put your desk in order.

8. And a lot of other things besides letters.  
... But just the same I like it here. ...”

But just the same when a change in our plans made it advisable to have them return to Glarisegg, Jim all but jumped out of his skin for joy. At first Nandy rather thought he'd better stay on in les Roches, what with the captain job and this and that. “You've caught me just in a time when I'm perfectly pleased where I am. If you had written me last term I would have gotten in an aeroplane and hiked off to Glarisegg. Why should I leave a place where I'm happy? The only thing I don't like are the classes. . . . I want to learn French lots better than I know it now—I like the other four captains all so well, too. . . .” And here was where he wrote, “I'm quite sure if I wasn't a captain I would want to leave. . . .”

When the time came, however, he was almost as anxious to leave as Jim—telegraphed, “Have had all I can stand of Ecole des Roches,” and he dashed for Switzerland. He couldn't ever explain why he didn't know from the start that he'd just have to get back to Glarisegg, but all of a sudden he just knew he'd have to return to the Swiss school. In French Jim went into his own class back in the German Swiss school—in other words he gained nothing even in French by the change. Nandy was able to go a class higher than otherwise in French. Naturally Glarisegg could not turn out to be as perfect as their dreams had come to picture it—no school in the world could have come up to such expectations—but they have never gotten over being grateful that they are back.



## XV

### MIXED COMMENTS ON EDUCATING A DAUGHTER IN EUROPE—PARIS WITH THE JUNE BUG, AGE EIGHT

CHRISTMAS vacation over, sons settled again in Glarisegg, June Bug snug in her Geneva school, I started working daily in the League of Nations library, taking in the Opium Conference at odd moments; and then there came a month of lecturing on the European situation from New York City to Des Moines and way stations, trying to sell Europe to the corn belt. The lectures strung out too late to allow of our spreeing off some place spring vacation, the first time we had missed a vacation trip. Springs to date had been spent in Italy, Spain and the French Riviera. This year we had counted on Holland and Belgium. Instead June Bug went with her school to the French Riviera, San Raphaël; Nandy stayed at Glarisegg the whole three weeks and once he was done with the grippe worked at making over the top floor of the main building at fifty centimes—something less than ten cents—an hour. He presented me with twenty-five francs as his vacation earnings and still sweeter to my soul were the compliments of the head carpenter. Jim considered life too short to work all vacation and so strode off later on a five-day walking trip with a teacher and four other boys.

Looking back from the years to come, certain European experiences will always stand out as double-starred. Sometimes I have thought the nine May days in Paris with June Bug in 1925 would forever be triple-starred.

Europe was planned primarily for the sons, who were just thirteen and almost twelve when we crossed the At-

lantic. The June Bug daughter was then five. She would get little or nothing from Europe. Indeed had we remained but two years as planned, perhaps the effect on her would have been slight. As it is, staying on almost five years, I'm not sure but what in the long run she will be the member of the family to reap the biggest gains. Had she been my only child I never should have come to Europe when I did. Now I know I should have come just for her.

In the first place, of course, the younger the more easily do foreign languages get absorbed—they seem to soak in through the pores. Expose a young child to any tongue and before you know it the child is speaking a new language without an accent while you, aged parent, are creaking over the third irregular verb. What is not always remembered is that a young child forgets a language as easily. You may remember that third irregular verb so that you could conjugate it on your death-bed at ninety-three. In two years the child, who could put you to shame after two months jabbering a new language like her mother tongue, can no longer say a word. Parents are always going to keep the foreign language “up” with their child when they get back to America. “We’ll see that Tootie doesn’t forget her French.” Mother with her three irregular verbs is going to speak French every lunch time with Tootie, or we’re going to get a French maid, or Tootie will study French when she goes to school—and with it all the average Tootie is lucky if after two years she can say “*Merci beaucoup*.” And if she can still say it, it sounds like Kansas.

When we first arrived and settled in Stein am Rhein, June Bug, then five, entered the Kindergarten. No one can conceive of the impossibilities of the Stein dialect who hasn’t heard it. At first Alice Lee was forlorn—that stage lasted about two weeks. She began managing a word here, another there, and anon it seemed as if overnight she babbled that atrocious dialect like a native. We

were a year in Stein. She spoke nothing but dialect with her friends, high German at home. Except when the boys came to the cloister she never heard a word of English. Within one year in Geneva, where she heard no dialect, she had forgotten practically every word of it, and useless it was at best. Each time we revisit Stein a bit comes back, but she speaks it very lamely. She would have forgotten all her German as well, were it not that she and I talk only German together. Otherwise she hears not a word of it. Perhaps, having spoken nothing but German to each other for over four years we shall always be able to keep it up, even in America. The one language she speaks perfectly is French, and with three and a half years of all school work in that language, reading and writing it as if she were French, she should never entirely forget it, even should fate decree that from ten years of age on she were never to hear another word. Within three months after arriving in Geneva she was speaking French fluently. But it was French which would have been forgotten in three months, had we then left a French-speaking land.

She was fortunate, too, in that when she entered her little Geneva School, La Marjolaine, none of the girls around her age could talk English. Her playmates were a little Armenian girl whose French was perfect, and a Russian child whose French was very good. Since then at most times the school has been predominantly American, and almost every girl has learned her French with a fearful American accent.

I know of only one really modern French-speaking girl's school, though there may be others. That is Mlle. Hemmerlin's Ecole Nouvelle near Bex, Switzerland. Up-to-date ideas in educating boys, where French is the language spoken, are difficult enough, if not well-nigh impossible, to find. When it comes to the combination of French and girls, one retreats for the most part into the Middle Ages—or nearby. Girls and French-speaking schools re-

mind me of the Female Seminaries I can but faintly recollect as existing 'way back in my own youth—start the day with gloves and a walk two by two and grace at meals and not too much noise and if possible be a 100 per cent unaware that the male sex exists, plus on this side of the ocean learning to ask as soon as possible, “please pass the bread” in French. Also on this side one bathroom to twenty girls and it usually out of order. Survey, however, the flower of American girlhood which braves the deep for a touch of European culture, and a walk with gloves and grace at meals and “Du pain, s’il vous plaît” is about as much as the average could absorb. If I had a batch of what comes over to educate I’d take one look at the outfit, say, “What’s the use?” and consider it a year’s work if they learned by heart two of La Fontaine’s fables, could tell Rubens from Botticelli, and contracted no contagious diseases.

One of my pet stories on my own countrymen is the comic strip of years gone by where Jiggs, in “Bringing Up Father,” consults Dinty Moore as to a birthday present for his wife. Dinty’s first three suggestions, each one to a picture, are turned down by Jiggs for one reason or another. Finally, picture four and last, Dinty gets an inspiration. “Give her a book!” “She’s got one,” says Jiggs.

When I told that here in the school Mademoiselle said I needn’t laugh about that story as if it were a joke. Down the table sat a girl from one of our Southern States. Her mother brought her to La Marjolaine for foreign culture. Mademoiselle desired to know what sort of background the girl had had in America, what books, for instance, had she read. (The girl was almost fourteen.) “Now there,” moaned the mother, “I just know she read a book once but for the life of me I can’t think of the name!”

That Southern girl, I’ll admit, was below average, but most of the girls who come haven’t read a book of

which the name is worth remembering. They wander about Europe behind a teacher, or stay put in Europe under a teacher, and you can expose them to every conceivable form of European culture and with seven out of ten girls nothing takes. Two girls may get slight cases of interest and curiosity. The tenth at times develops an attack of the real thing. But usually she had the virus working in her blood before she landed. The European educational boarding-school system for the female of the species is not calculated to instil anything bordering on real intellectual curiosity.

Is it the girl's fault if after a year of studying under a "foreign master" she still sits down and drums jazz when she has an idle moment, or is it the master's fault?

Who is to blame, parents, girl, teachers, if a girl answers, when asked if she enjoyed Rome, "I just can't stand Italian cooking!"

The story going the rounds of Chicago when I was there lecturing was of the returned flapper. Some one asked her what places she had seen in Europe. She shrugged her shoulders. "I really don't just know. You see papa always bought the tickets."

I place most of the blame—and I'm not in the least interested in "blaming" anybody at all—on the parents. The average girl coming to Europe for a year's "study" gets what her mother sent her for—a smattering of French, some good-looking clothes much cheaper than in New York or Chicago, and the opportunity forever after to be able to refer to "her year abroad," or "my year abroad."

I think of an explosive red-headed girl of fifteen at our school in Geneva. She came from one of the "Best" of families. One night we attended a symphony concert together. The last number was something more or less popular from Wagner. That girl, with no musical education, was simply bowled over. Why had she lived that long without ever hearing anything from Wagner? Who was



Wagner! She wanted to hear every piece he ever composed! On the way home, Wagner for the moment laid to rest, she told me of the sorts of places she longed to see in Europe—old arches and towers, crooked streets, castles on hills—"you know, all the things you can never see at home!" Yet every vacation that girl was taken to a "watering place" by mother, who wouldn't have been caught dead under an old arch or on a crooked street. Paris and watering places. And on the whole that attractive girl's conversation was of the kind of things she liked best to eat. Europe could have been the making of that girl, turned loose with an understanding person of irregular habits. And what Europe can do, once it does!

To return to my June Bug. I know now that the chronological age of a child, male or female, has little to do with the case when one is considering the advantages of Europe. If ever there was a case of "it all depends," it all depends in Europe. For languages one can be definite and generalize—the younger the more easily learned. For general culture, it all depends on the boy or girl. A child of seven may get more than a person of seventeen, a child of seven may get nothing at all and a person of seventeen a great deal. I have seen a good many Americans these last years come and go. On the whole it must be assumed that the girl or boy who gets little or nothing out of Europe, at whatever age he or she may be, would get little or nothing out of life during the same period, wherever lived. Except that taken by and large it would be easier finding a stimulating school in America than in Europe. But the average American parent, be the child in Europe or America, is not looking for a stimulating school. At home it is the school around the corner, in Europe it is a school not too expensive and where the child will learn some French, it being not yet the thing to learn German. For girls it never was the thing.

So, dear parents, for goodness sake have a heart and write me no more letters asking for advice as to where to put your treasured offspring that he or she may learn to talk French and not too expensive. Close your eyes and say *eni meeni mini mo* and pick out any school you ever heard tell of. It's six to one, half a dozen to the other. If it is in Geneva you're sure of good drinking water. We consider our school much above European average, the food much and healthy, and the bathtub is always in order. Alas, mainly, that it is genteel and uninterruptedly female—two states of affairs not accepted enthusiastically by our family.

We picked Geneva, my June Bug and I, because we had been tucked away in a wee out-of-the-way nest for so long it seemed high time to be rubbing elbows with something going on in the world. We thought of it as an arrangement of a year's duration—and we are staying nearer four.

"We" are staying—Geneva is to me the most colorless, uninspiring city of any importance in Europe. Were it not for the League one might as well dig a hole and crawl in. I am speaking of culture, interest, charm, of the sort one comes to Europe to find. The situation is lovely, but if one came to Europe for a situation, there are many lovelier—Italian Lakes, other lakes in Switzerland, the other end of the Lake of Geneva. There is scarcely, aside from the situation, an attractive spot in Geneva for the eyes to rest upon—nothing old, nothing new, all just so-so. Too, reformers sometimes leave a blight in their wake. Maybe Geneva is a case of too much Calvin. It's all so—contained.

A French couple moved to Geneva from Paris, he to fill a good position in the League. The wife was in despair. She said that in Paris if her day had been rather uneventful and it looked as if table conversation would be a bit slow that evening, she went out for half an hour, an hour, on the streets of Paris and was sure to see enough

going on in that time to keep her husband entertained during the entire dinner. But in Geneva, "Mon Dieu! I can ride or walk the streets from morning to night. Not one thing do I see worth telling my husband about when he comes home, not one interesting thing!"

Solid, chill, colorless—if it were not for the lake and the mountains there would be a hundred suicides a day in Geneva of folks who just could not hold out any longer. Not among the Genevese, however, not a suicide. The Genevese temperament is absolutely satisfied with Geneva. Elderly English women seem to love the place, too. People religiously inclined—Y.M.C.A. workers and folks like that—stay here a long time. If you leave your purse on the tram you're sure to get it back, and the drinking water is excellent.

So when I write "we" are staying, it means I move out on one pretext or another, returning to see my daughter, who is far and away quite objectively speaking the most valuable article in the town. When my soul can stand Geneva I might as well make it Hammerfest and do the thing up brown.

Otherwise, when I have something to write, Geneva is a good place to write it in—no distractions. I room with my daughter in the school, sit next to her at table amidst twenty young females and female teachers, and anon steals over me a desire for strong drink and wild ways and uncouth talk and some day when I've sat in that dining room one day too long with undiluted femininity mostly from the ages of ten to eighteen and not one ever saying a thing in bad French worth listening to, I shall pick up the soup tureen and hurl it through the window and screech Damn, Damn, Damn! I have never yet seen a boy of any age who was not interesting. Most girls ought to be chloroformed until they are around twenty. That is, at least, most girls who come to Geneva to study. Not all. Not your daughter!

And then I dash off from that dining room up to my

beloved tower study and there I whirl my arms around a bit and punch a pillow and chuckle over my collected treasures round about and go to work up in the tree-tops. And my June Bug comes up to visit me ten times a day and we go off bicycle-riding in the late afternoons, she sitting on the rack which holds my rucksack, or we go swimming in the lake, or we do errands and have "Vieri" in the Grand Passage and listen to the music. And practically every fine Sunday we pack supplies in her little rucksack and off we go, up the Salève or along the Avre or some place and don't come back until we feel like it, dusty and weary and happy. Sometimes on a rainy Sunday we do the museums in the afternoon. Always Sundays if she has anything indoors to do she does it near me up in my loved corner room.

Coming over on the steamer four years ago there was a charming gray-haired American woman who lived in Italy. She drew me aside one day and asked if she might give me a bit of advice about the children and Europe. Her first trip to Europe had been made when she was about the June Bug's age, five, and she said still, now gray-haired, she could not look back upon her early childhood without feeling it was a nightmare. "I was dragged from country to country, city to city, museum to museum, over a period of years, until I hated it all so that to this day I can't get the least enjoyment out of travel. It brings back too vividly my unnatural childhood. *Don't* have your small daughter travel! Ten is early enough, and then only a very little at a time."

I was quite of her opinion before ever she spoke, which is another way of saying I took her advice.

My problem was then how to have the boys travel as much as possible and the girl as little. At first a young Swiss woman lived with me, but there is uneasiness in going off and leaving a child with any one person. Dora was none too strong. If she got sick while boys and I and rucksacks were in the middle of a vacation? Also I



wished to meet another problem. The boys at school, June Bug was like an only child around the home. She needed companionship her own age. If, therefore, I could find a small school where there were some children her age, responsible teachers, and where I would be allowed to live with her when I was not traveling with the boys, then I could walk off and leave her with an easy conscience.

Mlle. Hemmerlin was not at all sure she liked the idea of a mother in the school and wrote me to that effect. Bless her, she was absolutely right. Mothers are simply awful things. If most girls ought to be chloroformed from ten to twenty, their mothers ought to be chloroformed from the time their children are weaned until they marry. If I ever ran a school I'd not allow a mother within five miles. These mothers who boast they've never left their darlings a night and finally a darling for some reason or other gets put in a boarding school, male or female, with his or her first chance to get out and away from the domination and general influence, eight-tenths to the bad, of his or her adoring mother, and then mother insists on living around the corner from the school— As for letting mother move into the school itself—heaven forbid!

So I wrote to Mlle. Hartmann in Geneva—her brother was one of the sons' pet teachers in Glarisegg. I told her I would keep my hands a 100 per cent off my child's education and everything pertaining to school discipline. It would be as if I were not there. But I would be there—six years was a bit young to leave in a boarding school, and just anyhow we did and do have such fun together.

The arrangement has turned out beautifully. I work all day long when here, so am cursed with no spare time in which to make trouble for anybody concerned. My daughter is busy all day long, and very happy. There are three teachers living in the house, four servants, a big garden to play in, and out of the twenty girls always three



or four to six or eight her age. And if pedagogically the school has nothing to show Montessori, Decroly, John Dewey, I take refuge in thinking of tolerable personalities who faced life courageously and efficiently with a courage and efficiency of sorts before our modern experimental educators trod the boards. Handicapped, undoubtedly. I also take refuge in the fact that no one yet ever got everything in the world they were after, and if my child is blissful and enthusiastic and eager to know everything from A to Z and healthy and full to the brim of interest in history and geography, and doing well in all her school work, and receiving a splendid musical foundation in Madame Bourgeoise's Ecole Nouvelle de Musique in town, and forming an appreciation of art and architecture—perhaps she'll be able to worry along in the world on an old-fashioned foundation.

For all that she has stayed pretty well put, her life has had some variety to it. The year in Stein am Rhein meant a good deal to her, as even at her tender years living in the old cloister was an unending source of delight; the friendship of the dear Frau Professor Vetter, of her adored Kindergarten Tante Stihl, she will long remember, her jaunts with me and the boys, school picnics up and down the Rhein. With every visit back to our beloved Stein and the old cloister we both love it all the more. She had two months on the Italian Riviera, two spring vacations on the French Riviera, twice has she seen Avignon and the Papal Palace, twice the Castle of Chillon on the Lake of Geneva. We have spread off together, she and I, to Oberweiler in South Germany, to Evian, to Chamonix; together we have taken the trip around the Lake of Lucerne, have visited the reputed scenes of her hero Wilhelm Tell's activities. She has made numerous small trips with the school, twice to Annecy, twice to the Narcissus Fête near Montreux. A six-year letter in penciled writing read:

“Liebe Mutti,

“Wir sind Sonntag nach Montreux gegangen. Wir sind Narzissen holen gegangen. Wir sind um halb sechs Uhr aufgestanden. Wir haben Mittagessen in einem Hotel gegessen. Wir haben Vieri in dem Zug gegessen; wir haben Abendbrot im Schiff gegessen. Wir haben viele, viele, viele Narzissen gepflückt. Ich habe vier Sträusse gepflückt. Ich war den ganzen Tag lieb. Die Berge waren sehr schön. . . .”

One summer she spent with the Geneva school in Evolène. . . . “Es ist sehr schön hier. . . . Gestern Abend habe ich mein Roch angezogen mit allen kleinen Blümlein und am Abendessen habe ich Glace Mocca gehabt. . . .” “ . . . Toute la Marjolaine et moi nous allons à Montreux pour cueiller les narcices et j’espère que tu sera las. . . .” (At the end of this seven-year letter appeared a certain original

“Histoire”

La famille des chats.

Il y avait une chatte qui a voulu un petit chat mais elle été trot jeune. Un moi après il reçu un tout petit chats elle réfléchit et elle la apellée Zounie il etait blanc et noire, la mère se promenait souvant avec lui. Beaucoup 100,-000,000 baiser a Mutti liebste.”)

One summer she spent with Mlle. Hemmerlin’s school in Bex and Villa. “ . . . je suis pres d’Evolène, je suis a Villa. Nous somme allès en automobile depuis Sion et nous avons marcher d’Evolène à Villa. La Dent-Blanche egstise toujours encore. . . . Nous fesont nous-même la cuisine et nous balèyion aussi, nous avons une joli petite chalet. . . .”

The summer of 1925 she spent with the Geneva school in St. Luc.

And, of course, every Christmas in the snow mountains, which she loves almost as much as the boys.

I hesitate, 100 per centers in mind, to quote from letters

in her mother tongue. Suddenly, June Bug back in Geneva and eight, I in Vienna, arrived a letter which began, for no special reason at all, "Dear Mutti, For the first time I am writing an English letter. I think that you do not know how I can write in English, then, Mlle Hartmann is so nice that she has bought me an English-French Dictionary. Now I am feeling so sure that I can." If the gentleman in the introduction to Volume One could see that—he who questioned if my family should not first learn perfect English before branching out into foreign tongues. A few letters later she writes of the Escalade Fête at the school, the great yearly day of celebration when Savoy failed to capture Geneva. "To-day I am making my Escalade costume and I am so sorry that you are not here. I will be a Savoy soldier with a ladder for climbing the walls to take Geneva." English couldn't really be done into much worse. Unless it is a letter of a few months ago to me in New York telling of her spring vacation with the school. It is English as a child used to spelling in French catches it by ear, and then hearing it only rarely, mainly from other girls in the school, without ever seeing it written.

"Dearest Mother

"A thing that you do not know at all is, that I did stay in Cavalaire way (because) it had a few rooms and beds so that we went to St. Raphaël in the Hôtel de la Plage and I have now a beautiful room with Belle. And it is much prettier here in St. Raphaël than in Cavalaire, it is as a beautiful beach and we can play in the sand. To-day is the first day that I went swimming in the sea for five minutes and the water was very hot. I am all ready putting some dresses on. The food is so good here. We are probably going for one day to Cannes but I hope not why it is beautiful here. On the last page I will draw the picture of my room. I visited a second time the Palais des Papes in Avignon. I slept in the Dominion Hotel and I sent you a post

car of it. I am so glad that you will come beck soon. I have a biutefol view from the Mediterannée and the Alpes Maritimes from my window. Good-by my dearest dearest dearest Mother. June-Bug."

In a letter en route she wrote, "For tow days I am olwys voyaging." Another time, "... The wether is olwys biutefol the scays so bleu with not one cloud and the sun is chining evry day."

One vacation I read much out loud at the hotel table from Louis Untermeyer's "This Singing World." And what poems did the daughter want over and over and over again, and she in need of hearing good English, but T. A. Daly's "Leetla Giorgio Washeenton," "Leetla Giuseppina," and "Da Pup een da Snow!" Four hundred and sixteen pages of poems, and she picks out about the only three not in good English.

The last year has opened my eyes to a side of human nature I did not realize existed, which is that cheerfulness really annoys many people. I wrote a novel once where the heroine refused most of the time to be mournful. It was not a Pollyanna book at all, for there was nothing smug or conscious or illogical to her good spirits—she was just born that way and her world worked out that way. Most of the professional critics of that book all but burst important arteries in utter disgust. Their spirits were torn, rent, splintered, what you will, into all but incoherent railings that any one could find life as on the whole satisfactory as did my poor misguided heroine. I have nothing to say regarding the criticisms as to style, plot, and what not—they may have been 100 per cent correct. But what amazed me was the spleen shown because the leading lady was often, if not usually, happy. For a time I wondered if I had transgressed an eleventh commandment in creating such a personality. Perhaps, perhaps, people really ought to be gloomy. Certainly critics, if not God, meant the world to be ~~thus~~.

As I reread my helpless daughter's correspondence I realize that she is falling into the same reprehensible trap into which her mother fell almost forty years ago, and into which the abused heroine of her mother's novel fell, and all together we are doomed for censure. "... I em olwys very very very nays and I em olwis very epy. . . . I op that jo are very very epy in Wienna. . . ." "I am so hapy and I hope you ar to. . . ." "The time is pasing so kiuke that I ave nerly no time to right my letters. . . ." "I am all-wees werking very well and all is very isy. . . ." "... Last Monday I hade me solfège and piano examination and it was wanderfool. . . ." "... I have owys good time and I am owys happy. . . ."

In the Kindergarten in Stein the children always said a prayer. That interested her and we had many conversations as to people's ideas of prayer. She herself had never said a prayer. Once she told me that if she was a person who prayed she would say something like "Dear Lord, thank you so very much for making the world so very beautiful and for giving June Bug so many beautiful things, dear, dear Lord, and if you do come around every night while I'm asleep I thank you very much, dear Lord, for being so very quiet about it." Not long ago I came upstairs and found her still awake. "You, why aren't you asleep?" "I've been lying here just thinking and thinking how beautiful the whole world is!"

Oh, the animadversions she's in for! I happened to tell that last to a woman who has written a book on bringing up children. "Oh, my dear, how awful!" That was what she said. Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. "Forgive me—I didn't mean to speak out that way." Really, it is so. People treat happiness as if it were an unmentionable mental disease. If you are cynical, morose, gloomy, discontented, you are a normal and valuable citizen. If you are cheerful you need watching. "Better not let her people know until they have to hear the worst. They were so proud of her at first—



spent so much on her education. Isn't it a tragedy, her good spirits!"

I dislike illogical cheerfulness as much as anybody. But if the world—at least your corner of it—more or less continually looks more to your liking than the contrary, why in the world should one willynilly cultivate gloom?—Even to please the critics.

Certainly not even critics could have demanded that my June Bug and I be dejected during those nine May days in Paris. We had looked forward so long to that trip, her first taste of Europe in the large. Was eight years of age too young for Paris? After nine days I voted eight years *the* age for Paris. But there again—it all depends.

A seventeen-year-old American girl of the above average variety, indeed the daughter of a professor and a cultured mother, was taken recently to Paris. Returned to our school, Mademoiselle asked her at dinner how she had enjoyed her two weeks. "Ah, it was grand! We ate every meal in a different place!" The June Bug—a pity it is the mother who does the boasting—when asked by Mademoiselle at the table if she had enjoyed her nine days, burst into rhapsodies over Chartres and the view from the Eiffel Tower.

And what did an eager enthusiastic eight-year-old do for nine glorious days in Paris?

*First day.* Walked through the Tuileries, gasping over the tulips. "Et nous avons regardez de l'exterieur le palais du Louvre, il est imense et très beau aussi. Et nous avons vu une partie de la Tour Eifel et l'Arc de triomphe de l'Etoile et l'Arc de triomphe du Carousil et ils sont magnifique les deux mais j'aim mieux l'arc de triomphe de l'Etoile." And the high light of those first Paris hours was the moving stairway in the Magasin du Louvre. If she could go to the top on that she would be forever happy. So up and up we went—what a thrill—until the top, where it dumped us at the door of a res-

taurant I never knew existed, which my daughter considered the finest restaurant she had ever seen, and far from regarding Paris a place in which to experience the varieties of the culinary art to the *n*th degree, she desired to eat every single meal in Paris in the restaurant of the Magasin Louvre.

In the afternoon we indulged in my never-failing satisfaction, a drive up and down and round about Paris behind an old horse.

*Second day.* The Louvre. "La première chose que nous avons vu c'était quelque statues et après nous avons vu la statue de Niké de Somothrace et après nous avons vu les galeries de tableaux. Il y avait de très très jolies, de Rubens, de Van Dyck, de Velasquez et beaucoup d'autres peintres. Après nous avons vu la statue de la Venus de Milo et je l'ai trouvé magnifique—son corp, sa poitrine, sa figure et tout."

That afternoon was a red-letter event—our first opera, "Pélleas and Mélisande" at the Opera Comique. Not perhaps the opera of operas one would choose for an eight-year-old, but we had promised an opera and it had to be a *matinée*, and there you were.

Ice cream and cake.

*Third day.* The Luxembourg, first a walk through the park and then the gallery. "Nous sommes allées à la salle des statues et tout était très très jolies mais celui que j'amait le plus était une vieille grand'mère avec un petit bébé qui sussait son doigt. . . ." From the Luxembourg to the Pantheon—in a bus because the eight-year-old wished, not to eat every meal in a different restaurant, but to ride in everything Paris offered, taxis, carriages, busses, subways—street cars could be omitted. The pictures in the Pantheon would delight any child—Jeanne d'Arc, Ste. Geneviève, and the rest. In addition we must do the crypt, the which I had always scorned, but my child would and must see, it seemed, where Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo and Èmile Zola were buried. She was hazy

about the last. She knew nothing of Jaurès, such matters not being of general culture in a female boarding school, but she ended the morning much aroused over the socialist hero and full of so many questions my brain creaked.

Another highlight of Paris was the Pathé place around the corner from the Guaranty Trust Company where we just had to enter, two magic times, and with receivers to our ears listen to music—gramophone records. That first time for the excited eight-year-old she picks "Eleanor, Mignon et Tango du Rive." You can't say that is over-cultured. That afternoon, shopped.

*Fourth day.* More shopping (try buying necessities or anything else in Geneva and then you will realize why one leaves everything for Paris). After lunch the Cluny Museum, "et d'abord nous nous sommes proménées dans le parc et il est magnifique et nous avons vu les ruines Romaines et beaucoup d'autre magnifique choses. . . ." Sitting on a bench in the Cluny gardens, enthusing over Roman ruins, it was apparent that the daughter knew more about early French history than her mother. There was much she loved in the museum, especially "les magnifiques choses en bois."

From Cluny to Notre Dame, where the daughter was one bit of round-eyed wonder. "Aber Muttie, schau!" "Nous avons d'abord regarder les fenêtres et je n'ai jamais vu d'aussi magnifique que ceux-là." And of course the tower, we had to climb the tower. I've climbed it now for my three children and that lets me out. "Après nous sommes allées aux tours et nous avons monté des petit escaliers qui montait rapidement. C'était très sombre. D'abord nous nous sommes arrêtées à un-balcon et après nous avons continués et nous sommes allées tout en haut et de là on avait vu sur Toute la ville de Paris. On pouvait voir la tour Eiffel, la tour St. Jacques, Le Pantheon, L'opera, etc." From Notre Dame to Ste. Chappelle. ". . . et après nous sommes monter et là-haut il

y a vait les plus belles fenêtres qu'il y ai au monde. Toute la salle avait soulement des fenêtres. C'était quelque chose de magnifique. . . ."

We had to double up a bit on that fourth day because of an invitation for the fifth to Sunday dinner and attend "Orphée" with the Duttons. What an Event was "Orphée!" (And first "Le Voile du Bonheur.") "La musique était magnifique." Nothing would do but the next day we had to buy the entire score, and then didn't she have to get up before breakfast to practice her pet parts on the decrepit hotel piano. . . . A drive up the Champs-Élysées and back.

*Sixth day.* Write this in very red—*Chartres*. Before ever she saw the cathedral she knew it by heart. Night after night instead of being read to in bed, she had been wont to look with me at my Houvet pictures, seven volumes, of the cathedral. Never did she weary of these pictures. Once I remarked, "But think how marvelous it must have been to see Chartres new, all its beauties whole." "No," she said. "I'd rather see it now than when the stones were all a clean gray and all the same color and when there was no moss on the roof to make it green in places."

So we prowled and prowled in and around and about that unendingly glorious cathedral and picked out our favorite this and our favorite that. I lit a candle, as always, to Henry Adams. She would light one to some one also. "Elise van Hook!" "Why Elise?" "Because I love her the most of all my friends and we never once had the *littlest* trouble about anything." She picked that window, the blue of all blues, the Tree of Jesse under which to light her candle, and there it burned to the memory of Elise back now in New York City. Later, next to the steps going up behind the choir, she discovered a window she loved even more than the Tree of Jesse, "c'est une des fenêtres des devant qu'on pense qu'il sont les plus belles du monde" and there she lit another

candle, to nobody in particular, but because it was the most beautiful window in the world. . . . We bought a hoop at the Chartres fair and spent an hour or more rolling it around the square before the cathedral. Eight-year-olds should not be asked to digest cathedrals undiluted.

*Seventh day.* A great time for the June Bug, when she was allowed the orgy of spending two five-dollar Christmas greenbacks on whatever she wanted, which happened to be French books and books and books, and music. (How pitifully little books and music in comparison would ten dollars buy in the United States of America.) From that exhilarating debauch we drove to Napoleon's Tomb, "il est magnifique"—and, oh, the questions which a decent parent would be able to answer and this parent couldn't. Why, if you've studied history and later read history—why can't you remember what you've studied and read? (I wonder if H. G. Wells knows offhand everything in his *Outline*?) From the Tomb it was but a step out to the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs. "There's nothing new under the sun?" Say that in Paris and go to see the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs. What a fair, what a fair! Is it real or am I? We can't both be. Stretching from close to where Napoleon lies at his red marble rest across the Pont Alexander III, almost to the Champs-Élysées, and along both banks of the Seine— One ought to do the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs with relatives from Arkansas, stretcher-bearers handy. We did it with that ecstatic eight-year-old who cried, "What's that?" and you don't know is it a fountain or a patent plaster clothes drier or do you stand underneath and blow and hear what noise it makes. At such times it is a help to be able to gaze back to the tower of the Invalides and reassure yourself that Napoleon's remains still rest below it and that the sarcophagus weighs nine tons and that there's a certainty, permanency, and assurance of a kind in the world. A little bit to life, much to death, and a



great deal to tons of marble. And besides some one brought a small boy with whooping cough, which helps jerk one back now and then to the moorings of reality.

If only the Carrousel were done, the non-such merry-go-round of the world. A wooden lady—that is wooden merely from the point of view of material—in a pink dress and a closed parasol—you sit on the parasol; a dude with an armful of bundles (naturally in the U. S. A. the dude wouldn't be carrying his bundles but in *La Vie Parisienne* dudes and all of us do)—you sit on the bundles; a worker in overalls carrying—Americans will fail to notice this worker; another dude with black and white check trousers, white spats, light tan topcoat (his head isn't on yet) carrying a bunch of flowers for his lady love—you sit on the flowers; a purple-faced worker with a beer barrel—you sit on the barrel; a pug-nosed errand girl with a thick yellow braid carrying a band box; an apache with his dagger; coons of sorts; a chef; a sandwich man. And leaning over the stone parapet watching the carrousel near completion, listening to the modern—and think what you usually get on a merry-go-round—music bang out (does it play as a psychological incentive to the workmen to speed them along with their job? To accustom the crowds to come around? To keep the new notes from sticking?)—hanging over the parapet is the *Vie Parisienne*, itself, the models of the jazz figures on the carrousel. except there seems to be no white-capped chef peering over the wall.

Come, come, six o'clock. We must get down to earth. No sense allowing an Exposition to unfit one for the work-a-day world. Leaving the gate—plump, we bump into a group of characters out of—perhaps Kim is as near as any. Thibet? Never saw the like in this world, except from the knees down, with the gaudiest of golf stockings and modern shoes. The cannon of the Invalides point square at us and them. Cannon. That's sobering for you. Paris election posters at the corner—she went good

and Left, Sunday. Cannon along the block, communists in power at the corner. Let's buy a bunch of radishes, they're earthy and ordinary and dispassionate. And there at the radish corner is a crowd. A long-haired man who looks like Christ and is swathed all about in white woolen robes gets into a taxi. Christ in a taxi. . . .

Paris!

*Eighth day.* The Louvre again, en route the fascinating bookstalls along the Seine (of course we spent some money and have to go back to the hotel with our treasures). And then off to Versailles with our hoop in time for lunch, and all afternoon the palace, Alice Lee especially interested in the long lines of statues of French kings and queens; a long play in the park, tea under the trees, and then an hour's row on the lake. That was a fine day for you.

*Ninth and last*—the climax to a Paris visit—the Eiffel Tower, up to the tip tip top. Oh, dear, we weren't so sure going up that we had chosen wisely and well. But we were quite sure up at the tip tip top—sure we were smart people.

And that night, filled to the brim with wonders, we left Paris for Geneva.

Not long ago I asked the daughter what she had loved the best in all Europe and she answered almost at once, the trip to Paris. And what had she loved the most in Paris? A moment's thought—Chartres.

## XVI

### WE BREAK THE BANK (NO REGRETS) ON NORWAY, SWEDEN AND DENMARK— INCLUDING WEMBLEY AND PRAGUE

A SOLEMNITY settles over me. For the first time in Europe I am writing about the last time of something—probably the last. Parkers refer definitely only to the past. But it does look as if we had had our last summer in Europe. Germany, Switzerland, France, and now this last summer, Scandinavia—each absolutely different, and absolutely differently done.

What funny things we tell ourselves. I have been sitting here thinking of how we began planning a possible trip to Norway, Sweden and Denmark and learned on all sides that it would be expensive. We can't make expensive trips. When I was asked to give lectures this last spring in America I told myself one of those funny things—they'll pay for Scandinavia! So over I went and east and west I talked. It's all paying for Scandinavia. And then I counted up my expenses getting to the United States and back and my traveling expenses while there and the lectures bureau's share and a month in a New York hotel—and when I think what was left and what Scandinavia cost I decide again we tell ourselves funny things. But how good that we do! Suppose I had looked the matter straight in the eye and had said, "Woman, that lecture money will cover exactly one-tenth of what Scandinavia is going to cost—literally, exactly one-tenth."

Why, then, of course, having my prudent moments, we would never—we might never—have started for Scandi-

navia. But we started and we got there and we had the most marvelous summer of all and as soon as I got an inkling of how terribly much it all was going to cost I happily suspended my calculating faculties. A sudden atrophy of the ability to add and subtract can do wonders for a person's enjoyment of life. A few days ago I put many pencil-marks on paper, and the more the worse and higher. "You were crazy, utterly crazy, to go to Scandinavia!" I informed myself. But we'd been! We should worry now about what it all adds up to.

Nor was our summer limited to Scandinavia. We put all told six capitals of Europe in our pockets, saw something of seven countries. "Saw something" in the American tourist sense, and counting Switzerland, as the jumping off and return landing place.

On July 10th I met sons in Basel, Switzerland. That good border town we already knew almost by heart. The next day our first summer capital, Brussels. We had some two hours for Brussels—that is, we got in about five o'clock and drove two hours in a cab all over town. If you could chose your two hours of daylight in a strange place almost any one would be safe in electing late afternoon and early evening. It was during such time we saw Brussels and loved it. Adults would not refer to two hours in Brussels. They would count from five until midnight, say, or they might stay up some two or three hours longer. We are short on night life. When we are traveling at the rate of six capitals a summer we retire by 9.30 at the latest. A general conclusion as to Brussels is that there is probably no city in the world with the cultural advantages of Brussels which is to-day so cheap.

Second capital—London. And what is lovelier than getting to London on a mild summer Sunday? The channel was gray-blue, listless, warm. As for the trip from Dover to London, to quote Jim's diary, "—startled over the luxury accommodations (3rd class) of the train we started for London. I've seen lots of beautiful country, land-

scapes and sceneries but really the trip from Dover to London was one of the best—the very best.”

There were three reasons for London in the summer of 1925, and not one of them was to see London itself. That we intend to do thoroughly later. There was to be our very dear aunt Elsie Turner in London, not beheld in six years; there was Wembley; and—good gracious, how we talked of it days and planned it nights—there were to be two new suits of clothes, presents from a dear friend in New York. In the summer of 1925 the boys were fifteen and seventeen. In all their lives they had possessed three suits of clothes, in case you wonder why the excitement. Much of their early years they spent either naked or in bathing suits. It simplified life greatly. In the naked days we were on a California farm. Every evening I drew the two laundry tubs full of water. They rinsed the worst layer of dirt off in the first and got washed in the second. No clothes to launder, no mending. There was the November morning when Jim, just five at the time, announced he felt chilly. His father told him to go upstairs then and put on some clothes. In a few minutes Jim reappeared. “Now I’m warm all right.” He had on a pair of sandals.

Back in Berkeley they were constrained to wear clothes, but nothing more than bathing suits. In time bathing suits gave way to a sort of canvas one-piece suit effect, home invention. Some one once expected tears when they told me of a poor family where the children were actually “going without underwear.” “That’s the state of mine,” was all she got out of me. By the time we went to New York, 1919, sons were ten and eleven, in corduroy knickers and sweaters. In 1920 they were bought their first suits, trousers and coat to match. Macy’s could hardly hold us. In 1921 it was Europe and Swiss schools and no style, and not until 1923 did we invest in our second suits. As the gentle reader may remember, last year, 1924, was memorable as the purchase year of long pants in Vienna.



London goes down in history as the scene of the acquisition and first wear of plus-fours. Not only, gentle reader, of plus-fours, baggy as only London knows how to bag, but golf socks to match and Oxfords with crêpe soles and new shirts and four new ties. Thus arrayed we were when Jim wrote, "Oh, didn't the suits look grand! We went up to Liberty's with them on and anybody who saw us would have known that we wore plus-four suits for the first time. We were just beaming at each other." Mother in the middle beamed hardest of all. What if the temperature of London was such that a bathing suit would have been one garment too many?

Knowing Norway lies ahead, I refuse to spend much literary time on Wembley. "In the afternoon we went out to Wembley and gee it was hard to begin. So we took the never-stop railway and went to the end." Sort of neo-Einsteinian, is C. H. P. "Then we looked at all the buildings up that way: Ceylon, Australia, Afrika, Government Building, Nigeria and a bunch of others. We also saw a film about Nigeria. One of the most interesting things was to watch people packing railway tickets. They would fling two hundred tickets around as if they were one hunk of wood." Each of the three days in London the boys spent half their time at Wembley and sweltered happily in the new plus-fours and acquired, we dare to hope, a more vivid conception of the British Empire and its contributions to the sum total of worldly goods, from diamonds to butter.

Thursday morning. "We got on the train for Newcastle and started off." (He might have mentioned that we again were "startled" by English third-class accommodations.) "There was very beautiful scenery out of the window and tennis courts and old mansions. After lunch on the train came York and the Cathedral, it also was very beautiful. We arrived in Newcastle at 3.20 and took a taxi down where our little boat the *Venus* was. She was a darn nice little boat. Well, we got pulled out



*Sogne Fjord—Eight O'Clock in the Evening*



*Eidsburgaren, which Parkers expected to find cuddled in the midst  
of balmy woods*



of the wharf and started down the Tyne. We had a gorgeous supper already at 5 o'clock and then Mom read to us very long. It was still light when we went to bed at 9.30."

In London when we learned that it would cost \$40 apiece just to cross from Newcastle to Bergen we all but gave up the trip then and there. A hundred and twenty dollars before we started in on Scandinavia! Two days, one night—forty dollars. Three summers before our whole five weeks in Germany for all three of us had come to a hundred and twenty-five dollars! Of course we immediately suggested second class. We were told they did not allow women second class, and, any way, second-class accommodations were thoroughly uncomfortable. We didn't have enough spunk to try it anyhow. What we did do was to save five dollars apiece by going on a small boat which took a night longer. Undoubtedly had the crossing been an average one—which meant, so they tell, that all save the captain are restrained with difficulty from putting an end to the miseries of this world—our enthusiasm for the small *Venus* might not have been so great. As it was, the calmest of calm seas, we rejoiced in her. Ten passengers all told, room for a hundred and twenty-five. What took her longer was that we landed the second evening at Stravanger, south of Bergen, and so saw more of Norway for five dollars less. My diary sets up a mild wail: "Wish once in a blue moon we'd run into exciting and interesting traveling companions. Talked some time this A. M. with middle-aged English couple. Each alone would talk an ear off you. Both together—Maybe the English know only one extreme or the other. . . . They've traveled all over, ten lands, yet good man as excited as a twelve-year-old over every boat on the seas and must needs look long at every speck through his field glasses. Wife distressed because she couldn't remember name of some Swiss hotel where they stayed four days in 1913."

We got a whole forty dollars' worth apiece over our first Norwegian breakfast, indeed we approached getting forty dollars' worth out of every one we ever were to eat. That first aboard the *Venus* "startled" us for sure. I had told sons the night before they could sleep as long as they wanted, but when I saw that breakfast I did need them too much to help exclaim. Three times I attempted to rouse them to enthusiasm. Three years of continental breakfasts had left them passive on the general subject—they only grunted. I didn't want to go into details over what they would behold once they entered the dining room for that would have spoiled half the fun. At last, however, despair got the better of dramatic values. Then there was a hustling and a scramble and a "Gee, Mom, why didn't you tell us it was like that the first time you called us!"

So then, a normal Norwegian breakfast, our first (after three years of cocoa and bread and butter and artificial honey remember) was as follows (oh, dear, and just this minute I remember again that man who said I wrote too much about food. I *will* tell of Norwegian breakfasts!) 1. cold ham; 2. cold tongue; 3-4. cold sausages; 5. cold roast beef. (Not just slices, skimpy, on a plate, but a whole roast before your eyes, and the same for all the other meats.) 6. salami; 7, 8, 9. different cheeses, one of them our first sight of Norwegian national cheese and you've got a treat ahead of you—a fat high square of coffee colored cheese made of goat's milk; 9. two soft-boiled eggs apiece; 10-14. five different kinds of breadstuffs, crackers, etc.; 15. coffee and cream, *cream*; 16. great pitchers of milk, and you're given a fat glass of milk as a matter of course, even if you drink coffee; 17. apples; 18. quantities of butter; 19. marmalade; 20. tomato salad; 21. herring and sardines. We were to see fancier breakfasts than that in Norway and Sweden— I might as well tell of them now so that those whom the subject of food distresses can rest assured no such annoying details lie ahead. We



were served not only such a galaxy of dishes but in addition one morning I ate shrimp salad garnished with hard-boiled eggs and mayonnaise, another time lobster, again creamed sweetbreads and mushrooms. You enter a Norwegian or Swedish breakfast room and there is a table in the center groaning under a variety of twenty to thirty kinds of food. You step up and help yourself to something of all thirty or as you will. A day in Scandinavia starts amid such excitement. Nothing placid to the early hours when one must stand tormented before six times more delicious food than can be consumed. And always a fat glass of milk for every one regardless and two soft-boiled eggs. No wonder Scandinavian hotels are expensive.

Supper is breakfast all over again, except that instead of eggs you are served a hot meat dish and then comes as contained as possible a center rush towards the table where you make the rounds in line hoping to get to the Russian salad at the northeast corner before it is all gone. Only you discover to your peace of mind that in most hotels as fast as one dish is emptied another is put in its place. In one hotel such was not the case. Human nature is adaptable. At that hotel thrifty souls, which the first night did not include Parkers, made the rounds of the center table before the hot course was served and those who bided their time mannerly were rewarded with the lone survivals, cold sliced eel and a ghastly red sausage.

I should like to skip writing about Norway, other than breakfasts. Human abilities are equal to describing a Norwegian breakfast, but not Norwegian scenery. If there is a more beautiful country in the world than Norway, Parkers have yet to see it. There was a time when the University of California justified its then pitiful academic salaries on the ground that any one ought to be so glad to be in California the University did not need to pay on the same scale as eastern institutions. Perhaps Bennett's Travel Bureau argues that any one ought to be so

glad to be in Norway it makes no difference what you charge them for that opportunity. The scenery of no other country can compare with Norway, therefore why compare the charges of gazing on that scenery? Bankrupt Parkers! Parkers' only response could be, "Well, it was certainly worth it."

There are all sorts of ways of assuaging the pains of traveling beyond one's means. One, as mentioned, is never to add up expenses. Another, tried by us with great success in Spain and again in Norway is to pay for everything in one lump sum. The agony of that is colossal. The system staggers and all but turns back. The first night in Bergen, Norway paid for in advance, I lay in my bed and felt like the waylaid "certain man," stoned, robbed, beaten and left by the roadside to perish by my financial foolhardiness, and no good Samaritan in sight. Actually black and blue, I was. Nothing could be worth what that Bennett's had charged us. We had planned to spend from two to three weeks in Norway. When Bennett's informed us we must count on a minimum of ten dollars a day per person, and that third class by rail and simpler hotels, we announced, "then book us through Norway as quickly as possible and on to Sweden."

"Sweden is more expensive than Norway."

"Then on to Denmark!"

"Denmark is more expensive than Sweden."

We ended in paying for one week in Norway, one week to get from Bergen to Oslo (it can of course be done in about as many hours), and as mentioned, said payment left me bruised and battered. Saturday night it was.

Sunday night, twenty-four hours later, we three Parkers were in Ulvik leaning against each other, weak from fourteen hours of uninterrupted and ever-changing grandeur, beauty, softness, surprises and delights, declaring with such breath as was left us, that had the whole amount paid covered just that one day from Bergen to Ulvik, we had gotten all and more than our money's worth. From then

on the trip would be—so much velvet. Indeed, I was in that expansive state of enthusiasm where it seemed imperative to get the whole world to Norway—such glory must be shared. From Bergen I had written those relatives in England that they were wise to have decided against Norway, the expenses were terrific and Bennett's robbers. Sunday night I telegraphed those relatives in England, "Come Norway if only few days." But might it then not look as if one of us had fallen off a cliff and needed spiritual support? So I hastily added "Too marvelous." That couldn't refer to a broken leg. Nobody took our advice.

Norway, as I have faintly hinted, is expensive. After we had spent a week there we had learned that it could be done less expensively by dispensing with a travel agency which quoted, and charged, prices a good bit higher than ever need have been paid. But much of comfort, if one desires comfort (we don't particularly), would thereby be forsworn, and no matter how managed, unless by foot with a frying pan and a sleeping bag, Norway could never be made cheap. By using a travel bureau one is assured of very good rooms no matter how crowded the hotel, and often in Norway there is but one hotel to a locality and in season it is apt to be well filled; one is assured of good seats in a good automobile; and one is relieved of the nuisance of bothering with bills in a strange money—even tips are included in the hotel and meal coupons. Indeed life is very pleasant thus managed, plus the advantage that practically every place where we stopped was so full of charm that had we not been booked ahead, forced to move on, we would have been in danger of spending our whole Norwegian week in each spot where we ate a meal or spent a night.

While still on generalities I mention another contributing cause to my Scandinavian enthusiasm. This I owe as special apology to Esther. Esther is an eleven-year-old person who knows the first volume of "Ports and Happy

Places" better than I do. Naturally I feel decidedly kindly warm toward Esther. She is very much my friend. I met Esther in New York this spring when I was earning enough to pay for a few Norwegian meals. Esther and her mother took me out to lunch, Esther presenting me at the same time with sweet peas. Esther was a very dear and well-mannered person, entirely aside from her high literary standards. We sat down to eat in mellow cultured surroundings. And Esther's opening remark, we having known each other by then the matter of a short taxi ride, was, "And now I hope you'll talk all lunch long about the boys' fights. I liked those fight parts the best of the whole book!"

(And not two days before a friend had quoted a very distressed person to me, who would so have enjoyed my travel book if only I'd not written about the boys' fighting!)

So for the space of one lunch I did my best to reproduce for Esther's benefit the altercations, combats, battles, affrays, disputes, contentions, arguments, scraps of the two Parker boys. Whenever I stopped for breath or a bite, Esther said, "Tell some more!" And Esther's farewell remark to me was, "I hope you put a lot more about the boys' fights in the next book!"

I shall have to present Esther with a copy of this Volume Two. She would never buy it if she realized that there is, as far as I can remember, nothing about a fight in it. The old lady (that's catty! Maybe she's young) who objected to the fights in Volume One will pat herself on the back and announce that it pays to complain of authors to their friends. Be all that as it may, whether it was the expense of the trip which subdued the sons or the scenery or the plus-fours, certain it was that they were as near perfect during the summer of 1925 as flesh and blood adolescence can become. For Esther's sake I should like to invent a swashbuckling fraternal combat which left a trail of Parker blood from one end of Scandi-

navia to the other, but I shouldn't dare. My sons could sue me for libel. They were saints all summer long, and that's that. Sorry, Esther, sorry!

We spent a day and night in Bergen, wooden buildings again, almost our first since California six years before; museums with much to do with fishing and that name of Norse romance even before we had read "The Last of the Vikings," the Lofoten Islands; picture gallery—again paintings of the Lofoten Islands; Haakon's old palace with its fine restored banquet hall; and a lazy afternoon on a park hillside watching the boats in the harbor, talking, talking.

The next morning we were off by train the short ride to Trengereid. Bear attentively with the progress of this day, for if you have but twenty-four hours for all Norway, this must be the trip you take: train, then Bergen to Trengereid; there autos are waiting in a long line and you find your places. They are no luxury of travel in Norway, merely the accepted and for the most part only way of getting from one place to another in a land where nature frowns on railways and there isn't time to walk. The automobile trip from Trengereid to Norheimsund, two and a half hours, was the most beautiful I had ever taken, surpassing even my otherwise red letter road from Castle Crag to the McCloud River in California. There is such a lavishness in variety to all Norway, and especially to that two and a half hours from Trengereid to Norheimsund; fjords, rivers, lakes, canyons, waterfalls, ravines, valleys, mountains. Indeed one should make the trip to Norheimsund, stay all night and take it the other direction next day, and then back once more to Norheimsund. We met people who had been smart enough to do just that and still felt they needed to travel the road several times again. Lunch in Sandvens Hotel, Norheimsund (ice cream, piles of it!) a visit to a county fair and at four o'clock the little steamer down the Hardanger Fjord, a five-hour trip to Ulvik. A morning of incomparable land



scenery; an afternoon of our first fjord, which is meeting of sea and land dramatized to the *n*th degree. No ten minutes of a fjord are like any other, not only because every inch of shore varies, but too the varying of light and shade. A wonder of July travel in Norway which we never ("never"—in one week!) became accustomed to was that no matter what time we were booked to arrive at our destination, let it be midnight, it was never dark and we were never sleepy. And those light-night shadings on sky and fjord are something to remember to the end. Wrote Jim: "You really never know when to go to bed around here because I was writing my diary after ten o'clock and it was as light as if it were seven at Glarisegg."

Surely, had we not been scheduled ahead by Bennett's nothing could have pried us away from Ulvik after only one night. We groaned at leaving that Brakanes Hotel, right on the fjord. "We will come back and spend all next summer at Ulvik!" we announced, as we were to announce at least ten different places.

Ten places? A hundred places! I hardly dare let myself think of one phase of Norway lest my rôle of parent and breadwinner fit even more saggingly than it already sometimes does. I have a complex which I have passed on to my sons—inheritance, some good souls would call it. I got it from my father. Ocean water to me can be merely ocean water. I can go into all degrees of æsthetic enjoyment of it, it never makes me sick, it always thrills me. But it is water—ocean water. The same with lakes. The same in their amazing way with fjords. But any kind of a flowing stream, from a creek to a river, is never and cannot be viewed as water. Be the beauty of it ever so piercing, always, always one thought comes before the beauty—trout! If there are no good holes in sight I can give myself over to pure æsthetic appreciation. Let there be one likely hole behind a rock, under a bank, at the end of some riffles, and my soul ties itself in a double knot and unties and quivers and aches and sings to the

heavens and is torn to shreds. For a rod, oh, for a rod! The sound of the reel once more! The drop of the fly! The strike! Will I never live it all again, that passion of mine since I was five years old? It has been seven years since I've had a rod in my hand—except as Alpine stock!

And Norway—O ye Gods of the Open Air, Norway was one absolutely 100 per cent perfect trout hole after another, one torment to the hungry soul, one ecstasy. When Jim wrote, "I suppose that we were leaning out of that auto at least half the time spying out trout holes gee but we did see some beauty places," it could have fitted every trip in Norway. And the same for his earlier "We always wanted to stay or camp on every one of the lakes or streams,"—it fitted into almost every hour of every day. How many times in one week did we announce, "We've *got* to come back next summer and camp right here!" Even fjords were no spiritual rest, for every other ten minutes some stream was tumbling into a fjord, and we knew just what the trout holes looked like up that stream. Ah, well, I may never catch a trout in Norway, a real trout, but if I'm spared to live thirty years yet it's a safe wager that every month of those thirty years—yes sir, even the last five of them—I'll be fishing in Norway in my day dreams, always summer, always good luck. And I'll fry them myself, the smaller ones, and the bigger ones I'll bake.

While it would be worth while to make a trip to Norway if only for twenty-four hours and that trip of Bergen-Trengereid-Norheimsund and back, still if possible let me prevail upon you to make it twenty-four more and take the trip from Ulvik, two hours by motor to Voss. "In a way the country appealed even more than yesterday, for I wanted to set up camping every quarter mile. It was fairly wild, and wonderful woods and meadows and such fishing water every place! We near died. And such waterfalls!" Nand wrote, "We left Ulvik at 8 A. M. in

a dandy new style Buick with three other guys." Which seems his way of referring to a sedate Norwegian man, a middle-aged New England lady, and her nephew studying at Oxford. "It was a fine trip. We sure did find swell fishing holes! We went through wonderful country!" And Jim: "We left Ulvik in a beauty Buick for Voss." (Each day of each son the style of auto is feelingly dwelt upon.) "And the ride shure was a beauty, too." (No attempt at Irish humor, merely the influence of German.)

At Voss we took the train for a two-hour climb to Myrdal, 2,845 feet, and in those regions even at that altitude there was snow on the ground and not a tree in sight—something of what 8,000 feet would be in Switzerland. That train trip was for us especially interesting because in addition to scenery there was a very pleasant Norwegian in our third-class compartment, a plumber from Racine, Wisconsin, back "home" after twelve years in the United States. He could answer many of our questions about Norway, but he wasn't staying long. It was beautiful, labor unions were stronger than in the United States—but wages—oh, my! He was the rich relative home on a visit.

That five-hour walk from Myrdal to Fretheim on the Aurlands arm of the Sogne Fjord is one of the grandest in all Norway. Alas, as a usual thing one has to make the choice between the Myrdal-Flaam-Fretheim route to the Sogne Fjord or the Voss-Stalheim-Gudvangen route. Either choice, and it is unforgivable what one missed because of not having chosen the other. Of course the solution is to go to Norway at least twice. Another trip one must surely take the second time is to get off the boat at Vik on the Eidfjord arm of the Hardanger Fjord and make the trip to Voringfos. From the Fosli Hotel near by to Finse on the Bergen railroad is one of the finest of the more difficult walks in Norway over the snowy plateau of the Hardanger Jokul. But why start on what there is

to be done and seen in Norway? One lifetime is scarce enough. I've got maps, Baedeker, photographs, post cards, still other maps, spread out about me here in my corner study and such a Norway fever in my soul that between what we did do and what we didn't but must do I'm not fit for milder climes and cultured ways. And then, accidentally, I raise my eyes to the wall ahead and the pictures of the stained glass windows of Chartres—life is too complex. Norway alone would not do either. And then if I consider the small upper middle drawer to my desk, abiding place of that not devouring passion of my life, my faithful black checkbook, stiff and chaste no matter what sum total it stands sponsor for—A.S. or B.S. (finances after or before Scandinavia) when I think on it, life cannot be all Norway and Chartres. Business, my dears, business. . . . And we never got to the Lofoten Islands at all.

It's a fine travel book I write. I'm always having to look back to see where on earth I really am. I go off on so many trips in between. It's a wonder I don't put some of them down in black and white as if they really happened. Right in here, surrounded by fjords and stained-glass windows, I've been wondering if it really must be that I'll leave this side of the world without seeing Constantinople.

From Constantinople, gentle reader, we migrate back to the Myrdal-Flaam fourteen-mile walk. You can drive it in a stolkjaerre, except for the nineteen steep road windings from Myrdal to the Flaam valley, which must be walked. But the ideal way is to walk the whole distance, for at times even walking takes one too fast for all there is to behold, and one must needs stand and gaze and gaze. Don't put off that walk too long. The guide book says, "An electric railway from Myrdal Station down to Flaam is projected." One part of the world where one can still have a small bit of the self-respect of the pioneer, and soon that will be undermined. Already in that Mon-

day walk rocks all but landed on our heads—blastings for that railway up above. Give us Norway untrunked. I'd rather the rocks land on my head than have a train shoot by.

From Fretheim we took the boat next morning down the Sogne Fjord, and you dare not leave Norway without a trip on the Sogne Fjord, above all up the Naerö Fjord, one slender arm of the Sogne. Indeed one whole summer should be spent in a motor boat doing the Sogne, the fjord a hundred and twelve miles long, average width about three miles, and its dozen and more arms—and if you for any reason feel you might be interested in depth, why then in places you can go 4,000 feet before you'll touch bottom. If you should like a really long vertical trip for your money, you could jump off a bank say 4,900 feet abruptly above the water—8,900 feet would be quite a ways to go with so little effort. No charge for the suggestion.

From my diary: "Naeröfjord simply marvelous, Gudvangen at the end. Passed big *Franconia* way up that fjord crowded with Americans. I'll take a cruise like that when I'm seventy, not before. Many aboard looked as if they'd made the same resolution. A lot went ashore at Gudvangen as we got there—such clothes for Norway! The expressions of the good Norwegians hanging over our rails! Pale blue embroidered dresses, pale blue-gray trousers, white slippers and light silk stockings. . . . What kind of male youths from eighteen to twenty-four go on a cruise like that?" Nand wrote: "The crowd on her sure did look boresome." Jim: "A hot bunch." . . . "On back up Naeröfjord to main Sogne Fjord, en route changing to a bigger boat. The changes from boat to boat which take place in the middle of fjords! Already we've seen passengers change from steamer to steamer via gangplank, via jump (one middle-aged man) and many at all places and times from rowboats to steamers. . . ."

We reached Balholm about three that afternoon with, of course, one ambition in life—to go swimming in a fjord.



Where did one change into a bathing suit? We asked the hotel. Down the shore. Now the ease of that. You find a bush you like and undress under it, or a haystack may suit your fancy as shelter, or a rock. As Nand wrote, "Just changed our clothes and dove in. It was good to bathe in salt water. The water wasn't very salty but just the same it was the old stuff alright."

The next day was a red letter one for many reasons. We had, of course, a Norwegian breakfast, nor could one have eaten before nine had one wished to. Nor did Parkers wish to. We had another swim. We made a new friend—the nephew who had ridden in the same swell Buick from Ulvik to Voss, one of those three guys. It so happened he had read "The American Idyll" and liked it. We had the loveliest fjord trip of all, from three in the afternoon to midnight, Balholm to Laerdal. Sons and I sat up alone in the bow of the boat, read Per Hallström's "Melchior" out loud but otherwise talked and talked hour on end, the best visit we've ever had, and always such scenery, always such lights and shadows. At midnight still light, we landed at Laerdalsören, or Laerdal.

And there we had a time of it. For days Jim had been suffering with a boil on the back of his neck. I am forced to make public that unpleasant detail because of what follows. I had kept the boil dressed, all had gone well, until Laerdal, when of a sudden it looked something too terrible. I was appalled. There would seem only one thing to do. The hotel concierge could speak some English. Could he get me a doctor at once? (This at midnight.) They had a doctor in Laerdal but he was away on his vacation. So, where was the nearest doctor? Sixty miles distant. Could one reach him by 'phone? Oh, no. How soon could one get hold of him any other way? Much figuring—by five o'clock the next afternoon. That boil was to me the most awful looking thing I ever saw and I had visions of Jim just passing on before morning. Well, then, says I, I'll lance it myself. Had he anything

I could sharpen a pocket knife on? The concierge looked alarmed. Please let him hunt up the chemist! That very word, the thought of some one in that corner of the world who might know more about a boil than I—I could have wept for the relief of it. So down the street the Portier and I went, and he banged on the apothecary's door. More bangs. By now it was one A. M. A head was finally thrust out. Much Norwegian exchanged. Yes, the Portier said, the chemist would come as soon as he got dressed. And back we went to the hotel.

Oh, dear, these people who stop to put on a stiff collar and a necktie and comb their hair when you want them quick and no frills!

And then once arrived, oh, woe and much fussing and pulling of pockets inside out, something was missing and a rush down two flights of stairs and back to the apothecary shop. On his return the glorious discovery was made that he could speak German. We got along famously and no, the boil was nothing—I should see one he dressed yesterday. No, he didn't believe in lancing—it wasn't done any more. He plastered on a vile green-black salve and gauze and gauze. I was convinced the man knew nothing whatever and I lay there during the night planning on how we could reach Oslo the quickest and a real doctor. At seven-thirty that chemist was there again and off came the bandages and lo, there was the boil looking like a spring violet—that dangerous. No boil left at all. Another emptying of pockets and a rush back to the shop. While he was gone Satan entered into my heart and I uttered out loud my suspicions. "If just moving about molesting no one costs so much in Norway, *what* is a chemist going to charge Americans for being gotten out at midnight? Probably he has never been of service to Americans before and, like all good Europeans, he'll reckon it his one chance of a lifetime to get rich overnight. To him I'm an American heiress traveling in state with my sons." The final dressing done and much fur flying,

for he was that kind of a chemist—large gestures and much flourish, I gathered my courage unto me, thanked him from the bottom of my heart and asked him, holding on to the bed with one hand, what I owed him.

The materials—cotton, salve, gauze, rubber, etc., etc., came to 3.50 krona.

And his services?

Oh, nothing! Nothing whatever for his services! It was a pleasure, a great pleasure! Could he write down his name and address for me—he was really a citizen of Oslo, in Laerdal on his vacation relieving the regular chemist. And if he ever again could be of service—

Why, but he *must* take something!

Nothing!

He bowed, he scraped and he made to depart.

I thrust 15 krona (about \$2.75) into his pocket and said I would accept no change. But he would rush back and bring the change!

I would refuse to take it.

During breakfast, the most monumental we were ever to see in Norway, which means the apex of world breakfasts, and all our hearts that relieved and happy and filled to the brim with affection for the chemist, he hurried over twice to give last words of advice. While we were sitting in the auto waiting for it to start on the next stretch of our journey—and not toward Oslo and a doctor—over he rushed with extra cotton we might need. Nor would he take a cent for it—dashed off again. When we passed the chemist shop he was sitting on the bench out in front and bowed and waved as long as we were in sight. And forever after we shall remember Kemiker Schmelck of Oslo, who claimed it was a pleasure to be gotten out of bed at midnight and charged Americans nothing for his services. “He sure was a ‘dear soul,’ as Mom called him.”

Indeed every single Scandinavian we were ever to have anything to do with was the sort to warm your heart years long.

From Laerdal, on a perfect summer's day, as were all these days, by motor on up through the Laera valley to the stave church of Borgund, the best preserved of the old wooden churches in all Norway. The dramatic thing to me about that wee, weather-beaten, wooden church was that it was built at the very time Chartres, Chartres itself, was being constructed, about 1150. If there could be greater architectural contrast than between those two religious buildings, each built as a place of worship to more or less the same God and at more or less the same time, it would be difficult to discover.

On up to Maristuen, 2,635 feet, where most surely, were we not in the hands of fate and Bennett's, we must have stayed at least a night, and fished in the stream tearing down through the Oddedal. From the pictures I took of that wild, houseless country, houseless except for the one hotel, you might think we were in the mountains of Idaho. Indeed there was only one Parker expression to fit our state of mind over the streams and trout holes we were to see that day. "Wouldn't you just *croak?!?*"

On and on, up and up, through wild country, spotted with lakes, furrowed with streams, covered with woods, over to, of a sudden, Tyen on Lake Tyen, that bleak lake surrounded by bare razor shaved, rocky, snow-patched, uninhabited mountains, where we stopped for lunch at the very pleasant and comfortable hotel. The contrasts of Norway! In a wee launch down the length of that barren lake (unpoetic Baedeker says "like the other Jotunheim lakes, a grand solitude") to Tyenholmen, and a short four-kilometer walk to Eidsburgaren on Bygdin Lake, 3,485 feet—about fifty feet lower than Tyen Lake, as desolate, as treeless, as uninhabited. And this was the spot we had picked out for our longest stay en route to Oslo! "It's very beautiful!" all the Norwegians we asked told us. It certainly looked so, on the map. All the lakes we had seen in Norway were wooded, appealing, full of fish, fit for swimming, boating. Bygdin was to be



*The 1150 Slave Church at Borgund, the Chartres  
of Norway*





our last Norwegian lake—we would stay there two nights! Have one whole day to swim and fish and prowls through the woods!

And here we were at the forsaken top of the world. Noah in the Ark on Ararat was Miami, Florida, compared to how Eidsburgargen looked to the astounded Parkers. If you like bleak, snow-patched wastes—well, you like them. Some do not. Give me a jungle if it means a boa constrictor along with it, rather than the dreary solitude of the utterly clean-shaven. Nor up there at Eidsburgargen was it that nature was shaven. She was just plain bald. As the last lingering hope we put a finger in the lake. Wrote Nandy: "When we felt the water we wondered how fish could live in it." So everybody went to bed. That is, sons were put to bed and slept from four P. M. until about ten-thirty next morning.

Then, says Jim and I, let's take a stroll—hatless, in our best London Oxfords, I in a thin summer dress. That stroll. It was on the order of how my lectures paid for Scandinavia. "Let's just follow this glacier stream up a ways. . . . Let's keep on and see where she comes from. . . . I think if we'd climb that rocky height to the left we'd be able to see over something and get a view of her source. . . . No, now we're here you can see that ridge ahead is in the way. We'll have to climb that." . . . And such a view from there—glaciers, snow mountains, ravines of rocks, snow and ice! Why, why, why didn't we have the kodak! . . . If we could get to that summit to the south we'd have a better view yet. . . . Small snow fields to traverse, glacier streams to cross—our new oxfords! And we got there. . . . But what a view! . . . It must be 'way past lunch time—we'll have to hurry down. There's the red wooden hotel on the lake, way below. Not a sign of a path—we'll just head for the lake. . . . And first thing, stretched down before us, a wide steep snow bank. How navigate that, hard almost as ice, with oxfords and no sign of a stock for support? Easy and seventh heaven! Crouch

down low on your own heels, hands out behind as brakes, and slide!—"rutsch," as we Swiss say. My land, there never was such sport. One whiz and zip—the bottom of the snow field and your hands all but frozen blue from the scraped up snow. . . . A stretch of loose rock—the Oxfords! . . . A bog—on the side of a mountain! We sank into mud that didn't look like mud on top at all, 'way above our ankles—the Oxfords! Two more glorious "rutsches"—whizz-zip-bing!—if only there were ten of those! More bogs, more rocks, a stretch of tough, spready, short underbrush, worse than bogs, snow, and rocks. Two glacier streams to cross. More brush . . . one wide, flat bog . . . the hotel. What's the bell ringing for? Lunch. Of course—Norway, and lunch at two-thirty or three—we'd forgotten about their queer, but how convenient, hours. The poor, poor Oxfords.

They tell you in every hotel always some person can speak English. At that we had at times our difficulties. In the what looked like the bridal suite they gave me for two nights in Eidsburgaren there was no sign of a towel. I rang for the maid. No, she spoke neither German nor English. I made frantic drying motions with my hands and pointed to the towel rack. Ah, yes—she dashed off and brought back a pitcher of hot water. No, no, and I dried my hands on nothing more frantically. Ah, so! And she dashed off and this time she brought a pitcher of cold water. I thanked her and we both smiled. So then I went down to the Portier, whom I located in a little post card, chocolate, post office, tobacco shop corner of the hotel. No, he couldn't speak English nor German. I began again frantically to dry my hands and he, poor soul, thought I was wringing them in misery and flew out for help. He produced a stable boy who knew a few words of German. "Handtuch!" I said to the stable boy. He translated. The Portier shook his head. No, reported the stable boy, he has none. But, I gasped, a hotel must have Handtücher! The Portier was sorry, the stable boy

was sorry. They had only chocolate, tobacco and post cards—oh, yes, a few pair of Norwegian hand-knitted mittens. Light dawned. “I don’t want to *buy* a towel,” I explained to the stable boy. “I have none in my room!” The poor, chagrined Portier. He almost wept with his apologies and flew off emitting sighs, groans, laments. I had hardly reached my room when he appeared with four towels and words which I could tell were drawn from the very bottom of his contrite heart.

The next day, Saturday, a varied journey; boat down Bygdin Lake, some seventeen miles long, to Bygdin. From there “in a grand big Cadillac,” “in a beauty Cadillac,” “we had one of the most beautiful rides that we ever had”—about three hours down again by trees and wooded lakes, streams and mountains, to Fagernes, our first time near a railroad since we left Myrdal. Lunch at Fagernes on its lake surrounded by woods and friendly rolling fields, and then on by train, an eight and a half hour ride, every mile of it woods, lakes, streams, to Oslo. Not till after ten o’clock into Oslo—pity we’ll miss all the last part of the trip for darkness—and at ten-thirty P. M. in July in Norway we could still count every shingle on every roof.

Oslo—a big city again, and our third capital. We loved Oslo. It seemed more woods and water than city, and sailboats, oh, the sailboats! It may be the proud boast of the United States that we have more autos per capita than any other land, but it is Oslo’s prouder boast that she has more sailboats per capita than any other city in the world. We have never owned an auto, but we did once possess a second-hand sailboat, we Parkers—the *Gold Bug*, yellow she was. So we felt a tie with Oslo.

We drove about Oslo in a taxi, we walked all over Oslo, we visited museums and picture galleries, the boys went aboard the *Fram*. “They must of had a fire in that old *Fram* because inside she’s all busted up and everything’s missing. I saw the old stove where they had cooked meals way up there north and I walked on that very same deck

that Nansen or Amundsen walked on; a great feeling alright. . . . She set up a gale around those docks after we left the *Fram* and we had a hard time keeping on our feet." After weeks of cloudless, perfect weather the skies opened and torrents fell upon the earth. The new plus-fours! "We wandered up (we being the two boys) towards the middle of the town and after a while it came into our heads that we didn't know where we were, in other words, we were lost! After about a half hour of futile hunting around I just parted from Nandy and took up the business alone and after about one hour of just hopeless despair I finely discovered the park in back of the royal palace and of course from then on it was easy. . . . We had nearly wrecked our new plus-fours, and so we got into bed and let them dry out a bit. We got the wet things on again to eat supper."

The old Viking ships of the ninth century gave us a thrill. "It sure is wonderful the way those boats are preserved why they're centuries old. The main reason is that they were buried in clay I suppose and that's why they didn't just rot to pieces."

The finest thing we saw in Oslo was the Norsk Folke-museum over by ferry to the island of Bygdö. "The fine old furniture was very nice, but Oh! Boy! the swell old towns we saw! . . . They had a whole park full of old peasant houses. They fixed the whole place up great with the old things and they had old houses from every part of Norway and put up just like real."

The last evening we prowled about the Vor Frelzers Cemetery guideless, until among those thousands of stones we found the graves of Ibsen and Björnson.

"Björnson's was just a simple lovely sort of reddish granit slab with a flag draped over it all in stone. Ibsen's was a very dark gray marble obelisk also very beautiful" (Jim). On up to St. Hanshaugen, "St. John's Hill," to have our last Norwegian supper on a terrace with music, a stroll later to the highest point of the lovely park where



we could overlook Oslo in a soft evening haze, back to pack and to bed.

Three days, four nights, in Oslo, and we were off for Sweden—first stop Rättvik, up in the Dalecarlia country on Lake Siljan. It seemed the simplest way of seeing a rather broad stretch of Swedish country, and we with so little time for Sweden—a thirteen hours' train trip from Oslo. The country was in great contrast to Norway, softer, gentler, lovable, and lakes and lakes and lakes. Those Swedish lakes! Again we were possessed to halt the scheme of things, get out of schedule (though we were free as far as tourist agencies and rooms ahead, that clutching bugbear, were concerned) and camp in fifty places. Woods came right to the water's edge of most of those inviting, affectionate Swedish lakes, and as evening came on a soft lake-and-woods mist came with it. The Red Gods called with an insistent call but, alas, trains make a deal of noise and they stop at stations only.

The Tourist Hotellet in Rättvik was Sweden itself. Jim, who got "startled" at the excellence of English third-class railroad carriages, was "amazed at the singularity (sic) of nearly all the rooms everything was so different."

The next morning we were off on the eight-hour train trip to Stockholm and more Swedish country to see and Swedish peasant costumes. Bennett's had told us Sweden would be even more expensive than Norway. When we came to price even plaintive-looking hotels in Stockholm we really were appalled. In one hotel the nice clerk gave Nandy the name of a private family where we could get good rooms and breakfast for four krona apiece—something over a dollar. He telephoned then and there for us, and we were off to find a taxi. We should have been hunting for one yet had not a strange kindly Swede, not able to speak a word of English but sensing our difficulties and insisting on being of service, walked three blocks out of his way to lead us to a taxi stand. "Dear soul."

That private family. We took an awful chance, one

does with private families, and all the luck was on our side. We were received like long lost relatives, welcomed by mother, father, daughter, daughter's beau, the maid and the dog. Then, the excitement over, dog and maid back in the kitchen, daughter and beau in a corner on the parlor sofa, father wherever it is they usually go to get out of the way, it developed mother and Parkers could not by hook or crook make themselves understood. Not a word of German or English or French could mother speak or understand and I defy the non-Swedish world to understand Swedish. I can't think the Swedes themselves understand it. How get the good lady to realize for one thing that we would like warm baths that night? How indeed ascertain if she had a bathtub? The maid "horned in" but only shook her head.

Ah, dear friends and strangers, love is a beautiful thing. The young officer suitor of the daughter—ah, *mon Dieu*, *mon Dieu*, he could talk some German! My tender heart did hate to intrude but would he then be so very kind as to ask the lady if she had a bathtub.

Swedish.

She had.

Could we have three baths that night?

Much Swedish by everybody.

We could have two but three would strain the machinery.

Good. Could I then have a bath the next night at nine?

Swedish.

I could.

My sentimental soul simply could not bear any longer this infringement of personal romance. I thanked everybody profusely but hastily and fled. Suitor resumed propinquitous position to interested party.

Back in my room mother approached with a question. Consternation. She asked it four different ways. She called the maid and the maid asked it. She took my arm and, oh, woe's the word, she led me back to that oppressed suitor.

Swedish.

What time did we want breakfast?

Any time convenient for them.

Swedish.

Eight-thirty to nine?

Fine.

And what did we want to eat? To drink?

The suitor, standing there bored, discussing our menu back and forth, daughter on the sofa looking at the ceiling. The path of true love—

At last, supplied with keys, beamed on by every one, especially as they saw us departing by the suitor and the daughter, we were off for supper and to peer a bit about Stockholm in the rain.

Alas only two whole days and three nights did we have in Stockholm, surely one of the most beautiful of cities. We decided Vienna and Stockholm were our favorite cities of all this side the world. How we did fly about those two days, what we did see! The stadium for the sake of my Olympic-minded sons first of all. And that Northern Museum! "No other country can present so complete a picture of early and medieval culture"— "There was a very large statue of Gustavus Vasa right in front of you when you came in. I saw the old bluggy shirts of Gustavus Adolphus that he wore in the battle of Lützen, that is at his death. The other most interesting things were a couple of rooms stuffed up with that atrocious furniture dating back 1870-1900. Mom just had a fit over all these things because they had so much of that stuff in her own house when she was small and the terrible lamps, table covers, rugs, etc., were regarded as beautiful. We shure did have a fit over these rooms."

Downstairs room after room fitted up in the simple beautiful old peasant things—we had been utterly unable to decide which charmed us most. Upstairs the furnishings of the "upper classes"—the contrast was appalling, ridiculous. I clutched at sons in explosions of joy. "It

all carried me back to my own childhood. Such atrocities!! Priceless! Cushions, lamps—oh, the lamps! I could see them on the tables, the floors, of relatives and friends. One brass standing lamp had a red paper shade. I saw that very combination some place when I was twelve—I know it! Pictures in velvet frames, fringes on furniture, whatnots in corners, vile vases, flowers under glass, shell boxes, a three cross-legged table with bead work cover and fringe, clocks, black furniture, terrible flowered carpet and fringes, fringes, fringes on everything! Each room arranged exactly as it really was in those days. Didn't I see myself hanging on to my mother's skirts at my great-grandmothers, devouring her shell box on the corner whatnot with my longing eyes! Didn't we possess a red silk much-wired lamp shade and a curleycue brass lamp in our very own home! Didn't we own at least three pieces of black furniture plus fringe! And in our very own hall a gentleman in satin breeches leaning over a bench whereon sat a young lady in satin short-waisted dress, the which framed in a silver wooded and red plush frame!"

And most amazing, to think that Stockholm, Sweden, and Oakland, California, were bearing up under the selfsame outrageous objects at the selfsame time. . . . Will our taste of to-day some time look as hideous? No, 1890 was too awful. Below, the fine old peasant furnishing—and they envious of what was above? Costumes of every period were arranged on figures in the room of that period. A treat, a treat! A novelist could sit a bit in any one of those rooms and get local color to burn, and it would do for any story from Oshkosh to London to Paris to Budapest.

Then to the Skansen, "just like that Folks Museum in Oslo and it's got all the old peasant stuff from all over Sweden. You just strike these tarred up huts by the million up in Skansen." "Lunch in the Skansen on a terrace overlooking the islands and peninsulas of Stockholm, the lakes and Baltic armlets. A taxi ride all over the city." Writes Nand, "To-day I've seen the finest

buildings I've ever seen." To Parkers no modern architecture in Europe has begun to make such an appeal as the new state and municipal buildings, apartments and private homes of Stockholm. And towering above them all, literally and figuratively, the new City Hall.

There is a building for you with the implications of the glorious town buildings of old! Sigh no more after the golden period of architecture. In Stockholm they have built a building in the spirit of those handicraft days we hark back to in our dreams. The whole city put its soul, its labors, its love, into that city hall, literally royal prince and commonest laborer worked side by side, and with the years there stood complete a structure of glory to all Sweden. It is an edifice to thrill you through and through, not with the splendor of the past—that is an old thrill in Europe—but with the evidence there before your grateful eyes of what the present, your generation, my generation, can erect. The whole world dares pride itself on the red brick City Hall of Stockholm.

Morning, noon, evening (ah, and the sunset shades there!), every chance we got we prowled along the waterfront of Stockholm, watched them unloading automobiles, catching minnows, looked our fill at silent boats doing nothing of every size and description. "Mom, if that boat was mine, do you know how I'd fix her?"

We drank lemonade and listened to the music in Bern's Salongers, and the pianist all but unable to strike the last note, so agitated was he to get at his cross-word puzzle.

Discouraged mothers ask me how I keep my boys interested in foreign travel—their sons get so bored. As if mine didn't! As if every one doesn't! You can stand so much of anything and then one five minutes more and you get spiritual indigestion. Nandy didn't want to look at pictures in Stockholm—he preferred to watch a boy fish from the quay in front of the gallery. Jim and I especially loved that Stockholm gallery (we only looked at the modern Scandinavian things). There we found the Carl



Larsson originals of our treasured book, "Das Haus in der Sonne," and felt like prospectors suddenly come upon gold. Three times we returned to them. "They were so cute and so funny," wrote Jim. "We saw some very lovely paintings of Zorn. He mostly does these beautifully-colored peasant gowns and naked women in bathing, these two are his specialties. . . . I suppose my favorite picture was one of Gustav Vasa taking the keys of Stockholm by Carl Larsson; it was very large, and right at the head of the stairs. The colors are so beautiful in it, too, and it's so real." The boy on the quay had not caught a fish and Nandy at Jim's enthusiasm regretted that he missed the gallery.

Lest mothers think Parker sons indulge in uninterrupted culture, that afternoon they spent at least half an hour in their room taking turns one standing in the wash room spitting prune pits out a high window, the other craned out a bedroom window enthusiastically announcing where the pit landed on the busy street below. They were supposedly writing their diaries.

A perfect last day in Stockholm—waterfront, pictures, and then again that inspiring, glorious City Hall. We even found we could have lunch there. We decided while eating in the Rathskeller that if ever for any reason the United States of America wished to get rid of us we would become Swedes. There must be a great lot of solid pride in being a Swede, not for what they are but what they *do*. What other land has such a record of accomplishment in all round, worthwhile activities—education, art and architecture, city planning, municipal government, social legislation, wise industrial relationships? Sweden modestly tells you she has borrowed the best of her educational experiments from Denmark; she tells you the influence of one man was largely responsible for her tolerant, efficient spirit between capital and labor—that great national and international statesman, long may his name be praised—Branting. We ran across an American professor

of political science in Stockholm, whose specialty is municipal government. His eyes were fairly popping. "Why," he gasped, "I had no idea such a state of affairs existed on earth as the wisdom and efficiency of municipal government in these Scandinavian lands, especially Sweden! We in America have no conception of their handling of civic affairs. There is nothing like it in the world!" In all Scandinavian countries practically all state and municipal authority is in control of Socialists. Socialism, please, is an eminently respectable cult in a great part of Europe.

We saw that day Sweden's Westminster, the Riddarholms-Kyrka, and therein the grave of Gustavus Adolphus (and the Swedes in his day got down to our very own Stein am Rhein—wasn't there a mural picture of them crossing the bridge in our very own Abbot's dining room?). We prowled all over the old part of Stockholm on Staden and Riddarholmen, and we had our last dinner in the most fascinating place to eat yet discovered in Europe, and that is saying one great big lot—Den Gyldene Freden, an eighteenth century tavern bought by Anders Zorn. The old wine cellars were restored, fitted up in every artistic detail to make you think you were back in the eighteenth century days—there is a charm to it all you'll find no place else no matter how long and far you search—and presented by Zorn to the Swedish Academy of Arts. There we ate—order Salad Jonas if you have a good digestion. Won't tell you what's in it!

The next morning we were off down the Göta Canal, three days and two nights from Stockholm to Gothenburg. A fine trip that—lakes, Baltic, canals and locks, well over four hundred kilometers, the trip, with the canal itself only eighty-nine kilometers. Alas, that one must ever go to bed aboard the canal boat and miss that much of the ever-changing lovely scenery. One of the two nights Nandy did stay up "till around ten-forty-five. The canal was just wonderful in the night. The searchlight played all along the canal and the trees were reflected in the water

as if it was day." I retired both nights early, the first because I was to get up next morning about three-thirty, leave the boat at four, and take three trains to Alvastra, where I had two charming hours with that pioneer fighter, Ellen Key, in her home directly above the lake. Ellen Key is no longer young, no longer in the firing line, yet in her day, however, one of Sweden's powerful characters, known, admired by the influential, the intellectuals of her own and many other lands. Ah, the dear great soul of her. What a card for her world-renowned heart to write me: "Dear, I long so to see you and I must tell you that you pass me on the way. . . . I have been so longing to see you! . . . In the joyous hope of soon seeing you, your Ellen Key." Of course I went! She had long been fond of my American Idyll—showed me articles she had written on it for the Swedish papers. How her "Century of the Child" had thrilled me years ago! Ellen Key had an adorable three-year-old Swedish grandniece with her who all but never left me because I did "Five little pigs went to market" on her fat fingers—in English—of which she couldn't, of course, understand a word. Enchanted, hiccoughy she was. Always there was a chubby hand held up, laughing eyes, hiccoughs, and "igen!" which was one Swedish word I learned. By three I was at Vadstena, north on the same Lake Vättern—the boat had taken eleven hours to go through sixteen locks and the short distance of Norsholm-Vadstena while I had been dashing in autos, crossing country in trains, waiting at stations, more trains, and two hours with Ellen Key.

The day before I had read out loud nine steady hours, pauses for meals only (and what a chance for reading is the Göta Canal, except that one must raise the eyes every two sentences for the scenery), "The Last of the Vikings" by Johan Bojer. There never was such a book, and having just done Norway, it was the most perfect thing we could have read. I could hardly wait to pronounce the words, so exciting was the tale—in some parts of it the

canal boat could have sunk and we would never have known the difference. A great book. All told, during the summer we read "The Last of the Vikings," "The Power of a Lie," "The Great Hunger," all by Bojer. The last named I transposed in part, not reading it entire to sons as it was in some places a bit too philosophic. I read them "Melchior" and "Amor" of Per Hallström's short stories. and Tegnér's "Fritiofs Saga."

Two restful rich days and nights we visited with Swedish friends in their summer farm near Göteborg. Jim's good German way of putting it: "We walked out to the in some beautiful great old trees situated farm house where the Alkmans spend their summer." Mr. Alkman is editor and owner of the *Göthenburg Post*, Mrs. Alkman a journalist in her own name, and we, lucky souls, had the rare opportunity of visiting in their home, seeing first-hand something of cultured, comfortable, informal and, oh, so hospitable Swedish home life. And at last I had the chance to do something more with a Swedish lake than whiz by it on a train. One of our two days the two Swedish women and I walked through Swedish woods to a wild lone Swedish lake and there we went in swimming after the manner of the wise Swedish people, bless them. Another reason why I should like to be a Swede. The good Lord never in this world meant people to wear bathing suits. We returned sunned and starved to a wild duck dinner under old apple trees. The next day Gothenburg.

And then it was Copenhagen, the fifth Capital. Perhaps because it came near the end of a full vacation—but no, I think just anyhow, Copenhagen lacked the charm to us of Stockholm, indeed there was no comparison. Nor did she have the natural charm of Oslo. As expressed by an American of the Göta Canal trip we ran across, "I can't get any *kick* out of this town."

Two things did very much give us a kick. We reached Copenhagen late at night and no idea of hotels. As Bennett's man was at the station we asked him for the name

of a cheap place for a few days. His idea of cheap was not ours. When he understood that, he said he knew of private rooms we could have for ten krona, about two dollars a day for all three beds. The price suited—dare we try our luck with another private family? At least we should stay solvent. The Bennett man himself took us out to our new quarters and of all the luck that ever was!—It developed we had a five-room apartment all to ourselves—for two dollars a day furnished! (Incidentally, it belonged to the Bennett man's mother-in-law.) We could hardly believe our eyes. Not in four years had we been alone together under one roof and all to ourselves. A little kitchen where we could get our own meals if we wanted—and didn't we want, after all these years! Everything, every single thing, in that apartment was utterly hideous, it was not situated among the four hundred, my bed was hard as a rock, but we were absolutely beside ourselves for joy. Boys wanted to stay weeks. We did stay five days instead of the two we had planned.

Next morning early I flew out after surprises for breakfast. The only cooking utensil we had was a tea kettle, the only table implements a pocket knife each and one traveling folding fork and spoon. Enough! I bought milk, fruit, eggs, butter, marmalade, bread, salt and we had a feast. Downtown that day we found Force, Bran, Corn Flakes, Puffed Rice—nectar and ambrosia to a four years' dearth of such. That night you couldn't have hired us to eat supper out. Jim was waiter and wrote out the menu.

Hors-d'Œuvres.

Paté de fois grasse (some one had given us that can on leaving Switzerland).

Pains confiture, beurre.

Corn à la Californie ("homemade corn on the cob" in his diary).

Melange à l'américaine (corn flakes with sugar and cream and sliced bananas).

Chocolats.



And the "Carte des vins" read:

Lait fraîche.

Eau fraîche.

The other great enthusiasm of Copenhagen was the Tivoli—that was something to make you love all Copenhagen. I don't believe any other city in the world has such a park in the very center of it, with such a program. We were served our tea-supper under a tree where we could watch the first number of the free afternoon program in the out-of-door theater—the sort of things to thrill the young, and all of it high class of its kind, even the costumes fresh. Nothing "free" looking about it. There was an equestrienne and her white charger, a tight-rope walker high overhead, and most wonderful of all, holding the great crowd entranced, the very best acrobats I have ever laid eyes on. They usually leave me cold, but those twelve Tivoli performers, "did things you couldn't imagine." They must all be dead by now!

That program over and there was a rush for one of the big enclosed music halls. Orchestras had been playing at various stands during the afternoon. During the evening in that hall there were to be three real concerts, two of them free, and one Beethoven's "Eroica" for about twelve cents. The first free concert, hall packed, a fine orchestra played Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," a waltz of Sibelius. "Ma mère l'Oye," by Maurice Ravel, and a march of Grieg. That was seven-thirty. At nine a symphony orchestra played the "Eroica" to a packed house; at ten-thirty another orchestra gave Horneman, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss, Wagner, Järnefelt, Hartmann. At eight forty-five and ten forty-five, two promenade concerts were given under the trees, and in another concert hall in the park were three more concerts—at seven-thirty, nine, and ten-thirty. All that on one evening! And music in almost every café and restaurant in the park besides.

So much for music. In addition there were seventeen

attractions such as marionettes, merry-go-rounds, gondola rides, scenic railways and that ilk. At six-thirty there was a farce given in the summer theater (reserved seats, twelve cents), at eight a revue, apparently free. There were three different performances during the evening at the Pantomime Theater, all free. One of those I saw after the Beethoven concerts. New York would have charged five dollars for good seats and gotten the price every night in the week. It was a beautiful thing—scenery, costumes, music, acting, dancing—every bit of it up to “Metropolitan standards,” my dears, on a stage out under the trees and Free! When I wrenched myself away after midnight there were still happy crowds about every place.

The next day, Sunday, we took a motor car excursion along the “Danish Riviera” (and the most livable private homes we had seen in Europe), to Hamlet’s Elsinore, Frederiksberg Castle, Frenzenborg, and what not, an all-successful trip.\*

Copenhagen end to end, and then it was Scandinavia no more but a train and a ferry across to Germany, and that old relief of being in a land where one can speak and understand the language! One old Hansa city I had long wanted to see was Lübeck, and to Lübeck we went, and it surpassed all my hopes. We were enchanted with Lübeck, every street you looked up, every block you passed along, sure to have a treasure of an old house on it, if not five. And that night, August eleventh, Parker luck—we ran into the celebration of the Founding of the Republic. A great torchlight parade they had, hundreds and hundreds marching, many men with windjackets and a certain kind of cap—the Reichswehr. Others marched by unions, by guilds, by groups of one sort or another, men, women, children, lovers arm in arm, mothers carrying babies, en-

\* Nor could I leave the subject of Copenhagen without remarking how our bicycle-loving hearts exulted there over the numbers of the Faithful. On an ordinary street corner in Copenhagen at an ordinary hour of the day we counted 375 bicycles go past in five minutes.



*Lake Annecy from our balcony in Talloires*



*The Grande Chartreuse hidden in the Savoy Mountains*



thusiastic young people singing beautifully. Every face looked earnest, every person it was plain had nothing of worldly goods to spare. On and on they marched with their torches. A parade like that always makes me want to cry.

From Lübeck on to Hamburg, our first European city fifteen years before, Nandy toddling about between us that cold February, a mite of nineteen months, Jim asleep most of the time, at four months. Not a vivid recollection did either of them have of Hamburg, nor I for that matter. We had two days and two nights in Hamburg—made the round trip on the Alster, saw the city from end to end in the auto excursion, rode from end to end of that marvelous throbbing harbor, spent a late afternoon and supper at Hagenbeck's, and the summer of 1925 was over. Except that Nandy visited friends two days in South Germany, Jim and I sprawled and bathed a few lazy windy days at a place we had never heard of in our lives, Heiligendamm on the Baltic.

Back to Berlin, our sixth Capital, and Jim off to school again.

And I—I sat up in bed one morning in Berlin and said: "Indeed I will see Prague!" A wild dash after Czech money, Czech visa, a railroad ticket—and it was indeed Prague! Prague, the most beautiful city of all the whole wide world. For four unbelievably glorious days and evenings and nights, I wandered the streets of Prague alone and never has any place of man's doing so filled my soul with marvelous delight. Those four days and nights will be to me a remembrance of ecstasy so deep that at times it hurt. The old crooked streets, the bridges, the river banks, the palace hill—that in noon sunshine, that in sunset glow, that by starlight—oh, Prague! And the luck of it—to see Smetana's "The Sold Bride" in Prague! And that same night it was my rare fortune to behold the most splendid ballet my eyes had ever looked upon, a Polish ballet, Ludomir Rôžyczki's "Pan Twardowski," whatever that really means. It was very new,



the enthusiasm, costumes, dancing very fresh. It was the most enchanting spectacle I have ever seen on the stage—eight scenes of splendor in costumes, in dancing, in music. Delight gripped me.

Three days at the annual Psycho-analytical Congress in Bad Homburg, near Frankfurt (and my first fizz bath and my first massage), and back to my June Bug and the Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations.

## XVII

### WE BICYCLE ONE AUTUMN FROM GENEVA TO GRENOBLE

HERE are the two *Cartes d'Identité, Signature du Titulaire*, Cornelia S. Parker; on the second James S. Parker; and the *Douanes Françaises, Permis de Circulation, valable pour trois mois; Genre bicyclette, Marque*, "Albatross," and the date October 13, 1925. Only we didn't circulate on our bicyclettes for the permissible three months, but for seven glorious autumn red, gold, brown and yellow days. Again and again and always I shall say, the way to see Europe is on a bicycle. In those seven days we rode from Geneva to, first night, Annecy. The next day came the trip around the Lake of Annecy south and north again as far as Talloires, where lunch on and the view from the vine-covered terrace of the Hotel Bellevue proved too fascinating, and we stayed two days. Why, if one can live on a lake, does one live any place else?

Thursday we rode on to Annecy, thus stowing the entire Lake away in our memories. On to Aix-les-Bains and since it was, we bathed in fizzy water, smellable back as far as Annecy. That was my second "cure" having had that fizzy and smelly bath back in Bad Homburg. They ask you at the little window what aches and pains and ailments and diseases you wish to be rid of, and the dear God made us without any, and so since names of bath waters mean naught to us we settle the vexed question by saying, "Well, then, a ticket for the cheapest." It's bound to be queer, no matter, and you want it queer, else why wander from the home bathtub?

On Friday to Chambéry, hot and hungry; lunch and uphill, and uphill, pushing the Albatross and rucksack. . . . Habitation de Jean Jacques Rousseau and one M. de Warrens—or if you are particular at all, consider it the Habitation de Jean Jacques Rousseau, stop, as Western Union would put it. . . . Up, up, up hill, pushing the Albatross and rucksack to the Col Granier. But have I not said, I the original woman of discernment, that when you go up a hill, granted life is spared you, there's a down?

It was sunset as we reached the pass, and I a soul as weary and sick of pushing a bicycle as ever looked over into a valley and across to the hills on the other side. What matter weariness? We sat on our Albatross seats and had the longest, steepest, most exciting coast of our lives. On and on and on and on and on—almost seven miles of solid unbroken coasting. Until darkness and bitter cold—for such speed and no exercise and no sun and autumn evening coming on, how be else than cold?—and the first little stretch of level ground brought us up with a halt in St. Pierre d'Entremont. There was one wee street and some dozen or so two-story houses along it in St. Pierre d'Entremont. And there was the Hotel Mollard, very, very cold and very clean and very empty, except for the proprietor and his family and the cat. It was plain the Hotel Mollard was not accustomed to guests in the middle of October, yet they fed us as though we had been expected for days. That's the French of it. And shivering we retired to our beds, Jim to break the autumn chill with loud chuckles, audible through partitions, over his adored "Nicholas Nickleby," Volume One, Tachnitz Edition.

From St. Pierre d'Entremont, up, up, up, to yet another pass, and it in autumn woods, the gold and brown leaves all but blotting out at that untouristed time of year the all but unused road. Down, down, down, zip! to St. Pierre de Chartreuse. Do you know the Savoy Mountains in the fall? And the fall of 1925 was one to call forth a



*Our Gota Canal Steamer near Vadstena*



*Stockholm Harbor at sunset*





sigh for the beauty and wonder of it from people not given to sighing.

This particular Saturday was the 17th of October and the Sixteenth Fête of one James S. P. and we knew exactly where we hoped to celebrate it: at the Grande Chartreuse. The description of the road from St. Pierre to the Grande Chartreuse; of the Grande Chartreuse, that huge ex-monastery, its shiny slate-covered gables and towers tucked away in the silent, almost secret, mountains; of the ancient Hostellerie St. Bruno tucked away beside it—it was there we had the birthday dinner, topped with one green and one yellow Chartreuse, sipped leisurely near a great crackling open fire [to have stayed on days!]; and then the picture of that flaming autumn down-hill road, cut along the side of a gray stone, tree-lined canyon, and the trees red and gold against the gray, and the stream swirling and churning steep below—for a sane measured description of all such I should need to be endowed with a disposition of a cultured Japanese.

On to St. Lourent-du-Pont, and a stretch of flat, hot, dusty uninteresting road until once more the push up to a pass, once more the coast down, this time to the main asphalt highway leading to our southern destination, Grenoble. Short on time, we took the train that night back to Chambéry, slept in a painful hotel across from the station, and on the Sabbath back by train to Geneva in time to see Charlie Chaplin in "La Fievre De L'Or," being in plain English "The Gold Rush."

And our eldest was spending his autumn vacation near Schaffhausen on the 250-year-old country place of a Swiss school chum, Kurt Pfähler.

## XVIII

### 1. BERLIN—2. THE LAST SWISS MOUNTAIN CHRISTMAS—LENZERHEIDE—3. PARIS AGAIN

#### 1

BACK to school for sons, back to work for me—children's clinics and some lectures in Zürich ; more clinics, more lectures in Berlin.

There are times when one may feel lonely in a big strange city. Big strange cities make far more unattached souls miserable than ever they make them gay. But to be absolutely alone in a big strange city with a heap of work to do and a small room off on an unheard of street and a table and a table lamp—Paradise. Yes, I say it is Paradise, and not an if or a but. Up early, breakfast in your room, not a care, not a duty, and work, work, studying, writing, till you force yourself to put on a hat and coat and find a place to eat. And the lark of that each day. In the first place it makes you get out in the air and walk. Then you have no idea where you'll end and what the place will look like when you open the door and find yourself inside. Maybe this time it's the Bierhalle variety and a stein and Bratwurst and Pretzels and the newspaper. Some people claim they'd rather not eat at all than eat alone. But for us, we do very much love eating alone and reading and watching people—eavesdropping, *sogar*, if any one will talk loud enough for us to hear. Then a brisk walk back and work, work, work, till supper at any old hour.

And supper alone in a big strange city—ah, how can I make any one realize the joy of that. If I had a

million dollars I would do it just the same. Stowed away in appropriate corners I have my feast and every night it is about the same: first out comes the bottle of red Spanish wine—too sweet, you'll say; then the bag of peanuts and rolls and butter and cheese and apples, and she munches and reads and drinks and munches and chuckles. Paradise.

Only in Berlin that heavenly hard-working time something happened to my eyes and they weren't usable, and about then Ogburns came along in the next room and after all it was fun to bummel the town with some one, feast on peanuts and cheese and buns and wine for three of nights—and at unearthly hours. Only they would insist on adding cold sliced ham. . . . Came the trip back to Switzerland via Hildesheim, one of the three most beautiful old German cities I know, especially after a fresh snow-fall.

## 2

It was due to those same unusable eyes that the three young and I had five glorious weeks in the Swiss mountains at Christmas time instead of the usual three. The last of our five snow Christmases we spent in the loveliest place of all and the best skiing of all, Lenzerheide. And the best hotel to stay in for that best skiing is the simple Waldheim, with the good Herr Oswald feeding even two Parker males all they could eat. In every hotel where Parkers stay it must be the good proprietor prays for a few guests with rather serious stomach trouble. It's only fair, since no hotel makes any profit on Parkers.

Have I said before that perhaps what we shall miss the most once we settle on the other side will be our Swiss mountain Christmas vacations? And shall we be torturing ourselves then by getting out all the snow pictures, the ski records, our photographs of five winter vacations, from Nandy twelve, on his first skis at St. Moritz, to Jim sixteen making a lovely ninety feet off the big jump at Lenzerheide? And all the good friends, new and old,

during those gay snow times [except in St. Moritz]. Ah, me, I begin to get low in spirits now thinking of next Christmas and here I sit peering at snow postcards, snow pictures—picnics, races, ski jöring, jumping competitions—there's even a pathetic one of me darning stockings under a tree, sitting on the bare ground, no snow, no snow at all—and so I was reduced to darning stockings. What a mound of them. And June Bug in another picture, shooting down a steep snow hill on her skis, naked from the waist up—and she jumps off the boys own Parker jump and lands and sits and slides. . . . Lenzerheide, Lenzerheide—a thousand times will Parker thoughts go back to you each winter until we die. Snow . . . sunshine . . . skis . . . people around you care about. . . . The world holds little to equal it.

## 3

And what is this in the Memory Book right next to two ski club badges and snow three feet deep? The Casino de Paris. Just so. Snowburned, tough, every muscle in our bodies fit, sons and I arrived in Paris, en route to the last lap of Europe—four months in London. The June Bug we left at her school in Geneva, more proficient for the moment in skiing than in arithmetic. If you don't land on your feet in skiing you can sit and slide. In arithmetic you merely sit.

The Dolly sisters and the Tiller girls and Chevalier—well, an evening at the Casino can be very much worth seeing and we got there early and stayed late. Once a year is enough. But once is the minimum. I'd rather go to the Casino twice too often than look at another Rubens as long as I live.

And Molière the second night, and here's a bill for two suits of clothes from Regent Street, London, and answers from English ladies eager to bed and board the three of us and all too late. For didn't we stumble accidentally



*Lenzerheide, with the Hotel Waldheim tucked down in the trees in the center of the picture*





Parker luck upon the Abbeydale Club [sic] on Haverstock Hill in Hampstead, and didn't we see a sign "Tennis Courts" and weren't we bound we'd live with a tennis court under our feet, and didn't we take our lovely rooms then and there and mine looking away over trees and tennis courts to the Heath and Highgate, and south down to London town? And there we stayed as comfortable and well fed as humans can be for our four full London months.

## XIX

### WE PREPARE FOR COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATIONS, AND THIS AND THAT IN LONDON

LONDON—four months in London. Four months in London to tell about in about that many pages. Why the General Strike alone would take five! With what high hopes we started off in London—it was to be the fitting climax to five rich European years. For the sons it meant the final preparation for their College Board Examinations at the end of June. For me it was the chance to work at the British Museum and write a book I'd been dreaming of for eight years.

And the sons failed in their College Board Examinations and my book is only half written.

It had all seemed such a wise arrangement to our unsophisticated souls. Their English coaches were satisfied with the work accomplished though there might be some difficulty in Latin, but otherwise teachers and taught felt confident of success. Nor did the examinations themselves shake any one's confidence. What a fine concrete ending to five years of Europe—Nand ready for Harvard in September, Jim for Dartmouth in another year.

No reports, no reports. Finally I cabled and the night before we were to make our joyous return to the United States after five years came the answer "Carleton passed in English, Jim in German, all others under 60." From the bank I walked the streets of London in agony of spirit. What a last night in Europe!

Since then we have learned much as to the intricacies of those evil College Board Examinations and there is no

use talking, Europe does not appear to be the place to prepare for the same, except perhaps languages. You may think you have given your young a considerable background in history and literature, zoölogy, and what not. But when it comes to getting that background down on paper to suit the College Board, it has got to come out like a ribbon and lie flat on the brush or it's "Failed." Gnash your teeth, Notre Dame gargoyles, but it is so. When the examinations came in London in June (you can take College Board Examinations in London, Paris, Geneva, Peking after History, say, sons came home with a "It was *easy*. We knew every question!" and both failed History "flat." And so on and so on. Why live over the dismal details of those wretched examinations? \*

And so, inasmuch as London was planned as the best place in which to prepare for College Board Examinations, London was a failure. But of course London can't be a failure. In the first place both boys learned much about English, history and literature they never knew before, besides something of mathematics and zoölogy and Latin. And besides academic advancement (College Board correctors notwithstanding) there was London itself.

The program was, work from breakfast to lunch, with one hour's tennis; work from lunch to dinner, with one hour's tennis and tea; work till bedtime. Saturdays and Sundays we did London from end to end, with many a low-brow Saturday and Sunday evening, which was only fair after such a piling up of highbrow hours during every week. We went to many good films, since theaters in London are as expensive as New York City, except that if you want to spend hours standing in line, you may find seats in the unreserved Pit at seventy-five cents or the unreserved gallery at thirty-five. Often our program was a *matinée* Saturday afternoon and a film from 6 to 8:30 Sun-

\* We should break our hearts! The elder son coached four weeks in Cambridge and passed the September Harvard entrance examinations in state and is now enshrined in McKinlock Hall, the most pleased Harvard Freshman this world ever held.

day. We saw much Shakespeare, all of it enjoyed by sons except "Romeo and Juliet," which they both found the "nuttiest show ever." Love making in the movies was more easily endured when inadvertently stumbled upon than the love making of Romeo and Juliet at the Old Vic. There were concerts at Albert Hall, and from there it was but a step to Hyde Park Corner and the Sunday soap-box orators, ever a joy. One gray-haired fanatic on the subject of some kind of pensions had made the same speech so often that certain of his delighted audiences knew it by heart. "Charlie, tell 'em about the widows and orphans. You know, the sentence begins, 'I hoped to take up this matter personally with the Home Secretary.'" Charlie throws a dismal patient glance at the grinning youths under his nose in the first row. And sure enough soon he comes to "I hoped to take up this . . ." and before he can get any further a chorus of four to eight lusty male voices shout "'matter-up-with-the-Home-Secretary. But ladies-and gentlemen-what-was-the-report-I received-from-that honorable gentleman?' Come now, Charlie, let 'em have the report! 'That honorable gentleman,'—come, come, Charlie, they can hardly wait!"

"Will you boys keep quiet!" pleads Charlie helplessly, hopelessly. "Why, the report from that honorable—"

"'Gentleman,'" takes up the chorus, "'was-that-I-should-be-taken-to-the—'"

"Go on, Charlie, just let 'em know yourself where they dared take you to."

Every Sunday Charlie had a crowd. But the main crowds were never around the man pleading for pensions of some sort, or for recruits to the Catholic faith or those pleading for Protestantism, but the mob was jammed tight around any one with inside information on what horse to bet on for the Grand National.

Week-ends doing London; plays and plays, practically the sons' first in English, from "Rose Marie" and "The Ghost Train" to "Everyman," "Henry VIII," Barrie's



"Mary Rose," Sean O'Casey's "Plough and the Stars"—plays and plays. Films and films and films from Harold Lloyd in "College Days" through History, Adventure, Romance, to the "Light of Asia" and "Livingstone." Concerts, Kubelik, Kreisler, a Wagner Sunday afternoon. For the rest, a potpourri of London—the British Museum, Oxford and Cambridge boat race, National Gallery, football, Tate Gallery, Australians and cricket, Victoria and Albert Museum, roller skating, the Royal Academy, heavy-weight "prizefight" for the championship of Europe, Lyons and Lyons (where else could Parkers afford to eat in London?—curses on it and New York City for what they dare charge for a meal); Russian Ballet, Whitechapel and Petticoat Lane, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, the Zoo, Maude Royden, the Embankment, Parliament and Westminster, Charterhouse, Fleet Street, Paul Whiteman [yes], Inns of Court, Wimbledon tennis, the Tower, and bus tops, bus tops, bus tops, bus tops. . . . Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday . . . the Cheshire Cheese. . . .

And of course the General Strike.

And I flew, at last I flew, from London to Paris for the International Woman's Suffrage Congress on orders from the *Survey*.

Otherwise for me, week days eight hours a day at the British Museum and never was there such a place to work in all the world. It was the most perfect satisfying work period I had ever known. There came the day when I had to say good-by to it all, and of a sudden it came over me that that farewell was the beginning of the end—and I got off in a lone corner and wept salt tears. I did. All the Europe that I loved and responded to from the very heart of me was over, over except all the other farewells, which would go on wrenching my soul.

## XX

### FAREWELLS—FAREWELLS—FAREWELLS

CAN I never make any one understand what Europe meant and means to me, if I fully understand it myself? All my life long when I let myself think of those five years, a lump will choke my throat. Seventeen years ago we went to Europe for three years. For most of those years between our return to America and our departure for Switzerland in 1921, I had the happiest, most ideal home I know anything about in this world. And yet even so I would begin the snatch of a German song to the boys and burst into tears. The woodcut of an old gabled crooked roof would hurt to my soul for the longing to be back. And Carl Parker and I would long for it all together.

Now it has all the old pulls and two new ones. No home in America means to me what it once did and, secondly, and a matter of much moment, I am now the breadwinner of the family. And oh, the difference between paying bills in Europe and paying them in the United States of America! I loathe the undue percentage of one's time which goes to making both ends meet in this country (it would hold in large part for England as well, except for the two basic charges of rent and service). I do love hard work, but often I can work day and night for months on end and get no place, financially.

That is no critical state to be in abroad. A little saved up can go such a long ways, compared to this side of the ocean. And before the savings are gone the wind shifts and some one buys something and you can treat the whole family to a marvelous all-day spree for what one sad meal would cost in New York City. I hate finances hanging over

*Farewell to the willow in  
the Cloister Court Yard  
at Stein am Rhein*



*Our chemin du Velours in  
Geneva—three and a half  
years "home"*





my head, as does every one, no doubt. In Europe they don't hang. On the west coast of the Atlantic one lives crowded into a smelly dark apartment and does one's own work for the same price that one could have a house and garden and two servants in most of the places I love in Europe.

And the leisure of life lived abroad! It may be a sign of senility to love a leisurely life. That doesn't mean that you don't enjoy working like a dog. But it does mean time off for tea and talk in the afternoon—male and female. It means people who feel other phases of life rank equally with business, and very few people own automobiles, and still fewer radios, and many bicycles, and very many who love to tramp. The tempo of life is what we had in America, say twenty to thirty years ago. Conversation is up to to-day and to-morrow, or yesterday if you will. It is hard to tell what conversation is up to in the United States—almost every one is too busy to converse.

And there is the blight of prohibition or non-prohibition over much of social life in the United States of America until disgust fills the soul. It may pass, and life go on either dry or unconsciously wet, but living in the midst of eternally conscious wetness begins to pall. Poets and sages weep over the deadly dullness of dry parties. Who ever saw a dry party? People who were content in the old days to serve ginger ale to sufficiently contented guests begin to rattle the cocktail shaker before the sound of the door bell dies away and arid guests stretch out grasping hands before they are fully out of the coat sleeves. . . . One cocktail may make good conversation better. Three cocktails is pretty sure to make mediocre conversation worse.

And to-morrow the League of Nations Assembly begins its annual session in Geneva and I shall not be there—for the first time in four years. To miss out on Geneva in September! If I could I should certainly go every year to Geneva in September and leave it each year perhaps a



sadder but surely a wiser woman. And such people as I would meet and listen to during those four weeks! And such added patience as I would learn when it comes to the difficulties of the world! And here I sit in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and that's that.

Pages I could fill as to why I so love Europe—and yet as the mother of three young Americans I'd not have stayed a month longer. It is time we were back in this our native land, learning its ways, fitting ourselves to fill some part in its scheme of things. And we are contemplating buying a second-hand Ford and that's that.

The rest of Europe after London—Why live over the partings from this and that and those which hurt so? Notre Dame in the moonlight . . . the friends we'd come to love in Geneva . . . the Cloister of St. George in Stein am Rhein—oh, it didn't seem possible to part from that spot, most beloved to me of any place in the whole world. And it is good-by forever there, since the cloister is sold to the Gottfried Keller Foundation and my loved Frau Professor Vetter and Ottilie are moving away. If I ever pulled the bell handle again some stranger would greet me and ask if I desired to pay a franc and look at the cloister—I who know every inch of it with my eyes closed. So lumpy were Frau Professor and I at the station that I rode away leaving her holding my bag which she had insisted upon carrying and neither she nor I noticed until it was long too late. Think of having to say good-by to Frau Professor and that Cloister. . . .

And the farewells up the Lake at Glarisegg, the boys' school, and then Zürich. . . . All the memories and ties and one deep friendship which had grown about Zürich. . . . And by the time I had to say good-by to Zürich it meant good-by to Switzerland, our home for five years. Zürich was the end—in a few hours we should be across the border and God above only knowing when we should ever be back. . . . And so, those last good-bys said, my heart

broke. . . . The last of Switzerland, and all therein which I held dear. . . .

Belgium and Holland came as something of an anti-climax. For three weeks, beginning the day after their last examinations, each boy had been allowed to wander where and how and as he pleased, each with twenty pounds of Cook's checks in his pocket. Jim spent most of his time tramping the English lake district, a pack on his back. Nandy did Scotland from end to end. Each made his friends of the open road, each was full of high tales when we all met again at Heyst-sur-Mer, near Zeebrugge where the boys landed from Hull. They were tired, June Bug and I were tired, it was hot. And yet we did want to see something more of Belgium, and Holland. We did Bruges and its carillons, and Middleburg from Heyst, in between swims and sprawls in the sand and talk fests. Then came Antwerp. (June Bug and I had done Brussels and Waterloo while waiting for the boys.) We clutched at Antwerp as the last place where we might ever feel indifferent to finances. For the last time we could do what we wanted and know we could pay for it, no matter. I'll grant it is no great handicap to ride in a street car or walk instead of driving about in a charmed hack with a genial communicative driver. It is no great hardship to eat in a smelly stuffy little restaurant. It doesn't kill anybody to pass by things he'd like to buy and sleep in a dingy hotel. But it is fun to drive around a town instead of walking; to eat delicious food in an attractive airy restaurant; to see something you've long wanted and costing in Belgian francs a song; and to return nights tired to a clean, agreeable hotel.

Holland is good financial preparation for England, and England is good financial preparation for the United States of America.

The Hague fascinated us with its tree-lined streets and spanking new brick buildings, the most attractive homes

we had seen in Europe. Indeed, we loved The Hague so that we decided to make it our brief headquarters, and from there did Amsterdam, the Zuyder Zee trip, Delft. To me Delft was the gem of Holland, perhaps because there wasn't a tourist in the whole place. There is a mangy streak in me which arches its back and swishes its tail at the sight of tourists, as if I weren't one myself when I go wandering around like that trying to see the world in five minutes. We had always planned to do Holland and Belgium on bicycles in the spring. Too much rain and too much work made us surrender that rosy scheme to plodding about in tourist season, hot, crowded, rushed.

One very stormy night we sailed the seas to England.

For of course June Bug had to be shown London. Though again I say, and now more strongly than ever, that there ought to be a federal law prohibiting parents from lugging children under fourteen on "tours." These pathetic youngsters who desire nothing more than to be left on a beach or in a park, and they must look at this and gaze at that and be hustled into a hot train and off and into a crowded hotel. . . . Leave them home!!

And our cultured daughter would have exchanged the Tower and bus tops and Kew Gardens and the Zoo and Parliament and Westminster for a sight of the King. Until she got it through her adored head that unless some one pointed him out to her she wouldn't have known which gentleman was the king and no one would get down on their knees on the street as he passed by and his crown was very much locked up in the Tower. So we got a fearful thrill out of looking at the crown and seeing where the King sat in the Houses of Parliament, and Buckingham Palace was an improvement over Wilhelmina's residence in The Hague, which had been a severe disappointment. We desire our royalty to move about in the midst of rubies and diamonds and a hullabaloo. Otherwise, why royalty?

And after all, our big brother in his new London tuxedo

did bring a good bit of glamour and importance into the very home life itself. Why wander out to look at kings?

Five years before we had left the United States of America in khaki suits inches above the knees which some idiot had trademarked "Our Darling." If any one had told us we'd be staying in Europe until one of us was aged enough to be ordering a London dinner jacket and picking out braid for up the trousers—

Five years in Europe topped off with the most perfect steamer trip mortals ever had. Three times we had changed our sailing and now we were off on the Royal Mail *Orduna*. For ten days that boat glided over calm seas, and not the failure of College Board Examinations, not the fact that utter uncertainty lay ahead— Where were we to live? What work was I to do? What schools would the children attend?—could alter the fact that we loved the boat, the fellow passengers aboard her, the games, the dancing, the swimming, the perfect weather. Never in my life have I wanted to get off a boat, and ten long ocean trips have I taken. Least of all did I want to exchange the certain joys of the *Orduna* for landing in New York City which had not one certainty to it, except that until we knew which way to turn blessed relatives were taking us in, bag and baggage.

## XXI

### THE HANGING OF THE CRANE—AFTER FIVE YEARS, AND NOT IN NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, the last literal port of our five years' journeyings. There was yet to seek the figurative Haven for the new home, the first real home to ourselves in five years, the home to hold not only such possessions as we had been paying storage on in the United States of America for five years but the accumulation of five years abroad, which meant among other things forty-one pieces of old Swiss furniture.

Do you know what it is like after five years of clean Switzerland and such views as there are to behold out of Swiss windows to go apartment hunting—nay, worse, hunting for inexpensive apartments—in New York City on a rainy, muggy day? Mine enemies would have held a feast with fireworks could they have been aware of the state of my soul. A dirty, unkempt janitress finally emerges from a basement. She pants up a dirty iron stairway—the elevator is out of order or there isn't any. . . . This is the apartment, five rooms, \$100, two-year lease. A long, narrow dark hall leads down the line. Off it open closetless rooms, each with one window on a dismal narrow court. At the end come the de luxe chambers, living room and dining room. The living room has all of three windows on the street—from all three the joyous grateful tenant may look out upon a gloomy gray apartment building across the way. A hideous silvery chandelier. How silly, of course, to have dreamed of a fireplace. A fire escape goes down the one dark dining-room window. A larger, more hideous and low chandelier. . . . Two hundred-year-



old Swiss peasant furniture, some of it from our cloister, Brittany brasses, old English coppers . . . Peter Breughel pictures. . . . "We collect the garbage every day. . . ."

After five years in Switzerland.

It can't be done, that is all there is to it. Further searchings, after schools, after something one can return to at the end of the day's work without a shudder.

Of course if you could pay three hundred dollars a month rent. . . . The cloister on the Rhein, the dear carved mellow cloister . . . Ottilie . . . the willow . . . the garden along the Rhein. . . . Twenty dollars a month. . . . And we should give thanks to God that we are back in our native land.

And then somehow we happened to stumble upon Cambridge. Trees, green lawns, white houses with green shutters. . . . Why not live in Cambridge? . . . and the first apartment we look at—an open fireplace . . . soft, kindly rooms with every window looking out onto grass and trees. The old buffet would go perfectly here, the table from the cloister right here. . . . We're off! My country 'tis of thee. . . .

Not so gay so soon. . . . There's the little matter of receiving the buffet and the ancient table and all and all and all from Europe; of getting it on its way to Cambridge; of receiving it in Cambridge. Again mine enemies feast with fireworks.

Buy no furniture in Europe unless you don't care when it arrives, how it arrives, how much its arriving will cost you, nor what becomes of it after it arrives.

Why end a book, especially for the American public, on a tragic note?

The furniture did arrive after it seemed as if barnacles must be adhering to it in the bottom of the Atlantic. As to cost of packing and transport—I asked already why end a book on a tragic note? As for getting it off a pier, onto a truck, over to the appraisers, on to Cambridge—

Right here I call a halt and we have a moment's silent

service to the memory of Strangers of Big Hearts. I should like some day to ease my own feelings by writing an anthology, not the "Spoon River" variety, but a tribute to the great Unknown who make travel and staying still and life in general a more agreeable experience. I know the names of hardly any of the many I would bless, but I can think back over these last years and see waiters, street car conductors, policemen, government officials, bank officials, innkeepers, fellow travelers—a procession of people who went out of their way, and no thought of reward, to make life easier for another human being. I would sing their praises!

And, last but not least, for instance, I would sing the praises of one John Bradley in New York City. I got notice that my furniture had arrived on Monday, whereupon I made immediate arrangements to have it called for Thursday by a Cambridge firm desirous of a return load. I went into New York City Tuesday only to be told by brokers, government officials, steamship officials, dock official that there was no possibility of my getting that furniture away from New York in less than a week or ten days. A strange man overhears me pleading with one "Nick" of parts on the French Line pier. I try to bribe Nick, but he is adamant—those two huge crates can't be moved to the appraisers for days perhaps, and then they will stand at the appraiser's for days. But the strange man listens and out of a clear sky he says: "Those crates will be at the appraiser's the first thing to-morrow morning." And when I get to the appraisers and say, "My crates will be here this morning," every man there shakes his head and says it can't be done. But it is John Bradley, head of the United States Government trucking service, who said it would be done. One crate arrives and it takes one whole truck for one. "The other will be here within an hour," says John Bradley. I tell the inspector. He says, "That second crate can't get here before four hours. I've been here thirty years and I know." Within one-half

hour the second big crate is there. "It can't be," says Mr. Phelps. Thirty years at the appraiser's and he won't come down and inspect. It is the wonder of the whole appraiser's building—and all due to the kindness of John Bradley who didn't know me from the side of a barn and expected and made no profit from his kindness. Here's to John Bradley!

And here's an inspired unwritten poem to every taxi driver I've had in New York City, Boston or Cambridge! Each one seemed set on being as kind and helpful and considerate as God's children come. I dislike saying good-by to a taxi man, and him so friendly. Sometimes later I catch a glimpse of one of them and I'd like to wave but he'd only think I was some strange female wanting to be taken some place.

And I like American trades people. They tell you the story of their lives over ten cents worth of corn or a dish mop and it makes the world seem such a neighborly place. Trades peoples in Stein am Rhein were just as friendly, but they were it in their terrible Swiss dialect and you were never sure should you after a pause say "Um Gottes Willen!" aghast, or "Gott sei Dank!" with sympathy and relief. Here in Cambridge I gasp, "My land!" over anything and everything, from the wife trying to paint the bathroom—"No call for her getting into a mess like that, now," to the approaching marriage of a second cousin. "You don't find 'em that steady often nowadays, what with hootch and divorces and all. I says to ma. . . ."

And Charlie, our colored janitor, slid along a rainbow right straight from Heaven. . . .

I started writing this last of our Europe with a folding army cot and a folding stool (this latter a relic of waiting-at-the-Pit, London days) as the entire furnishings of our five-room apartment. And now the dear old Swiss things fill every corner. Wouldn't you know those truckmen would say just what they did?—"What with transport

and what you paid for them old things on the other side and haulage from New York here I bet you could a bought real nice new things in Boston and the store would a delivered them for nothin'. Too bad you didn't think of that in time. . . ." Yet one had a consoling word. "You know all this stuff 'ud look right nice if you jus' had say a country mansion some place."

But in this world we take what we can pay for and give thanks to the dear Lord who allowed us somehow five years of the Old World, which is a dearer possession and later less liable to the risks of upheaval from this or that than a country mansion. We have our little corner of Switzerland in the midst of green Cambridge; outside we have America, and there lie the years to come. May we be of use—somehow more of use than had we never wandered.

THE END









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